A

WINTER IN THE WEST.

VOL. I.

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A

WINTER IN THE WEST.

BY A NEW-YORKER.

Where can I journey to your secret springs,
Eternal Nature? Onward still I press,
Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.
GOETHE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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WILLIAM H. COLYER, *Printer.*

PREFACE.

In preparing these letters for publication, the writer has thought proper to illustrate some of the facts contained in them by observations derived from other sources, or made subsequent to their date. These additions he has preferred to place in an Appendix, rather than embody them with the original matter, as he feared that whatever attraction his sketches of scenery and manners might possess would evaporate upon throwing them into a different form, and their chief merit as first and faithful impressions would be lost. The eloquent writings of Mr. Flint, the graphic sketches of Judge Hall, and the valuable scientific researches of Mr. Schoolcraft, Professor Keating, and the lamented Say, have already made the regions described in these pages well known to the public; but there is an ever saliant freshness in the theme of "The Far West," which prevents its becoming trite or tiresome; and as the author be-

lieves himself to be the first tourist who has taken a winter view of scenes upon the Indian frontier, he trusts that this circumstance will impart some degree of novelty to his descriptions in that quarter, while the romantic beauty of the region described nearer home will bear its own recommendation with it.

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LETTER I.

Route through New-Jersey—Easton—Lehigh Boatmen—Picturesque Scenery—Farming in Pennsylvania—Moravian Institutions—Bethlehem Burial Ground—The Capital of Pennsylvania—Peculiarities in Building—The Susquehannah—Aspect of the Country—Wild Animals.

Harrisburg, Penn., Oct. 22, 1833.

My dear ——,

My journey has not as yet furnished an incident worthy of being entered into the diary of the most unambitious tourist. Still I take the first opportunity of fulfilling the promise given, when starting on the wide excursion I meditate, of writing from the principal stages of the route, and describing its features with sufficient minuteness for those who take an interest in my letters to accompany their writer in his wanderings. The first stage of our journey from New-Brunswick (or *Rougemont*, as some one proposes calling it, from the colour of the soil,) was as uninviting as a rainy, disagreeable day, bad roads, and a country neither fertile nor pic-

turesque, could make it. Occasionally, indeed, glimpses of the Raritan gave animation to the scene, as, sparkling restlessly between its cold brown banks, it rushes like an ill-matched bride from their dreary embrace to sully its pure waters in the marsh through which it passes to the sea. These glimpses, however, are but transient; and for the remainder of the drive but few natural objects presented themselves to induce one to dispute that quaint Indian tradition which avers, that when the Manitou had finished making the rest of this mighty continent, he slapped from his fingers the mud and gravel which form this part of New-Jersey.

The next morning, though cloudy, broke beautifully. The country, as we approached the borders of Pennsylvania, increased in interest. Richly-wooded hills, with here and there a fertile slope evincing a high state of cultivation, shone out beneath the fitful sky. Farm houses, built of gray stone, and standing sometimes in a clump of sycamores aloof from the road, had an air of quiet comfort. The streams from the uplands were more frequent, and their currents flowed with heightened animation. The roads indeed were worse than indifferent; but that, though a sudden rain soon set in, did not prevent our enjoying the clouded but still beautiful landscape.

We crossed the bridge over the Delaware to Easton at about two o'clock, and put up at an excellent inn. Having ordered dinner, we strolled out to see the lions of the place. The roar of a waterfall was the first thing which attracted my no-

tice, and, following the sound, I soon found myself near the great dam over the Lehigh, where, at its junction with the Delaware, back-water is created to supply the Lehigh Canal. The pond thus formed, with its abrupt banks, and frowning limestone cliffs wooded to the top, might almost pass for a small natural lake. It is filled with small craft,—the lubberly-looking ark, and sharp clean-built Durham boat, lying moored by the shore, with numerous light skiffs drawn up near them. I easily procured one of the latter, and shooting under the chain bridge which crosses the Lehigh, the wind and current carried me in a moment past stone wharfs heaped with anthracite coal to the brink of the dam. The sudden slope of the water here had an awkward look about it, which reminded me vividly of a peep I once took from a row-boat into "the Pot," at Hell-gate, when its screwing eddies carried the eye with a strange fascination deep into the boiling caldron. Bending heartily to my oars, I was glad to leave the glassy brim that sloped so smoothly to destruction.

The operations of a keel-boat working up against the rapid current of the Delaware next caught my attention. She had four men to manage her—the roughest, hardiest-looking set of fellows I ever saw, broad-shouldered and brawny, with complexions like copper, and having no covering to their heads but coarse curly hair, matted so thick that it looked as if the stroke of a sabre might almost be turned by it. The strength and agility of these fellows is very striking, as they stride along the gunwale with

their long poles, and twist themselves into all sorts of positions while urging their unwilling craft against the foaming current. After they had gained and passed the lock, and floated into the basin where my boat was lying, I could not help rowing near theirs to examine their iron frames more narrowly. Such a collection of bold, reckless, impudent faces I had never before seen; and my surmises in physiognomy were fully confirmed by a volley of billingsgate which one of them let fly at me. It being perfectly in character, I was of course much amused at it, and by gently lying on my oars and looking at him, incensed my amiable acquaintance to a degree that was irresistibly ludicrous. I waited till he was exhausted; and when he wound up by "d—ing my spectacles," I reflected with Dr. Franklin, that it was not the first time they had saved my eyes; and mentally consigning the fellow to the tender mercies of Hall and Trollope, pulled for the berth of my little shallop, and soon after regained my quarters.

The situation of this village is eminently happy—almost picturesque, and the country around it delightful.

The chief buildings are the County Court House, situated in an open square in the centre of the place, and the Lafayette College, which, from a commanding position over the Bushkill, faces one of the principal streets. Easton is celebrated for the rich mineralogical specimens found in its vicinity. The salubrity of the place, as I am informed by an eminent physician, is remarkable;

and one can readily believe in its exemption from most of the fevers of the country, from the fact of there being no woodcock-ground within five miles of the court-house. The site was chosen and the town-plat laid out by Penn. The descendants of the great colonizer are still said to own property in Easton; while the peaceful members of his brotherhood, in our day, bless his memory when turning up the jasper arrow-head within the precincts of the village, and thank heaven for the teacher whose gentle counsels withdrew for ever from this lovely valley the red archers that shot them.

From Easton to Rodrocksville, a hamlet where we passed the next night, every mile of our route gives some new occasion to admire the scale upon which farming is conducted in Pennsylvania. The fences, indeed, are not remarkable for the order in which they are kept; but while the enclosures themselves are tilled with a nicety which preserves the utmost verge of a field from shooting up into weeds or brushwood, the barns into which their harvests are gathered are so spaciously and solidly built, that they want only architectural design to rival in appearance the most ambitious private mansions. Stone is almost the only material used here in building; and the massive profusion in which not only the barns, but the smallest out-houses upon the premises of these sturdy husbandmen, are piled upon their fertile acres, is such as would astonish and delight the agriculturist accustomed only to the few and frail structures with which the farmers of

most other sections of our country content themselves.

The most picturesque country we have yet seen, however, is that immediately around Easton. Indeed, the first view that opened upon us when gaining the brow of a wooded hill, about half a mile from the town, was so fine as to make us forget the regret with which we had a few moments before bid adieu to our prince of landlords and his blooming daughters.

The Lehigh, for about half a mile in extent, lay in the form of a crescent beneath us—a wooded ravine striking down to either horn, and undulating fields, some ruddy with buckwheat stubble, and some green from the newly-sprouting wheat, filled up the curves. A gray-stone barn stood here and there on an eminence against the bright morning sky; while, sheltered below on the alluvial flats formed by the river, a white-walled cottage might be seen reposing by its cheerful current. The Lehigh Canal, winding through the valley, side by side with the river, like a younger sister bent on the same errand, added not a little, when viewed at such a distance, to the beauties of the scene.

We took our breakfast at Bethlehem, and availing myself of an hour's delay while the horses were feeding, I left my friend puzzling himself over a German newspaper, and strolled off to look at the village. It is a place of considerable interest, not less on account of its ancient and peculiar appearance than the Moravian institutions which have

rendered it so celebrated. I was fortunate enough to meet with the principal of the female seminary, who, upon my asking him some trivial question about that excellent establishment, offered in the most polite manner, though I was wholly unknown to him, to show me through the building. It is a plain stone structure, of some eighty feet in length, subdivided internally into lecture-rooms and dormitories, like some of our colleges; one range of small apartments being used entirely as *washing* rooms by the pupils, and having all the necessary furniture for that purpose neatly arranged about each. These, like every other part of the establishment, have their peculiar superintendent; and standing thus distinctly by themselves, form an essential feature in the economy of the institution, and, with the extensive play-grounds in the rear of the building, evince the attention which is paid to the health and personal habits, as well as the intellectual improvement, of its inmates. I was shown into the school rooms of the several classes, and had ample opportunity, as the ruddy bright-eyed occupants rose to receive my conductor, to observe the happy effect of the life they led upon their personal appearance. A fresher, fairer assemblage of youthful beauty has rarely greeted my eyes. Several of the apartments were furnished with pianos, and my curious entrance into these smiling domains startled more than one young musician from her morning's practising.

I subsequently visited the burial ground of the place, which I contemplated with no slight interest.

The disposal of the dead is as true a test of civilization in a community as the social relations of the living. The taste which embellishes life passes with the arts attendant upon it from one nation to another, like a merchantable commodity; but the sentiment that would veil the dreariness of the grave, and throw a charm even around the sepulchre; that would hide the forbidding features of that formal mound, and shelter the ashes beneath it from contumely; this is a characteristic springing from some peculiar tone of national feeling, and radically distinctive of the community that possesses it. The philosopher, it is true, may sneer at our care of this bodily machine when the principle that gave it motion has ceased to actuate it: but how stolid is he who can look upon the ruin of a noble edifice, even though made irretrievably desolate, with apathy; or who would not fence up from intrusive dilapidation halls hallowed, whether by the recollection of our own personal enjoyments or the memory of the great and good of other times. It is one and the same feeling which arrests our steps beneath a mouldering fortress, and which induces a pilgrimage to the tomb of a departed poet; which kindles our indignation against the plunderer of the Parthenon—that "titled pilferer of what Time and Turks had spared;" and which makes it ready to consume the wretches who tore the bones of Milton from his sepulchre.

The Bethlehem burial-ground stands aloof from the bustling part of the village, near a noble church, which still faces on one of the principal streets.

The approach from the church, which has grounds of its own, in the form of an ornamented terrace around it, is through a narrow green lane. At the entrance of this, shaded by a clump of willows, stands a small stone building, called, I believe, from the purposes to which it is applied, "The Dead House." Here the bodies of the dead are deposited for many hours previous to interment. The head is left uncovered; and life, if by any possibility it be yet remaining, has a chance of renewing its energies before the tomb closes for ever over its victim. I looked through the grated windows, but saw nothing except an empty bier in the centre, and several shells adapted to coffins of different sizes leaning against the wall. With the usual perversity of human nature, I half regretted that the solemn chamber was at the moment untenanted, and passed on to the place of which it is the threshold.

There my eye was met by the same neat appearances and severe taste which seem to prevail throughout the economy of the Moravians. The graves, arranged in rows, with an avenue through the centre dividing the males from the females, are in the form of an oblong square, flattened on the top, with a small slab reposing in the centre. On this are cut simply the name of the deceased, and the dates of his birth and death; a meagre memorial, but enough: and I could not help—after deciphering a number of these moss-covered stones, upon which the dews of more than a century had wept—turning with distaste from a few flaring mar-

ble slabs at the farther end of the yard, upon which the virtues of those beneath were emblazoned in the most approved modern forms.

I left the spot, thinking it a pity that a greater number of trees did not, by shading the grounds, complete their beauty; and felt willing that the young locusts which skirt them round should have time to fling their branches farther towards the centre, before I should have occasion to claim the hospitality of the place.

I now write to you from the banks of the Susquehannah. A dull steady rain prevails out of doors; and after wading through the mud about the purlieus of this place for an hour, I am glad to be housed at last for the rest of the day. I see the capital of Pennsylvania under every disadvantage, but still am pleased with it. Although a city in miniature (and this contains only four or five thousand inhabitants) is generally odious to one who has resided in a metropolis—reminding him perhaps of Goose Gibbie in jack-boots, at the Review of Tillietudlem—there is much in the appearance of Harrisburg to reconcile the most captious to its assumption of civic honours. The manner in which the place is laid out and built, the substantial improvements going forward, and the degree of wealth and enterprise manifested in those already made, and, above all, its beautiful site, make it an exception to the generally uninteresting character of country towns.

The chief part of the town lies on a piece of champaign land, about forty feet above the level of

the Susquehannah; the handsomest street in the place, though occupied chiefly by petty tradesmen and mechanics, verging on the waters of that lovely stream. The other streets run at right angles to, and parallel with, the river, which is nearly straight, except where it washes the town with a graceful bend near the suburbs of either end. Facing the Susquehannah, at the upper part of the town, and only a few hundred yards from the river, is a sudden elevation, rising into a level platform, about sixty feet above the surrounding plain. Upon this eminence, fronting the river through a broad street, stands the capitol and state buildings, containing the chief public offices. The centre edifice, and one standing detached on either side, are all ornamented with Grecian porticos; and their size, their simple design, and just architectural proportions, would make an imposing display, and impress a stranger favourably until he ascertained the paltry material of which they are built. But I defy any one, to have one respectful association with a structure of brick. Putting the perishable nature of the material entirely out of the question, although a sufficient objection to its use in a public building, its size alone is fatal to effect in a structure of any pretension. For it is massiveness in the details, as well as in combination, which delights the beholder in architectural forms; and the pyramids of Eygpt themselves, if reared of boyish marbles, though they might be so ingeniously put together as to awaken curiosity, could never inspire awe.

What a singular perversion of taste is that exist-

ing in the towns and villages through which I am passing, which induces the inhabitants to make their barns and cowsheds of solid stone, and their ornamental buildings of brick and stucco. I sometimes see Gothic churches of the first, and Grecian fronts of the last; and these not unfrequently planted in the midst of a cluster of gray mansions, whose towering gables, huge stone buttresses, and deep-cut narrow windows, make the former show like some pert poplar thrusting his dandy figure among a clump of hoary oaks. Still one cannot but admire the air of comfort—I might almost say of opulence—which prevails throughout the country I am traversing. This, in the village of Reading, through which we passed yesterday, is particularly the case. It has a population of about seven thousand inhabitants; and the numerous coaches filled with passengers which pass daily through it, the wagons loaded with produce that throng the streets of the place, and the rich display of goods and fancy articles in the shops, give Reading a most flourishing appearance. It is prettily situated on the Schuylkill, with a range of high rocky hills in the rear; but its position wants the picturesque beauty of Harrisburg. Here the Susquehannah is, I should think, full half a mile wide. It is studded with wooded islets, and flows between banks which, though not very bold in themselves, yet rise with sufficient dignity from the margin, and blend with the undulating country, until the arable slopes and sunny orchards are bounded by a distant range of mountains.

P. S.—*October* 23.—The rain still continued when I left Harrisburg this morning, and the windings of the river were lost in the mist which hung over them. My disappointment at not having seen more of the Susquehannah is not slight, and the feeling is enhanced by a delicious glance I caught of its waters in the sunlight, as the clouds parted for a moment, just as a turning of the road shut out the view behind us. I almost grew melancholy while recalling with a sort of home feeling the delight with which, years ago, I first beheld its sources, to remember now that it was the last stream running eastward from the mountains that I should see for a long time to come. And then those calm, gentle waters, which flow as smoothly as the verse of him who has immortalized them, once seen, are never to be forgotten nor passed again without interest. The Susquehannah has its birth in one of the loveliest of lakes, and wherever it wanders, retains the bright green surface and transparent depth of its parent waters. Its winding current, unbroken by cascade or rapids, whether stealing through the rich fields and beautiful glens of Otsego, or smiling along the storied vale of Wyoming, seems to loiter enamoured of those lovely regions, as if reluctant to leave them and pass onward on its long journey to the ocean. For grandeur of scenery, indeed, the Hudson far surpasses it; and where is the stream that can match that lordly river! But there is a gentle beauty about the Susquehannah which touches without striking, and wins while you are unawed. The one, like a fair face

lit up with glorious intellect, commands and exacts your homage; with the other, as with features softened with tenderness, you leave your heart as an offering.

We are now on the main road from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. The only change I observe in the face of the country is, that, instead of being broken up into small hills, where forest and cultivation are most happily mingled—as around Bethlehem—the vales here spread out into plains; and the high grounds receding, swell off till they show like mountains in the distance. I miss, too, those fine barns upon which I have dwelt with so much pleasure; nor do the better fencing and spruce-looking dwelling houses compensate for the loss of the imposing appearance of such huge granaries in an agricultural country. I thought, when first observing the change, and marking the herds of cattle and droves of sheep that sometimes throng the roads, that we had got at last completely into a grazing region. But the delicious wheat bread met with at the humblest inns, with the little stock to be seen in the fields, seems to indicate that such is not the case. It seems odd, in a country so thickly settled, where one meets a hamlet at every two or three miles, with scattering houses at frequent intervals between them, that wild animals should be yet abundant. But I was told at Bethlehem, that it was not uncommon to kill bears upon the neighbouring hills; and a gentleman informed me this morning, that they frequently drove deer into the Susquehannah within a few miles of Harrisburg. I can account

for it only by the fine forests which are every where left standing isolated in the midst of cultivated tracts, making so many links in the chain of woodland, from mountain to mountain across the country, and tempting the wild animals, while it extends their range, to venture near to the settlements.

You may be aware that in the State of New-York, owing to the wholesale manner in which clearings are made, the deer are swept off with the forests that sheltered them, and, retreating into the mountain fastnesses of the northern counties, or the rude wilds of the southern tier, are there crowded so thickly as to be butchered for their skins. In the former region, while fishing, within a few weeks since, among the picturesque lakes which stud the surface of the country, I have seen the deer grazing like tamed cattle on the banks. It was a beautiful sight to behold a noble buck calmly raising his head as the skiff from which we trolled approached the margin; and then, after standing a moment at gaze, toss his antlers high in air, and with a snort of defiance bound into the forest.

Farewell! You shall hear from me again so soon as we pass the Alleghanies, the first purple ridge of which I can already see limning the sky in the distance. In the mean time, I will note down anything of interest which catches my eye, and endeavour to give you hereafter some idea of the lofty landmark which, before you read this, will be placed between us.

LETTER II.

Ascent of the Alleghanies—Mountain Scenery--Happy Valley —The Bloody Run--Sanguinary Onslaught—Peaceful Scene—A Conflagration—The Alleghanies--Autumnal Forest Scenery.

Bedford, Penn., Oct. 24, 1833.

We have commenced ascending the Alleghanies. A cold, difficult ride among the hills has brought us at last to an excellent inn in the little town from which I write. A blazing fire of seasoned oak in a large open stove sputters and crackles before me; and after having warmed my fingers, and spent some twenty minutes in examining an extensive collection of Indian arms and equipments, arranged around the room with a degree of taste that would not have disgraced the study of Sir Walter Scott, I sit down quietly to give you my first impressions of this mountain region.

We entered these highlands yesterday; S., who values himself upon being a great whip, driving his ponies up the ascent, and I, on horseback. It was about an hour before sunset that we commenced ascending a mountain ridge, whose deep blue outline, visible for many a long mile before we reached the base, might be mistaken in the distance for the loftier rampart of which it is only the outpost. The elevation, which showed afar off like a straight line

along the horizon, became broken in appearance as the eye, at a nearer view, measured its ragged eminences; but it was not till we were winding up a broad hollow scooped out of the hill side, and through which the beams of the declining sun played upon the fields and farm houses beyond, that the true character of the adjacent region opened upon us. The ridge we were ascending still rose like a huge wall before us; but the peaks, which had seemed to lean against the clear October sky, like loftier summits of the same elevation, now stood apart from the frowning barrier, towering up each from its own base—the bastions of the vast rampart we were scaling. Each step of our ascent seemed to bring out some new beauty, as, at the successive turns of the road, the view eastward was widened or contracted by the wooded glen up which it led. But all of these charming glimpses, though any of them would have made a fine cabinet picture, were forgotten in the varied prospect that opened upon us at the summit of the ridge. Behind, towards the east, evening seemed almost to have closed in upon the hamlet from which we had commenced our ascent at the base of the mountain; but beyond its deepening shadow, the warm sunset smiled over a thousand orchards and cultivated fields, dotted with farm houses, and relieved by patches of woodland, whose gorgeous autumnal tints made them show like the flower-beds of one broad garden. Southwardly, the sweeping upland, which here heaved at once from the arable grounds beneath us, while it

swelled higher, rose less suddenly from the plain. At one point the brown fields seemed to be climbing its slopes, while here and there a smooth meadow ran like the frith of a sea within its yawning glens; and now again peak after peak of this part of the range could be traced for leagues away, till the last blue summit melted into the sky, and was finally lost in the mellow distance. Such, while our horses' heads were turned to the north-west, was the rich and varied view behind us: the prospect from the Catskills is the only one I can recollect that rivals it in magnificence. But another scene, more striking, though not so imposing, was also at hand—a ridge like that we had just crossed rose before us; but beneath our very feet, and apparently so near, that it seemed as if one might drop a stone into its bosom, lay one of the loveliest little valleys that the sun ever shone into. It was not a mile in width, beautifully cultivated, and with one small village reposing in its very centre: the southern extremity seemed to wind among the lofty hills I have already attempted to describe; but its confines towards the north were at once determined by a cluster of highlands, whose unequal summits waved boldly forth in the purple light of evening. The sun, which had now withdrawn his beams from the scene behind us, still lingered near this lovely spot; and his last glances, before they reached the hill side we were descending, flashed upon the windows of the village church, and, creeping unwillingly up its spire, touched with glory the gilded vane; then, from the

sweeping cone of a pine above us, smiling wistfully back on the landscape he was leaving, yielded it at last to coming night.

The descent of the mountain, from its multiplied windings, consumed more time than I had anticipated. The faint rays of a young moon were just beginning to compete successfully with the fading tints of day, before we had neared the village sufficiently to hear the lowing of cattle and the shrill shout of the cow-boy driving his charge homeward; and her maturer beams were softened by the thin haze which rose imperceptibly from a brook winding through the valley, before we reached our destination for the night. The occasional jingling of a wagoner's bells in the distance, and the merriment of a group of children playing by the moonlight in a grassy field near the stream, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene as we drove up to the door. I thought of the happy valley of Rasselas, and wondered whether the inhabitants of this secluded spot could really ever wish to wander beyond its beautiful precincts.

The gradual, successive, and delicious blending of lights, as I have attempted to describe them, under which I first beheld, the little valley of M'Connelsville, will doubtless account for much of my admiration of it; and indeed some of its features were changed, and not for the better, when viewed under a different aspect the next morning. A sharp northeaster, in spite of the barriers which had seemed to shelter it, drove down the valley; a cold drizzling rain, with its attendant mist, shut from view the

mountain tops around; and the village dwellings, lining one long narrow street, and now no longer gilded with the hues of sunset, nor standing clearly out in the silver light of the moon, appeared in their true guise of miserable hovels: the snug stone house where I had passed the night seemed to be almost the only tolerable building in the village; and I was not sorry to pass its last straggling enclosure, and commence ascending the arduous height beyond. The summit of this attained, another valley, about double the width of that just passed, lay before us; and as the rain subsided at noon, leaving a gloomy lowering day, we could discover through the cold gray atmosphere, ridge succeeding to ridge, leaning like successive layers against the western sky.

A half day's rough ride among these wild ravines brought us at last to the banks of the Juniata, along which an excellent road is cut for some distance. The stream, though in the midst of scenery of the boldest description, keeps its way so calmly between its rocky banks, that the dead leaf upon its bosom floats many a mile before a ripple curls over its crisped sides, and sinks the little shallop to the bottom. We dined near nightfall at a small hamlet known, from a brook that runs through it, as "The Bloody Run." The stream which bears this startling name is a rill so small, that its existence is barely perceptible as it creeps through the pebbles across the road, and hastens to hide its slender current in the long grass of an orchard beyond; but its waters will be pointed out by the villager with in-

terest, so long as they damp the channel where they once flowed in all the pride and fulness of a mountain torrent.

It was several years before the revolution, according to the statement given to me by one of those distinguished persons who in country towns always figure after a great storm or freshet as the "oldest inhabitant of the place," that a large party of colonists, on their march towards Fort Du Quesne, were here cut off by the Indians. The ambushed foe had allowed the main body to pass the brook and surmount the heights beyond; and the rear-guard, with the cattle they had in leading for the use of the troops, were drinking from the stream when the onslaught was made. The Indians rushed from their covert, and burst upon their victims so suddenly, that fifty whites were massacred almost before resistance was attempted. Those who were standing were dropped like deer at gaze by the forest marksmen; and those who were stooping over the stream, before they even heard the charging yell of their assailants, received the blow from the tomahawk which mingled their life's blood with the current from which they were drinking.

The retribution of the whites is said to have been furious and terrible. The body of men in advance returned upon their tracks, encamped upon the spot, and after duly fortifying themselves, divided into parties, and scoured the forest for leagues. My informant, who gave me only the traditionary account of the village, could not tell how long this wild chase lasted; but that it must have been fearfully

successful is proved, not only by the oral record of the place, but by the loose bones and Indian weapons which are at this day continually found amid piles of stone in the adjacent woods; the Indians probably returning to the valley after the storm had passed over, and heaping their customary *cairn* over the bodies of their dead kindred.

What a contrast was the peaceful scene I now beheld to that which the place witnessed some seventy years ago! A train of huge Pennsylvania wagons were standing variously drawn up upon the very spot where the conflict was deadliest; the smoking teams of some were just being unharnessed, a few jaded beasts stood lazily drinking from the shallow stream that gurgled around their fetlocks; while others, more animated at the near prospect of food and rest, jingled the bells appended to the collars in unison with their iron traces, which clanked over the stones as they stalked off to the stable. To these signs of quiet and security were added those true village appearances which struck me so pleasingly on my approach to M'Connelsville. A buxom country girl or two could be seen moving through the enclosures, bearing the milkpail to meet the cows which were coming in lowing along the highway, while the shouts and laughter of a troop of boys just let loose from school came merrily on the ear as they frolicked on a little green hard by. My companion stood in the midst of them, holding a piece of silver in his fingers, while a dozen little chaps around him were trying who could win the bright guerdon by standing on one leg the longest.

The ridiculous postures of the little crew, with the not less ludicrous gravity of my friend, who was thus diverting himself, of course put an end to my sober musings; but I could not help, while advancing to the scene of the sport, fancying for a moment the effect of the war-whoop breaking suddenly, as ere now it often has, upon a scene apparently so safe, sheltered, and happy.

P. S.—*Somerset, Oct. 26th.*—You have read in the newspapers of the recent destruction of this place by fire: it must have been large and flourishing, judging by the extensive ruins which I have just been trying to trace by the frosty light of the moon now shining over them. The appearances of desolation here are really melancholy; the inn where we put up is the only one left standing, out of five or six, and it is so crowded with the houseless inhabitants that I find it difficult to get a place to write in.

We are now in the bosom of the Alleghanies: the scenery passed to-day is beautiful, most beautiful. The mountains are loftier, as well as more imposing in form, than those which skirt these wild regions eastwardly; whichever way the eye directs itself, they are piled upon each other in masses which blend at last with the clouds above them. At one point they lie in confused heaps together; at another they lap each other with outlines as distinct as if the crest of each were of chiselled stone: some, while the breeze quivers through their dense forests, rear their dome-like summits boldly near; and

some, swelling more gradually from the vales below, show in the blue distance like waves caught on the curl by some mighty hand, and arrested ere they broke on the misty region beyond. Then for their foliage! the glorious hues of autumn are here displayed in all their fulness, and brilliancy, and power —volume upon volume, like the rolling masses of sunset clouds, the leafy summits fold against the sky—calm at one moment as the bow of peace, whose tints they borrow; and at another flaming like the banners of a thousand battles in the breeze.

But why should I attempt to describe what baffles all description? The humblest grove of our country is, at this season, arrayed in colours such as the Italian masters never dreamed of; and woods like these assume a pomp which awes the pencil into weakness. Such forests, such foliage, were unknown when our language was invented. Let those who named the noble-sounding rivers that reflect their glories supply words to describe them.

LETTER III.

Vicissitude of Climate—Snow-scene—Mountain Views—Travelling on Horseback—Gorgeous Trappings—Travelling Emigrants—Dogs—Symptoms of an Accident—National Road—Town of Wheeling—Noble Prospect.

Wheeling, Virginia, October 29th.

I USED to think our sea-board climate as capricious as it could well be; but the changing skies under which we have travelled for the last three days convince me that nowhere is the office of weather-cock less of a sinecure than in the region through which I have just travelled. Yet I do not complain of the weather—far from it; I consider myself peculiarly fortunate in having, during a three day's ride over the Alleghanies, seen that fine mountain district under every vicissitude of climate; and though the cold has at times been severe—the harsh rains anything but agreeable for the time—the Indian summer heat almost sultry—and, lastly, the *snow* most unseasonable, every change lent some new attraction to the landscape. The still cold frosty mornings gave a vigour and boldness of outline to the mountain scenery, that extended its limits and heightened its effect. The rains, which an hour afterward washed the changing leaves, brightened their tints for the noonday sun which

followed; and the warm mist of evening imbued the landscape with a Claude-like mellowness that suited the rich repose of evening among the hills.

As for the snow, nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of it at this season in the woods. We had two flurries on successive days; each of which, after covering the ground about an inch in depth, was succeeded by a bright glowing sky. The appearance the woods then presented it would be almost impossible to describe to you. Call up in your mind the brilliant and animated effect produced by a January sun shining through a leafless grove, over the fresh white carpet that has been wound among the trees during the preceding night. How do the dead branches smile in the frosty sunbeams; how joyously does every thing sparkle in the refracted light! Now imagine the tinted leaves of autumn blushing over those rigid limbs, and reflecting warmth upon the dazzling mantle beneath them —green, gold, and purple, scarlet, saffron, and vermillion; the dolphin hues of our dying woods glistening in the silver shower, and relieved against a surface of virgin whiteness. Let the scene lie, if you choose, among mountains clothed with forests as far as the eye can reach—their billowy forms now sweeping off in vast curves along the sky, and now broken by ravines, through which a dozen conflicting lights climb their shaggy sides; or, not less striking, let it be a majestic river, whose fertile islands, rich alluvial bottoms, and wooded bluffs beyond, are thus dressed at once in Autumn's pomp and Winter's robe of pride; and you can hardly

conceive a more beautiful combination. Such was the aspect under which I crossed the last summit of the Alleghanies yesterday, and such under which I viewed the Ohio this morning.

The fine undulating country between the mountains and this place, especially after passing the post-town of Washington, on the borders of Pennsylvania, left me nothing to regret in the way of scenery after crossing the last ridge this side of Somerset. And yet nothing can be more exhilarating than a gallop over those heights on a bracing October day. The sudden breaks and turns of the mountain road open new views upon you at every moment; and the clear, pure atmosphere one breathes, with the motion of a spirited horse, would "create a soul beneath the ribs of death," and rejuvenate Methuselah himself. One must once have been a dyspeptic to estimate to the full that feeling of exulting health. For my own part, however philosophers may preach up the sublimity of intellectual pleasures, or poets dilate upon the delights of etherealizing sentiment, I confess that I hold one good burst of pure animal spirits far above them all. On horseback, especially, when life quickens in every vein, when there is life in the breeze that plays upon your cheek, and life in each bound of the noble creature beneath you; who that has felt his pulses gladden, and youth, glorious indomitable youth, swelling high above manhood's colder tide in his bosom—who would give the rush of spirits, the breathing poetry of that moment, for all the lays that lyrist ever sung—for all the joys philosophy

ever proved? This, I know, must appear a shocking doctrine to "the march of mind" people; but as they are presumed to go on foot, they are no authority on the subject.—Apropos of pedestrians, though your true western man generally journeys on horseback, yet one meets numbers of the former on this side of the Alleghanies. They generally have a tow-cloth knapsack, or light leathern valise, hung across their backs; and are often very decently dressed in a blue coat, gray trousers, and round hat. They travel about forty miles a day.

The horsemen almost invariably wear a drab great coat, fur cap, and green cloth leggins; and, in addition to a pair of well filled saddle bags, very often have strapped to their crupper a convenience the last you would expect to find in the wardrobe of a backwoodsman—videlicet, an umbrella. The females of every rank in this mountainous country ride in short dresses. They are generally wholly unattended, and sometimes in large parties of their own sex. The saddles and housings of their horses are very gay; and I have repeatedly seen a party of four or five buxom damsels mounted on sorry looking beasts, whose rough hides, unconscious of a currycomb, contrasted oddly enough with saddles of purple velvet, reposing on scarlet saddle cloths worked with orange coloured borders. I have examined the manufacture of these gorgeous trappings at the saddleries in some of the towns in passing: they much resemble those which are prepared in New-York for the South American market, and are of a much cheaper make, and far less durable, than

those which a plainer taste would prefer. Still the effect of these gay colours, as you catch a glimpse of them afar off fluttering through the woods, is by no means bad. They would show well in a picture, and be readily seized by a painter in relieving the shadows of a sombre landscape.

But by far the greatest portion of travellers one meets with, not to mention the ordinary stage-coach passengers, consists of teamsters and the emigrants. The former generally drive six horses before their enormous wagons—stout, heavy looking beasts, descended, it is said, from the famous draught horses of Normandy. They go about twenty miles a day. The leading horses are often ornamented with a number of bells suspended from a square raised frame-work over their collars, originally adopted to warn these lumbering machines of each other's approach, and prevent their being brought up, all standing in the narrow parts of the road.

As for the emigrants, it would astonish you to witness how they get along. A covered one horse wagon generally contains the whole worldly substance of a family consisting not unfrequently of a dozen members. The tolls are so high along this western turnpike, and horses are comparatively so cheap in the region whither the emigrant is bound, that he rarely provides more than one miserable Rosinante to transport his whole family to the far west. The strength of the poor animal is of course half the time unequal to the demand upon it; and you will, therefore, unless it be raining very hard, rarely see any one in the wagon, except perhaps

some child overtaken by sickness, or a mother nursing a young infant. The head of the family walks by the horse, cheering and encouraging him on his way. The good woman, when not engaged as hinted above, either trudges along with her husband, or, leading some weary little traveller by the hand far behind, endeavours to keep the rest of her charge from loitering by the way side. The old house-dog, if not chained beneath the wagon to prevent the half-starved brute from foraging too freely in a friendly country, brings up the rear. I made acquaintance with more than one of these faithful followers in passing, by throwing him a biscuit as I rode by; and my canine friend, when we met at an inn occasionally afterward, was sure to cultivate the intimacy. Sometimes these invaluable companions give out on the road, and in their broken down condition are sold for a trifle by their masters. I saw several fine setters which I had reason to suspect came into the country in this way; and the owner of a superb brindled grayhound, which I met among the mountains, told me that he had bought him from an English emigrant for a dollar. He used the animal with great success upon deer, and had already been offered fifty dollars for him.

The hardships of such a tour must form no bad preparatory school for the arduous life which the new settler has afterward to enter upon. Their horses, of course, frequently give out on the road; and, in companies so numerous, sickness must frequently overtake some of the members. Nor should I wonder at serious accidents often occurring with

those crank conveyances among the precipices and ravines of the mountains. At one place I saw a horse, but recently dead, lying beneath a steep, along the top of which the road led; and a little farther in advance, I picked up a pocket-book with some loose leaves floating near the edge of the precipice. It recalled the story of Cardenio in Don Quixotte, with the dead mule and the rifled portmanteau lying a few yards apart, among the rocks of the Sierra Morena; and we almost expected to see the grotesque figure which so excited the noble emulation of the worthy knight, leaping from rock to rock, in the same guise that the admirable pencil of Cervantes has assigned to him. The apparition did not show itself, however; and we left the pocket-book at the nearest inn, to be disposed of according to the claimants that might appear. These mountains, though occasionally thus cut up by precipitous glens, are still by no means rocky—as would appear from the fact of the inhabitants hunting deer on horseback through woods which would be almost impervious to a pair of city-bred legs. The *modus operandi* is very simple. The hunters collect in a troop—drive the deer in a circle—and then shoot them from the saddle. You may remember something of the same kind described in Waverley. The soil must in general be indifferent, according to what was told us by the keeper of a turnpike gate, who claimed to be the father of twenty-seven children! I asked this worthy *paterfamilias* if the country was healthy. "Healthy, sir!" he replied, "that it is—healthy and poor: ten people run away

where one dies in it." The soil improves much after leaving the mountains; and we crossed some rich bottom lands when fording the Youghioghany and Monongahela rivers—the former a branch of the latter, and both fine pebbly streams, navigable at certain seasons of the year.

About thirty miles from Wheeling we first struck the national road. It appears to have been originally constructed of large round stones, thrown without much arrangement on the surface of the soil, after the road was first levelled. These are now being ploughed up, and a thin layer of broken stones is in many places spread over the renovated surface. I hope the road-makers have not the conscience to call this Macadamizing: it yields like snow-drift to the heavy wheels which traverse it. Two-thirds, indeed, of the extent we traversed were worse than any artificial road I ever travelled, except perhaps the log causeways among the new settlements in northern New-York. The ruts are worn so broad and deep by heavy travel, that an army of pigmies might march into the bosom of the country under the cover they would afford; and old Ixion himself could hardly trundle his wheel over such awful furrows. Perhaps I was the more struck with the appearance of this celebrated highway, from the fact of much of the road over the mountains having been in excellent condition. There is one feature, however, in this national work which is truly fine—I allude to the massive stone bridges which form a part of it. They occur, as the road crosses a winding creek, a dozen times within twice as many

miles. They consist either of one, two, or three arches; the centre arch being sprung a foot or two higher than those on either side. Their thick walls projecting above the road, their round stone buttresses and carved key-stones, combine to give them an air of Roman solidity and strength. They are monuments of taste and power that will speak well for the country when the brick towns they bind together shall have crumbled in the dust.

These frequently recurring bridges are striking objects in the landscape, where the road winds for many miles through a narrow valley. They may be seen at almost every turn spanning the deep bosom of the defile, and reflected with all their sombre beauty in the stream below.

The valley widens within a few miles of Wheeling, and the road strikes into the hill side, whose crooked base it has long been following. It soon begins to be cut out of the solid rock, and the ascent is rapidly accellerated. Above, on the right, the trees impend from a lofty hill over your path; and far below you see the stream, so long your companion, gleaming through a small cultivated bottom, which shows like a garden to the eye. It is girdled by steep hills, and seems, with its single mill and one or two farm houses, to be shut out from all the world. Advance but a pistol-shot, and you look into the chimneys of Wheeling. The Ohio is beneath your feet. The town lies in so narrow a strip along the river, that, from the ridge on which you stand, you will hardly notice its crowded buildings—that first view of the lovely river of the west

is worth a journey of a thousand miles. The clear majestic tide, the fertile islands on its bosom, the bold and towering heights opposite, with the green esplanade of alluvion in front, and the forest-crowned headlands above and below, round which the river sweeps away to bless and gladden the fruitful regions that drink its limpid waters, present a splendid combination of natural beauties: while the recollection of the wild border history of this once frontier stream; of the daring exploits and savage encounters upon its banks; of the painted warriors that once lurked within its woods, or skimmed in light canoes where now the sluggish ark of commerce floats on its peaceful course—these throw a moral yet romantic charm over the scene, and stamp it in magic colours upon the memory:—no man will ever forget his first view of the Ohio.

I descended with regret from the elevation which afforded this noble prospect, and plunging into the smoky town below, am now comfortably quartered in the best tavern in the place. I shall remain here only till a steamboat comes along, and will write to you next from Pittsburg.

LETTER IV.

Western Society--Wheeling--An old Negro--A Travelling Companion--Shores of the Ohio--Scenery of the Ohio--Rapp's Settlement—Approach to Pittsburg—The Monongahela--Our Landing.

Pittsburg, November 3d.

I PASSED an evening most agreeably at Wheeling with two or three prominent members of the Bar, who were distinguished by that courtesy and cordial frankness which mark the western Virginian. A venison steak and flask of old Tuscaloosa—the relish and flavour of which would have been a tocsin to the soul of Apicius, and made Anacreon uneasy in his grave—gave cordiality to the meeting. It was my first introduction into western society; and I could hardly have been initiated under better auspices, as I went under the wing of an Ohio gentleman, whose warm hospitality and endearing social qualities, united as they are to distinguished professional talents, seem to make him a universal favourite in this region. The conversation, animated, various, and instructive, would supply material for a dozen letters: but the nervous expressions, and almost startling boldness, of western phraseology would lose half their vividness and power when transferred to paper. I found myself,

however, catching occasionally something of the characteristic tone of those around me; and my new friends gave so encouraging a reception to each fresh fledged sally, that I live in the humble hope of being able to express myself with sufficient propriety by the time I reach the really outer west, to prevent people from detecting at once the early disadvantages I have laboured under in living so long in a land where every lip lisps homage to mincing Walker, and each tongue trembles *in terrorem* of terrible Johnson. In that event, I may have both scenes and characters to describe when we meet, such as would now split my pen in telling.

Wheeling is one of the most flourishing places on the Ohio. The immense quantity of bituminous coal in the adjacent region, which may be had merely for the digging, gives it great advantages as a manufacturing place; while the rich back country, and favourable position on the river, especially in low water, when steam-boats find Pittsburg difficult of access, make the town a place of active trade. It lies in two parallel streets, beneath a hill extending along the river, and its smoky purlieus, when viewed from within, except to the eye of the man of business, are anything but attractive. The principal inn of the place, wherein I lodged, is well supplied with bedchambers and parlours, and a comfortable reading room, where the leading papers in the Union are taken. The attendance too, all the servants being blacks, is very good: among them, a perfect treasure, in the shape of a genuine old Virginian negro, must not be forgotten. The

features of Billy (for that is the name of my sable friend) are an exact copy of those generally introduced into Washington's picture when he is painted with his favourite groom in attendance. I piqued myself considerably upon having discovered the likeness, when I afterward found that the worthy Ethiop had actually been "raised," as he expressed it, in the Washington family. He is a professing member of the Baptist church; and I was much interested, while talking with the newly converted heathen (for such he called himself prior to the "change,") to find how the precepts with which he had lately become indoctrinated assorted with the ideas he had been brought up in as a slave: religion seemed only to have strengthened the bonds which held him to his master. "This new light," he said, "showed the old nigger"—I give his exact words—"that to whatever station God pleased to call him, there it was good for the old nigger to be." I was told that he was rigidly attentive to his spiritual duties; and as for his worldly ones, I never met with a more thorough bred and respectful servant. He is among the last of a race once numerous in the Old Dominion, but now fading from the face of the earth.

It was with no slight regret that I parted with my friend S., when stepping on board a pretty steamboat, called the Gazelle, to take my passage up the river; his foreign travel, and various opportunities, have given him habits of observation, which, with a dash of humour and ready flow of fine spirits, constitute a capital travelling compa-

nion. His literary tastes are well known to you; and I should not be surprised if, at a future day, he should distinguish himself, as another member of his family has so happily done, by committing to the press a few notes of his wanderings.* I left him waiting for the downward boat, and we parted, promising to meet again in a few months at New-Orleans; each of us in the meantime traversing regions from which the kingdoms and principalities of Europe might be carved out and never missed.

The snow of yesterday yet covered the ground as we rubbed along the shores of the Ohio; and those pictured woods, with the morning sun gleaming through their tall stems, and glistening on the powdered tree-tops, were indescribably beautiful. The islets, particularly where the hues of the foliage were most vivid, shone like shields of silver blazoned with no mortal heraldry. Before noon, however, the sun absorbed every particle of earth's fragile covering: the warm mist of Indian summer succeeded; the river became like glass; every island floated double upon its bosom, and each headland seemed to drop its cliffs against a nether sky. The harsh panting of our high pressure engine, or the sudden flapping of a duck's wing, as he rose abruptly from under the bow of the boat, were the only sounds abroad. The day, so still, so soft and summery, seemed like the sabbath of the dying year.

* This expectation has not been defeated, as "Notes on Spain, by a Citizen of Louisiana," are among the new publications announced n England.

The evening came on calm and mellow; and the broad disc of the moon slept as quietly on the fair bosom of the Ohio, as if her slumbers there had never been broken by the war-whoop or reveille, from the shadowy banks around.

Having always been a faithful seeker after border legends and traditions of the old Indian wars, I could not help calling to mind a few of those with which my memory was stored, and endeavouring to lay their proper *venue* in the scenes around me. Unfortunately, however, there was no one aboard of the boat who could enlighten me in this respect; and though particularty anxious to see the spot where the doughty Adam Poe, like another Jack the Giant-killer, vanquished a Wyandot large enough to swallow him at a mouthful, I could only, by asking the distances from time to time along the river, guess at the point, among others similarly associated with romantic adventure.*

The peculiar scenery of the Ohio has been so graphically described by Flint and Hall in their various writings upon the West, that I will not detain you by dwelling minutely upon its features. The prominent characteristics of the river are, a clear winding current, studded with alluvial islands, and flowing between banks, which now lie in a level esplanade of several hundred acres, elevated perhaps fifty feet above the water, and again swell boldly from the margin to the height of three or four hundred feet in headlands, which, when the

* See note A.

mists of evening settle upon the landscape, wear the appearance of distant mountains; when I add that an occasional farm house, with its luxuriant orchards and other enclosures, may be found along the smaller "bottoms," while the larger ones are frequently enlivened by a bustling village reposing in their ample bosoms, you have the main features of the Ohio as I have seen it between Wheeling and Pittsburg. The windings of the river present at every turn some of the most beautiful views in the world; but the regular alternations of "bluff" and "bottom" give such a sameness to the landscape, that unless familiar with the points of the country around, one might be dropped in a dozen different places along the river, and not be aware of a change in his situation. Nature seems to have delighted in repeating again and again the same lovely forms which she first moulded in this favourite region.

We passed Rapp's flourishing settlement, called Economy, during the day, but only near enough to see the regular arrangement of the square brick dwellings, standing about twenty feet apart, on broad streets which intersect each other at right angles; the factories with their high cupolas; and the thriving orchards and young vineyards, which stretch along the banks of the river beyond the suburbs. I may hereafter, if I have time to visit it, give you some account of the present condition of this settlement, which belongs to a society organized, I believe, partially upon Mr. Owen's plan. The site of the town was formerly a favourite rallying-point for the Delaware Indians under their chief

Monahatoocha, whose council-fires once blazed where now the smoke of a dozen factories rolls from the chimneys of the German emigrant. What a contrast between the toilsome race, whose clanking machinery is now the only sound that greets the ear as you near the shore, and the indolent savage, or laughter-loving Frenchman, who once stalked along the borders, or danced over the bosom of the beautiful river!

> "How changed the scene since merry Jean Baptiste
> Paddled his pirogue on La Belle Rivière,
> And from its banks some lone Loyola priest
> Echoed the night-song of the voyageur."

The afternoon sun shone warmly on the eastern bank of the river, where the increasing number of farm houses, and occasionally a handsome seat tastefully planted among them, with its hanging garden, not unfrequently kissed by the current of the river, indicated our approach to the City of Pittsburg,—the eastern head of the Mississippi valley, and the key to the broad region bathed by its waters. Our course lay for a few moments among islands that seemed to bloom in never-dying verdure; and then, as we escaped from their green cincture, the tall cliffs of the Monongahela, blackened by the numerous furnaces that smoke along their base, and pierced in various points with the deep coal-shafts that feed their fires, frowned over the placid water. It was just sunset; and the triangular city, with its steeples peering through a cloud of dense smoke, and its two rivers, spanned

each by a noble bridge, that seem when thus viewed a reflection of each other, lay before us. On the right, the calm and full tide of the Monongahela, flowing beneath rocky banks, some three hundred feet in elevation, was shaded by the impending height, and reflected the blaze of a dozen furnaces in its sable bosom. On the left, the golden tints of sunset still played over the clear pebbly wave of the Alleghany, and freshened the white outline of a long, low-built nunnery, standing on a sudden elevation back from the river. The dusty city lay in the midst, the bridges springing from its centre terminating the view up both rivers; while the mists of evening were rapidly closing in upon the undulating country that formed the back ground of the picture.

Truly, the waters have here chosen a lovely spot for their meeting; and it was but natural that such a stream as the Ohio should spring from such a union. Looking backward now, I could see that river, like a young giant rejoicing in its birth, sweeping suddenly on its course, but turning every moment among its green islands, as if to look back till the last upon the home of its infancy.

We entered the Monongahela, and disembarked a few hundred yards from the site of the old Fort du Quesne. The river was some twenty-five feet lower than usual; and giving my baggage to a drayman in attendance, I ascended the bank, and soon found my way through streets, which, though neither broad nor cheerful-looking, are still well built, to the Exchange Hotel on the opposite side of the

town. Here I am now housed; and, after delivering my letters, and looking farther about the place, you shall have the result of my observations.

LETTER V.

An Excursion—Field of Action—An Ambuscade—The Battle—Fall of Braddock—Character of Braddock—Speech of an Indian Chief—The Battle-field—Relic hunters—Steam engines.

Pittsburg, Nov. 10th.

It was a bright, bracing autumnal morning, as I rode out of Pittsburg with a party of gentlemen for Braddock's Field. Our route followed the course of the river; sometimes keeping the rich bottom on its borders, sometimes ascending a hilly ridge. The height commanded a wide view of the river, now winding between steep hills whose shadows met as they slept upon its quiet bosom, now expanding into a small lake so completely land-locked that it seemed to have no connexion with the bright stream seen flashing through the meadows farther on. After catching more than one glimpse like this of the landscape behind us, whose sunny fields contrasted beautifully with the dense smoke of Pittsburg in the back ground, we struck into a ravine cutting the road hitherto pursued at right angles. Winding now through a deep dingle, where the path-side was festooned with vines, we crossed a small brook, and

reached the shore of the Monongahela opposite to a broad alluvial flat, whose high cultivation and sunny aspect contrasted vividly with the wild and secluded dell from the mouth of which we beheld it. The road next led for some distance through a wood on the immediate bank of the river; and then gaining the more public highway, we found ourselves, after passing several comfortable farm houses, immediately in front of the battle ground.

It is cut up now by three or four enclosures,—the field upon which the fight was hottest lying nearly in the centre, bounded on one side by the road, and having its opposite extremity about a quarter of a mile from the river, with a wooded flat intervening. Beyond this flat is the ford over which Braddock passed. The ground, about two hundred yards from the ford, rises in a gradual slope for some two hundred yards more, and then swells suddenly into a tolerably steep hill, the summit of which may be half a mile from the river. On the middle slope lies the central field of action, to which I have already alluded. It is seamed with two shallow ravines, or gullies,* which run parallel with each other towards the river, and are about gunshot apart.

In these ravines, concealed by the underwood, and protected by the trunks of trees felled for the purpose, lay the French and Indian force. It amounted, according to the best accounts, to only

* These gullies, from having been long subjected to the action of the plough, are now but little more than mere ditches, three or four yards in breadth, and as many feet in depth.

five hundred men;* and was commanded by a subaltern officer, who suggested this ambuscade as a desperate expedient to save Fort du Quesne from the overwhelming force that was about to invest it. The road of Braddock lay immediately between these enfilading parties.

It was about mid-day when he passed his troops over the river in detachments of two hundred, and five hundred, followed by the column of artillery, the baggage, and the main body of the army, commanded by himself in person. The latter had hardly time to form upon the flat below, when a quick fire in front told them that the two detachments which had gained the first slope were already engaged. They advanced in double quick step to sustain them; but the whole seven hundred gave way, and, falling back upon the advancing troops, struck panic and dismay throughout the ranks in a moment. The confusion seemed for a while irremediable. Some fired off their ammunition without aim or object; and others, deaf to the commands and exhortations of their officers, flung away their arms, and gave themselves up to despair.

Burning with the disgrace, and eager to shame their soldiers into better conduct, the British officers advanced singly and in squads among the bullets of the enemy. They were slaughtered indeed like sheep; but their men, whose retreat had been partially cut off by the river, rallied at the gallant sight. The cool determination of young Washing-

* See note B.

ton, who had already had two horses shot under him, and his clothes pierced with bullets, imparted some steadiness to their feelings, and they seemed ready to protract the fight to the best advantage. The madness of Braddock, however, whose weak mind took fire at the idea of receiving a lesson from a provincial youth of three-and-twenty, destroyed every remaining chance of success. He insisted upon his men forming on the spot, and advancing in regular platoon against an enemy which none of them could see. Line after line, they would hardly attain a pace between the fatal ravines before they would be mowed down like grass. But their courage was now up; and though broken, and in some disorder, they attempted with courageous pertinacity to secure each step they gained, by protecting themselves behind the trees, and returning the murderous fire of the foe after his own fashion. The military coxcomb who commanded this ill-fated band would not hear of this. He stamped, raved, and swore; called his men cowards, and struck them with his sword. In the mean time, an evolution was being executed in another part of the field, which might yet have turned the fate of the day. Capt. Waggoner, of the Virginia forces, pushed his fine corps, consisting of eighty men, beyond the voice of his besotted commander, to the summit of the hill, with the loss of only three men in running the fearful gauntlet to attain that position. A fallen tree here protected his brave little force, and enabled him to rake the ravines, which lay at right angles to his natural breastwork, to great advantage. But

the Virginians were mistaken by their English friends below for a new enemy, and fired upon so furiously, that they were compelled to retreat from their position with the loss of two-thirds of the corps killed by their misguided comrades. Thus was the strife protracted for nearly three hours; when the fall of Braddock, after losing seven hundred men and forty officers, put an end to the blind conflict. Fifteen hundred men, being thrice the number of the enemy, escaped to tell the havoc of the day, and spread consternation and horror throughout the province.

The military chest of the British, containing £25,000 fell into the hands of the enemy; as did likewise an entensive train of artillery, with ammunition and provisions to a large amount. Among those who perished on this disastrous occasion were, Sir William Shirley, a son of the Governor of New-York, and Sir Peter Halket, with one of his sons, and other officers of distinction or promise. Sir John St. Clair and Lieut. Colonel Gage, afterward well known in our revolutionary history, were among the wounded. Many of the officers fell at the first onset; but Braddock himself had advanced some distance up the hill when he received the mortal wound, of which he died a day or two afterward. The stump of the tree against which he leaned after being struck is still pointed out in a wheat field above the highway. He was carried off by the flying troops, and dying with many others on the march, was buried beneath the road over which his men were retreating.

The letters of Horace Walpole, recently published, have thrown a light upon Braddock's character that should put an end at once to all the forbearance hitherto exercised in commenting upon his share in this bloody transaction. The misfortunes of the hot and misguided, but high-bred and gallant soldier, were to be touched upon with lenity: the selfish rashness and utter destitution of military capacity of the broken-down gambler should be stigmatized as they deserve. Yet it is not from Walpole alone that we learn what a presumptuous blockhead England sent hither to mend his ruined fortunes at the risk of the best blood in the country; for, though history has dealt so leniently with his character, the records of those times paint the man in his true colours; and so gross was his ignorance, and so offensive his pride, that he seems to have been hated and despised from the moment he assumed the command of the forces destined hither. The interest with which I viewed the battle ground has kept me all the morning looking over a mass of documents relating to those times, and, as they are still before me, I am tempted to make more than one extract. "We have a general," writes the brave and accomplished Sir William Shirley, from the camp at Cumberland, to his friend Governor Morris, at Philadelphia—"We have a general most judiciously chosen for being disqualified for the service he is employed in, in almost every respect. I am greatly disgusted at seeing an expedition (as it is called) so ill-concerted originally in England, so ill-appointed and so improperly conducted since in America. I

shall be very happy to have to retract hereafter what I have said, and submit to be censured as moody and apprehensive. I hope, my dear Morris, to spend a tolerable winter with you at Philadelphia." Poor Shirley, he never saw that winter. He was shot through the brain at the very commencement of the battle.

There is a lively comment on this letter in the well-known reply of Braddock to the prudent suggestions of Washington, previous to the battle, when he urged his commanding officer to push an advanced guard into the wood before his main body: —"By G—d, sir, these are high times, when a British general is to take counsel from a Virginia buckskin!"

The speech of an Indian chief before the council of Pennsylvania, preserved among the state records at Harrisburg, offers an illustration still more striking. "Brothers," said the sagacious ally of the colonists, "it is well known to you how unhappily we have been defeated by the French on Monongahela: we must let you know that it was all of the pride and ignorance of that great general that came from England. He is now dead; but he was a bad man when he was alive. He looked upon us as dogs, and would never hear anything that was said to him. We often endeavoured to advise him, and to tell him of the danger he was in with his soldiers; but he never appeared pleased with us, and that was the reason that a great many of our warriors left him, and would not be under his command. Brothers, we advise you not to give up the point, though

we have in a measure been chastised from above. But let us unite our strength. You are very numerous, and all the governors along your eastern shores can raise men enough. Don't let those that come over the great seas be concerned any more. They are unfit to fight in the woods. Let us go by ourselves—*we that come out of this ground.* We may be assured to conquer the French." The military counsel and support of this intrepid and high-souled chieftain would have been heard at least, even if it did not prevail, in the camp of Napoleon. Does it not make you indignant to think how it was trampled upon and insulted by such a creature as Braddock? One would have thought that the insolent spirit of the London debauchee would have felt rebuked into nothingness before the genius of the warrior of the woods. But let the man rest; he had that one virtue to which all weak minds bow—courage. And so had the Hessians, that in a subsequent war were bought to fight against us for sixpence a day. May we rather meet, again and again, such brave mercenaries in battle, than be marshalled once to the fight by a leader whom even valour cannot shelter from deserved contempt!

The field of this celebrated action presents, of course, a very different appearance from what it did when Braddock's followers were here hunted through the forest. It is, however, but a few years since the wood was cut from the side hill, and traces of the conflict are still occasionally discovered in the grove along the margin of the river below. I was told, too, that bones and bullets, with rusted

knives, hatchets, and bayonets, were sometimes even yet turned up by the plough on the spot where the fight was hottest. The central enclosure was cleared about seventeen years since. It was heavily timbered at the time; and they tell in the neighbourhood that the teeth of the saws in the mills adjacent were continually broken upon the balls imbedded in the ancient trees. Quantities of human bones and rust-eaten weapons are said to have been found beneath the surface of the soil when the plough first invaded this memorable wood. I picked up a bone myself, which my horse's hoof disengaged from the soil; but my skill in anatomy not being sufficient to determine whether it was even human or not, I returned the mouldering relic to the dust, of which it was rapidly becoming a part. It was an animated and interesting hour's amusement, after our party had taken down the intermediate fences, which were too high to clear, to gallop over the whole battle ground, and survey it from every point. A prettier spot to fight on never greeted the eye of a soldier. The undulations of the field are just sufficient to exercise a nice military discrimination in the choice of position, while the ground is yet so little broken that cavalry might act on any part of it to advantage. The centre of the battle field would command a fine view of the river, were but a vista or two cut in the wood below; and even now it offers a beautiful site for a private residence, and would, with the lands adjacent, make a noble park. There are a few superb oaks still standing at the foot of the slope, which might con-

stitute a lawn, and—what must enhance the value of the place with all faithful ghost believers and pious lovers of the marvellous—the dim form of the red savage, with the ghastly spectre of his pallid victim shrinking before it, it is said, may be seen gliding at times among these hoary trunks. The exorcising light of noon most perversely shone down among them while I lingered near the spot; but I could fancy that the November wind which sighed among their branches was charged at times with a wailing sound, such—such, in fact, as an orthodox tree in a perfect state of health would never make of its own accord.

Returning home, one of the party proposed stopping at a gentleman's house in the vicinity, where a number of articles picked up from the field were said to be collected. Not a soul of us knew the proprietor of the establishment; and it would have amused you to see the effect produced upon its inmates—whom I soon ascertained to be a large collection of boarding school young ladies—by our formidable descent upon the premises. We were asked into a handsome parlour, and in about fifteen minutes our host appeared. A gentleman of our number, whose western frankness of manner made him the most suitable spokesman at such an awkward meeting, opened the preliminaries, and apologizing for our unceremonies intrusion, revealed our character as relic hunters. The stranger host, overlooking the absence of "sandal shoon and scallop shell," welcomed us at once with the same politeness that pilgrims have ever received in civi-

lized countries, and regretting that he had not even a remnant to swear by—not an atom of a relic—sent us home to our supper with appetites considerably sharpened by the disappointment.

Returning, I diverged with one of the company from the direct road a little, to take a look at the United States' arsenal. It lies on the banks of the Alleghany, and consists, together with the officer's quarters, of a number of handsome brick buildings, painted cream colour, and so arranged with regard to each other as that, in connexion with the improved grounds adjacent, they make quite a handsome appearance.

It was nearly dark when we got fairly into town, where the dust and smoke, with the rattling of drays along the streets returning from their day's work to the suburbs, reminded me not a little of my own bustling city at night fall. There is one sound, however, in the streets of Pittsburg, which utterly forbids a stranger mistaking them for those of any other town on the continent—it is the ceaseless din of the steam engines. Every mechanic here, of any pretension, has one of these tremendous journeymen at work in his establishment. They may be purchased for what would be the price of a pair of horses in New-York; and it costs a mere trifle to keep them in fuel. These machines must do the work of a great many thousand men at Pittsburg; and though I am hardly such a friend of universal suffrage as to think that these substitutes for men ought to be represented in the legislature, yet upon my word, they should always be taken

into consideration when estimating the population of the place which their industrious labour renders so flourishing.

"Proud deeds these *iron men* have done."

LETTER VI.

Rapid Rise of Pittsburg—Trade of Pittsburg—Early Settlers—Unrivalled View—Remains of the Fort—Water Works—Grant's Grave—A Morning Ride—A Coal Pit—Remains of a Mill Dam.

Pittsburg, Nov. 8.

THERE is no place in the Western country which can more justly boast of its small beginnings, its rapid but solid growth, and its future greatness, than this. It is about seventy years since General Washington, then a young man of two and twenty, was despatched by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to the French commander on Le Bœuf, (near Erie,) to demand that he should desist from aggression upon the British frontier. The young officer, on his return down the Alleghany, upon a raft made with tomahawks, was wrecked with a single Indian attendant on an island near the present city of Pittsburg. The situation of the point of land formed by "the Forks of the Ohio" at once caught his military eye; and crossing on the ice in the morning, he examined the position with sufficient minuteness to impress his commander with its importance. The

spot was soon after taken possession of by a small colonial force, which in 1754 was easily dispersed by the formidable descent of the French under Contrecœur. He came with a thousand men at his back, and floated various munitions of war, among which were eighteen pieces of cannon, in three hundred and sixty canoes, down the Alleghany. The first blow was struck of the old French war, which lost France all her possessions east of the Mississippi. Contrecœur intrenched himself upon the spot, and the bloody annals of Fort du Quesne received their first notoriety from this bold invader.

Thirty years afterward, the place, now become known as Fort Pitt, began to assume commercial importance from the Indian fur trade then carried on with vigour from this point. An increase of population ensued; the extensive coal beds in the vicinity began to be appreciated; they indicated the prodigious manufacturing resources of the rising town of Pittsburg. The adjacent country became rapidly peopled, and it was soon the agricultural depôt for the rich region on this side of the Alleghanies. The genius of Fulton matured at once the rising fortunes of Pittsburg, and gave her a market for her overflowing productions.

Situated two thousand miles from New-Orleans, by the aid of steam she supplies the whole of the intermediate region with hardware, machinery, and cutlery.* But it is not for this manufacture alone

* Bloom iron, I am told, is brought hither for manufacture from the forges on the Juniata, from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mis-

that Pittsburg, though often called the "Birmingham of America," is celebrated. Her extensive glass works are well known even beyond the Alleghanies; and this fragile production of her workshops finds its way alike to the borders of Lake Erie and of the Atlantic, and may be met in the elegant mansions of Baltimore and the remote shantees of the Arkansaw.

The timber trade is another great feature in the business relations of Pittsburg; the boards and scantling measured within the city, in 1830, amounted to more than five millions of feet; of this a great deal was floated down the branches of the Alleghany River from the south-western counties of New-York. The romantic hills of Chatauque county supply not a few of the stately trunks which, after being hewn into shape at Pittsburg, subsequently float the varied products of northern industry through many a stranger climate to the rich markets of Louisiana. You will not wonder, therefore, that the freight exported from Pittsburg, in 1830, amounted to upwards of 18,000 tons, its imports for the same year being more than 14,000 tons. The city is now, with its adjacent villages, the third in population, wealth, and importance in the Mississippi valley. Next to its admirable situation, the flourishing condition of the place is no doubt to be mainly attributed to the inexhaustible quantities of fine bituminous coal which may be had for the digging

souri; and contracts are frequently made for thirty-eight dollars per ton to take the blooms at St. Louis and return them rolled iron.

in all the adjacent hills. Pittsburg is, however, indebted to the character of her early settlers for her present eminence; they were chiefly mechanics, enterprising, industrious, practical men; the improvements they commenced were based upon utility, and every path of trade they struck out led to some immediate and tangible good. The result shows itself in one of the most substantial and flourishing, but least elegant, cities on the continent. The site of the town I have already described to you as one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The want of beauty in the place itself is to be attributed entirely to the manner in which it is laid out; for the streets, though by no means wide, are well and substantially built upon with brick; and a species of yellow freestone found in the vicinity is coming into use, which, for elegance as a building material, is not surpassed by marble itself. The great defect in the town is the total want of public squares, and, indeed, of an agreeable promenade of any kind; this is the more remarkable, I might almost say provoking, as Pittsburg boasts of one spot which, if converted into a public place, would, from the view it commands, be unrivalled by any thing of the kind in the Union, unless it be the Battery of New-York. I allude to a triangular piece of ground, at the confluence of the two rivers, at the end of the town. It is the site of the old forts, and commands the first view of the Ohio, and the finest of its waters I have yet seen; the prospect I have described to you in a former letter. Had but the ancient fortifications been preserved,

this would have been one of the most interesting spots upon the continent: of Fort du Quesne there remains now but a small mound; Fort Pitt may be more easily traced; part of three bastions, about breast high, stand within different private enclosures, and a piece of the curtain, which within a few years was in complete preservation, may still be discovered among the piles of lumber in a steam saw-mill yard. The commandant's quarters, a steep roofed brick dwelling in the form of a pentagon, is, however, the only perfect remnant of these old military structures. I expected to have seen the magazine of the fort, which I was told was an admirable piece of masonry, and still endured in the shape of a porter cellar; but, upon arriving at the spot where it had stood but a few weeks before, a pile of rough stones was all that we could discover. In a country like ours, where so few antiquities meet the eye, it is melancholy to see these interesting remnants thus destroyed, and the very landmarks where they stood effaced for ever. Occasionally, too, the works, of which every vestige is thus painfully obliterated, were, especially when erected by the French, of a peculiarly striking character. The French engineers, who first introduced the art of fortification into this country, were of the school of Vauban; and the enduring monuments they raised were not less noble proofs of their skill, than were the sites selected, of their high military discernment.

There is yet another place in Pittsburg which at some future day should be appropriated as a public

square; a triangular bluff, about one hundred feet high, stretches like a huge promontory far into the town, and overlooks the whole place. The Pittsburgers, however, I fear, are more bent upon increasing their "fathers' store" than on beautifying the favoured spot in which they dwell; and it requires all the cordial hospitality of the place to reconcile a stranger to the few city improvements he sees going forward in a community so pre-eminent for its individual enterprise. The place is well supplied with water. It is pumped up from the Alleghany by a steam-engine into a large open basin, situated on an eminence known as Grant's Hill, from the signal defeat of that rash but gallant officer at its base during the old French war. From this ample reservoir pipes conduct the fluid to every part of the city. A large Gothic cathedral is now about to be erected near the water-works.

You remember Grant's fight, as described by Hall in his beautiful Western Sketches. Grant bivouacked beneath the hill now called after him; and ordering his reveille to beat at dawn, the French and Indians charged upon him to the sound of his own trumpets, and cut his troops to pieces. His force, I believe, consisted chiefly of Highlanders. The skeleton of a young officer, with gold in his pocket and marks of rank about his person, was turned up in a field not far distant, a few years since. A western poet has commemorated the incident in some verses, among which are the following simple lines:—

"One Highland officer that bloody day
Retreated up the Alleghany side;
Wounded and faint, he missed his tangled way,
And near its waters laid him down and died.

'Twas in a furrow of a sandy swell
Which overlooks the clear and pebbled wave;
Shrouded in leaves, none found him where he fell,
And mouldering nature gave the youth a grave.

Last year a plough passed o'er the quiet spot,
And brought to light frail vestiges of him
Whose unknown fate perhaps is not forgot,
And fills with horror yet a sister's dream."

On the side of the hill is a place still pointed out as "Grant's grave." I know not why it should be thus designated however; for I believe that the worthy colonel, who afterward served in the British army during the revolution, never returned to lay his bones in a spot where the spirits of his rashly sacrificed soldiers might have made him uneasy in his grave. There is a more authentic tomb on the western bank of the Alleghany: it is the last resting-place of an Indian, who, as tradition avers, seeing "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," shot himself for love!—an instance of intense regard—of passionate devotion to woman, which most writers upon Indian character would have us believe could never exhibit itself in

"The stoic of the woods."

The walks and rides in the environs of Pittsburg are rendered interesting by a variety of objects, besides the fine scenery through which they lead. A

description of the Pennsylvania Canal, which flows on an aqueduct over the Alleghany, and, passing through a tunnel of a few yards in length, locks into the Monongahela, on the opposite side of the city, would furnish you with no newer ideas than a description of any other canal. The Nunnery, which is also one of the lions of the neighbourhood, I have not hitherto had an opportunity to visit; and "Braddock's field" you have already in a letter by itself; so, having now a tolerable idea of the town—with its compact brick dwellings, dingy with coal-smoke; its natural wharfs, where the Ohio rises twenty-five feet; its gravelly banks, lined with steam-boats and river-craft, and bustling with business operations upon the most extensive scale—you must follow me in my ride of this morning along the Monongahela.

The fog and coal-smoke together rendered the atmosphere so thick, even after crossing the bridge over the river to a straggling village opposite, that I verily believe it was only the dazzling sparkle of a pair of queen-like eyes, marshalling me through the gloom, that enabled me to ascend the opposite height with safety. Leaving the rest of the party far behind, I followed their beautiful and high-spirited owner up a winding path, where our horses, after sinking to their fetlocks in the clayey soil, would slip half a pace backward at every step, and gained at last an elevation nearly five hundred feet above the level of the river, where, to my surprise, instead of a sudden descent upon the opposite side, the eminence continued rising in a succession of

fertile fields, until the last green slope was terminated by a distant wood. We rode along the edge of the precipice for a mile or two; and from the state of the atmosphere on the side towards the town, you can conceive nothing more singular than the effect of the scene below. Imagine yourself standing on Weehawk Height, with your own city brought immediately beneath your feet, the whole landscape bright and clear above, and a cloud so impervious below that not an object can be discerned at five yards' distance. The gulf seems unfathomable. The hoarse jar of machinery comes upon the ear like the groans of a nether world; and the lurid flame which ever and anon shoots from some furnace athwart the gloom, shows like the penal element itself. But now the noonday sun has pierced into that murky glen,—the fog begins to rise,—a gilded spire glances here and there in the broad sunshine, and some tall headland stands greenly out from the silver veil that wraps its base; the banner from yonder arsenal floats gaily forth in the warm air, and, as the flaky mist rolls more rapidly up the river, begins to stream upon the freshening breeze. The rivers themselves can now be traced far away, with many a dewy island stealing out one by one upon their bosom. Beneath, a bustling city seems as if it had sprung at once to life, while the quiet farm houses slowly appear upon the sleeping fields beyond.

This single view is worth a journey to Pittsburg.

I took an opportunity, while a lady of the party

stopped to visit a pensioner in a cottage by the road-side, to examine a coal-pit just beneath the brow of the hill. Dismounting on a small platform some two hundred feet above the river, from which a railway empties the coal into the *coke*-kilns upon its bank, and the freight-boats upon the shore, I entered an aperture in the rock, about six feet in height and four in breadth. A guide preceded me with a candle, and after penetrating under his escort a few hundred yards, I turned aside to explore some of the adjacent shafts : they lie like the streets of one main avenue—the veins of a grand artery, which, after winding through the body of the hill for the distance of half a mile, finds its way again to the light. In one of these cavernous passages, in a ledge of the rock, lay a sleeping man; the water trickling from the black walls around was the only sound to disturb his slumbers; a long-wicked candle stuck in a crevice above his head, shining over thickly matted locks, and features begrimed with coal dust, revealed a figure of gigantic mould. The mattock on which his ponderous arm reposed, told that it was only a miner at his noonday nap; but he might have been mistaken, by one coming suddenly upon his singular place of repose, for a slumbering Titan, who, though pent within such narrow confines, might yet shake the mountain piled upon him to its base.

Our route now, after leading still farther along the height, commanding at every step some new view of the town and the adjacent country, with the three rivers seaming its bosom, struck at last into

a fine wood, and then descending suddenly into a romantic dell, followed a small stream which soon led us back to the Ohio. Here, again, might be traced a display of French taste, which, when the fabric was entire, must have been exceedingly beautiful. It was the remains of a mill-dam constructed by the officers of Fort du Quesne, according to the most approved rules of the time, like a perfect fortification; a part of the curtain, with traces of some of the bastions, yet reward the eye of the curious. At the mouth of the glen we paused to look at a salt factory; and then crossing a bridge over the brook, we passed by a steel factory and several coke-kilns, situated along the base of the cliff, from the summit of which I had recently looked down upon, and admired the scene below.

The embouchure of the Monongahela was at hand, and stepping on board of a small horse-boat at the point where that river loses itself in the Ohio, I soon terminated on the opposite side one of the most delightful rides I can recollect to have taken.

LETTER VII.

Stage-coach Companions—Leave Pittsburg—The Journey—Breakfast—Rapp's Community—Religious Freedom—Terrible Example—Magnificent Vegetation—Cleaveland—Pleasant Ride—Treacherous Shore.

Cleaveland, Ohio, Nov. 15.

I took my passage in the stage-coach for this place early in the evening three days since; and having at a late hour bade adieu to more than one whose friendship I trust will not be the less enduring that it was made in so brief a space of time, retired to my chamber to catch a nap before my morning's ride. The clock was striking three when at the call of the porter I rose and descended to the bar-room. The attentive landlord, himself in waiting, was ruminating before a large coal fire; and stretched upon the floor in a corner lay the tired domestic, who, having just fulfilled a part of his duty in awakening the various passengers, was catching a dog nap before the stage-coach should drive to the door. The flavour of last night's potations still hung around the scene of so many *symposia*, and the fragrance of more than one recently smoked cigar stole, charged with the aroma of whiskey, upon the senses. Cold as it was, I was not sorry to snuff a less scented atmosphere, as

each stage that passed the house in succession hurried me vainly to the door. My own proper vehicle came at last; and by the light of the stage lamps—the only ones, by the by, which shone through the sleeping city—I climbed to the coachman's box, and took the traveller's favourite seat by his side. It was as dark as Erebus when we crossed the bridge over the Alleghany; and looking back when we had passed the gate and were turning into the village, I could distinguish nothing of the city opposite but the red glare of a furnace which shot out from the bank of the river, and glowed an inverted pyramid of light upon its waters. Keeping on our way, the massive walls of the state-prison, with their circular towers and octangular area, frowned like some old Moorish castle over our path, as we drove beneath their dun-coloured battlements and passed the last environs of Pittsburg. It was, I confess, with some soberness of spirit that I bade a last adieu to a spot where the politeness and hospitality of the inhabitants had made my time pass so pleasantly. I must, however, have been among my new acquaintances, had I remained much longer; for in Pittsburg every one is so occupied with business, that the time bestowed in attentions to a stranger is a sacrifice of some importance. I have since been much vexed to find, in looking over my papers here, that a letter of introduction, from a most flattering source, to the United States officer now commanding at Pittsburg, escaped me entirely. I was chagrined the more, inasmuch as I should have liked both to visit

the arsenal, and to make the acquaintance of the valuable officer who has charge of it. I had not, however, this reflection to annoy me as, wrapped up warmly, I rode along, watching the cheerful dawn streaking the east with pencillings of light, and dappling with ruddy rays the broad bosom of the Ohio. As the morning gradually broke, I discovered that the banks of the river presented a different appearance from what they did when I sailed along them ten days before. The November winds had been at work in the woods: the gorgeous panoply of autumn no longer hung on the forest; the trees stood bare in the growing sunlight, and the thick strewn leaves rustled to the tread of the gray squirrel that leaped from the naked boughs by the road-side.

We stopped to breakfast at a low log built shantee, within a stone's throw of the river, and being asked into a narrow chamber, half parlour, half kitchen, I had for the first time an opportunity, as we collected around the breakfast table, to survey my fellow passengers. They were chiefly plain people, small farmers and graziers, returning perhaps from market, where they had been to part with their produce. Their manner, like most of our countrymen of the same class, was grave and decorous at table to a degree approaching to solemnity, though they ate with the rapidity characteristic of Americans at their meals. The ceremony of the board commenced by the oldest man in the company taking a beefsteak before him, and cutting it into small pieces with his own knife and fork: he

then passed the dish around to each, and finally, when all were served, helped himself. The bread was in the same way circulated by the youngest of the company; and then, each having as fair a start as his neighbour, we all fell to work with a lusti-hood that would have done beef-eating Queen Bess good to witness. The appetites of those present were generally sharpened by the morning's ride; and, maugre the huge piles of buckwheat cakes that smoked along the board, flanked each by a cold apple pie, the beefsteak was decidedly the favourite dish.

Pursuing our journey, we stopped soon after to change horses at Economy. I was much disappointed in not having even five minutes to look through this celebrated village, where the German Rapp has so successfully raised a community, who labour in common, and own all their property only as trust members of a corporation. I saw hardly as much of the town, thus passing its suburbs inland, as when sailing by the front on the Ohio. It struck me as remarkably neat, however; and it being Sunday, a perfect silence seemed to reign over the village. Rapp, I believe, unlike most community mongers, retains religion, not only as incident to, but as an essential feature of, his system. Had it been otherwise, the attempt to form such an establishment could hardly have succeeded as it has. Religion I believe to be an instinct of the human mind—a natural impulse, which at some time determines the thoughts of every heart heavenward. It is a feeling which as

palpably prompts us to seek a God and to worship him, as does the instinct of a bird suggest the season of building her nest, and the materials for its construction. The form of her frail fabric varies indeed with the climate in which it is built, and the character of the winged artificer; but the haughty temples of heathenism, the sumptuous mosques of the Mussulman, and the Christian's humbler house of worship, may each find a semblance on the towering cliffs or tall tree top, where birds of prey alone will build—in the empowered copse, where the luxurious dove delights to brood—or mid the lowly rushes, where the lapwing's fragile nest is made. There is, indeed, a stolid race of birds who deposite their eggs upon the barren shore, leaving the sun to vivify or the sea to scatter their contents as chance may determine. But stupid as their offspring, must he be, who, in constructing an aviary, made no provision for the interesting wants of the rest of the species, because this particular genus is so coarsely constituted. Let us thank Heaven, when thinking of the privileges of which the intrusive bigotry of foreign infidels at times would strip us, that in our free forests there are fields, hills, and groves, where religion, unshackled as a new fledged bird, may build her altars how and where she pleases.

Our route continuing along the river, we soon passed a fine elevated field on the bank where General Wayne—or Mad Antony, as he was more familiarly called—encamped with his army that

encountered the Indians so successfully near the Miami of the Lakes.

The stone fireplaces of the soldiery, now overgrown with turf, were, with a few other scattered marks of the encampment, discernible upon the ground; and they suggested to one of the passengers the well known anecdote of the general having one of his men tried and shot for desertion, because he had, without permission from his officer, accompanied an only brother, his visiter at the camp, a few miles on his return home. The example was a terrible one; but the condition of Wayne's army, from which the men were daily dropping off, strongly required it; and I confess that in military affairs I respect the firmness equal to such an occasion too much, to merge my admiration of the unblenching disciplinarian in sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer.

We reached the thriving town of Beaver about noon, and crossing the creek of the same name by a high wooden bridge, struck inland, and soon lost sight of the beautiful Ohio in the broken country that here approaches its banks. A cold shower drove me for protection inside the stage, and there, wrapping myself up as comfortably as I could, I passed the night. The passengers had gradually dropped off along the road, leaving only a solitary country merchant and myself. We beguiled the time for a while in conversation; and then, as midnight came on, and he grew drowsy, I resigned myself to the same influence that had begun to send sounds anything but musical from his "inno-

cent nose." Awaking with the sun, I found that we were in the midst of new clearings; the road leading through a level country as far as the eye could reach, and having its sides faced beyond the fields with trees, which, with tall stems and interlacing summits, stood like giants locking arms along the highway. I must now be in Ohio, thought I; and I was right. The effect of this magnificent vegetation was striking even at this season; but after riding for half a day along such a wood, with not a valley to break the view, nor a hill to bound it, it could not but be monotonous. We passed two lakes in the course of our ride, approaching one of them near enough to see that it was a clear sheet of water, with a pretty yellow sand-beach; but though shut up by woods, it wanted entirely the wild yet gentle picturesqueness of the lakes I have seen among and near the highlands of the Hudson; much less could it boast of the savage grandeur of those which form the sources of that princely river.

The most interesting objects on this route are decidedly the growing towns and hamlets which abound along the road. Some of them have been manufactured only this season; and it is really surprising to see rude log huts of two years' date, standing side by side with tasteful edifices of yesterday, like the old and new branches of one flourishing tree; brick churches and hotels, with handsome porticos, surrounded by the stumps of recently felled forests. In one village, called Hudson, particularly —where, by the way, much good taste is exhibited in the private houses—the progress of improvement

is said to be as perceptible as the rise of the tide at the sea-board. I could not, however, discover a palpable growth in the place from the time we sat down to dinner, till hurried away from table by the call of the stage-driver.

We reached Cleaveland during a heavy shower long after nightfall. The roar of the surf reminded me of Rockaway; and the first view of Lake Erie, the next morning, was really grateful to my eyes. I felt, while walking along the high esplanade of turf which here forms its banks, and upon which the town is built, like one who has just come out of a pent-up chamber into the full and free air of heaven. The effect of coming on such a wide expanse of water when just emerging from the forest, is much greater than when, after long riding through an open country, you view the ocean stretched beyond its shining beach.

Cleaveland is very prettily situated upon the lake. The Cayuhoga makes a bend around a high bluff as it passes into the inland sea which receives its waters, and on the level peninsula thus formed is built the town. The harbour, naturally an indifferent one, has been much improved by running out a pier from either side of the river where it debouches into Lake Erie; and there being now few better ports on this side of the lake, Cleaveland must become one of the most important places on its waters. The adjacent region is, I believe, not remarkably well suited to agricultural purposes; but there is an immense tract of the most fertile country inland, which looks to Cleaveland for the chief out-

let of its products. This will account for the rapid rise of property here, which is almost incredible; building lots in some places commanding now as many thousands as they did hundreds of dollars five years since. The town, which can already boast of a public library, a fine church, two excellent inns, and many handsome private dwellings, is laid out with broad streets and a spacious square in the centre. The business part is as yet beneath the bluff, where a single winding street runs along the bank of the river towards the lake; but the main street above is already the scene of much bustle, and bears about the same relation to that below as Broadway does to South-street in your city.

I have been happy here to meet with some old school-fellows settled in the place—where, indeed, among our wandering people can one tread without finding an acquaintance?—and this morning I was agreeably surprised by finding an English groom waiting at the door for me with a fine saddle-horse, and mentioning that my friend its owner would soon join me with another. We first rode out through a clearing, back of the village, and enjoyed a very pretty prospect of the Cayuhoga winding through a piece of rich meadow-land below us, and affording, as the high grounds recede at its entrance into the lake, a striking view of Erie in the distance. Returning upon our tracks, we passed the village on the east, and then rode westwardly along the shore of the lake. The banks, which are high, and covered with sod on the top, are here composed of clay and gravel: on the surface they appear perfectly

firm, but for the distance of nearly a mile along shore they have sunk, or are sinking, to the breadth of about three hundred feet, and slipped off into the lake, whose waters thus swallow building lots worth a great amount of money. The cause is believed to lie in quicksands beneath; and it offers a singular phenomenon to stand on the shore below, and, marking the sunken platforms of earth behind, see where half an acre of clay has risen through the sandy beach in front, within a few inches of the surface of the water.

The treacherous attributes of the shore suggested to my companion, who, though young, has been a traveller in his day, an incident he witnessed while journeying through some of the remote provinces of Mexico. He had ridden with an English gentleman for many hours through an unsettled country, where not a drop of water was to be obtained for their horses, when, coming suddenly upon a clear stream sparkling over its bed of yellow sand, their weary beasts sprang forward simultaneously to drink from the grateful current. A break in the bank caused their riders to reign up and dismount, retaining at the same time the loosened reins in their hands, while their horses stepped down to the margin of the brook. The American, finding that the deceitful bottom yielded as soon as touched, jerked his terrified beast from the fatal spot, while as yet his fore-feet were only immersed in the quicksand. But the horse of the Englishman, in his eagerness to get at the water, made but one step to destruction. He sunk floundering to his shoul-

ders before an effort could be made to rescue him; and then, as in his struggles to extricate himself from the engulfing pool, he heaved his broad chest high above its surface, the sucking sands drew his quarters in a moment beneath them. The nostrils of the suffering animal dilated with the fierce death-encounter, and giving that hideous cry—

"The cry of steeds that shriek in agony,"

he tossed his head frantickly above his greedy grave —his mane fluttered for a moment on the shallow water, and the bed of the stream closed over him for ever!

LETTER VIII.

Scene of Confusion—New-York Steamboat—Canine Passengers —Emigrant Passengers—Family Relics—Emigrants—Steamers—Detroit River—City of Detroit—Public Buildings—Military Remains—General Hull—A Conversation—An Adventure—French in Canada—Characters of the French—Horses—New Arsenal—Deer-hunting.

Detroit, Michigan, Nov. 25.

I HAD just left the reading-room of the Franklin Hotel, in Cleaveland, and was making myself at home for the rest of the evening in my own neat chamber, when the sound of a steamboat bell, about nine o'clock, gave note that one of these vessels, which at this stormy season cannot navigate the

lake with any regularity, had touched at Cleaveland on her way to this place. No time was to be lost; and huddling my clothes, &c. into my trunk as quickly as possible, I jumped into a vehicle waiting at the tavern door, and in a few minutes was upon the quay. Here I witnessed a scene of indescribable confusion. The night was dark and somewhat gusty; and the boat and the wharf were both crowded with boxes, bales, and the effects of emigrants, who were screaming to each other in half as many languages as were spoken at Babel. Lanterns were flashing to and fro along the docks, and hoarse orders and countermands mingled with the harsh hissing of the steam on every side. At length we pushed from the shore, and escaping in a moment from the head of the mole, stood fairly out into the lake; while the bright beacon of the Cleaveland lighthouse soon waned in the distance, and was at last lost entirely. I found myself, upon looking around, on board of the fine steamboat New-York, captain Fisher, to whose politeness I was much indebted for showing me about the boat before turning in for the night. Taking a lantern in his hand, and tucking my arm under his, he groped about among his motley ship's company like Diogenes looking for an honest man.

Our course first led us through a group of emigrants collected around a stove midships, where an English mother nursing her infant, a child lying asleep upon a mastiff, and a long-bearded German smoking his meerchaum on the top of a pile of candle-boxes, were the only complete figures I

could make out from an indefinite number of heads, arms, and legs, lying about in the most whimsical confusion. Passing farther on, we came to two tolerable cabins on either side of the boat just forward of the wheels, both pretty well filled with emigrants, who were here more comfortably bestowed. We next passed the forward bar-room (there being another abaft for cabin passengers), and finally came to the bow, of which a horse and several dogs had already been the occupants for so many days—the New-York having been twice driven into port and delayed by stress of weather—that it might have been mistaken for either stable or kennel. A noble English blood-hound, the second dog only of that rare breed that I have ever seen, here attracted my attention, and delayed me until I made his acquaintance; which was but a moment, however, for every dog of a generous strain can tell instinctively when a friend of his kind approaches him.

Among others of the canine crew, too, there was a fine spaniel, whose deplorable fate subsequently I may as well mention here as elsewhere. The master of poor Dash, it seems, went ashore during the night at Huron, where the boat put in to land way-passengers; and the animal, springing eagerly along a plank at his call, was kicked from his narrow foothold by some brute of a fellow into the lake. The night was dark, and the shadow of the high wharf shut out the few lights on shore from the view of the poor animal, while those on board of

the boat led him away from the land. He swam after us, yelling most piteously, until his suffocating cries were lost in the freshening sea, which probably the next morning tossed him a carrion on the shore. Had I witnessed the act of throwing him overboard, I could scarcely have restrained myself from pitching the dastardly perpetrator of the cruelty after the victim of his brutality: for if there be one trait in men which awakens in me indignation amounting almost to loathing of my kind, it is to see human beings treating those parts of the animal creation beneath them as if this earth was meant for none of God's creatures but man.

But to return to our travels through this floating castle. We next ascended a steep stairway to the upper deck of all, and I here spent some moments rather amusingly in surveying the furniture of the emigrants with which it was crowded. They differed according to the origin of their owner. The effects of the Yankee were generally limited to a Dearborn wagon, a feather bed, a saddle and bridle, and some knick-knack in the way of a machine for shelling corn, hatchelling flax, or, for aught I know, manufacturing wooden nutmegs for family use. Those of the Englishman are far more numerous; for John Bull, when he wanders from home, would not only, like the roving Trojan, carry his household gods with him into strange lands, but even the fast anchored isle itself, could he but cut it from its moorings. Whenever, therefore, you see an antique-fashioned looking-glass, a decrepit bureau, and some

tenderly-preserved old china, you will probably, upon looking further, have the whole housekeeping array of an honest Briton exposed to your view.

But still farther do the Swiss and Germans carry their love of family relics. Mark that quaint looking wagon which lumbers up a dozen square feet of the deck: you may see a portrait of it among the illuminated letters of a vellum-bound edition of Virgil's Bucolics. It was taken from an Helvetian ancestor that transported Cæsar's baggage into winter quarters. It might be worth something in a museum, but it has cost five times its value in freight to transport it over the Atlantic. What an indignity it is to overwhelm the triumphal chariot with the beds and ploughs, shovels, saddles, and sideboards, chairs, clocks, and carpets that fill its interior, and to hang those rusty pots and kettles, bakepans, fryingpans, and saucepans, iron candlesticks, old horse-shoes, and broken tobacco-pipes, like trophies of conquest over Time, along its racked and wheezing sides. That short man yonder, with square shoulders and a crooked pipe in his mouth, is the owner: he with the woollen cap, that is just raising his blue cotton frock to thrust his hand into the fob of his sherrivalleys. That man had probably not the slightest idea of the kind of country he was coming to: his eyes are but now just opening to his new condition; nor will he sacrifice a particle of his useless and expensive trumpery until they are completely open. That man has not yet a thought in common with the people of his new abode around him. He looks, indeed, as if he

came from another planet. Visit him on his thriving farm ten years hence, and, except in the single point of language, you will find him (unless perchance he has settled among a nest of his countrymen) at home among his neighbours, and happily conforming to their usages; while that clean looking Englishman next to him will still be a stranger in the land.

I subsequently looked into the different cabins and compartments of the boat not yet visited, and had reason to be gratified with the appearance of all; though the steamboat Michigan, which I have since visited at the docks here, puts me completely out of conceit of every part of the New-York, except her captain. The Michigan, machinery and all, was built at Detroit; and, without entering into a minute description of it, I may say that, fine as our Atlantic boats are, I do not recollect any on the Atlantic waters, for strength and beauty united, equal to this. A great mistake, however, I think, exists here in building the boats for these waters with cabins on deck, like the river boats. In consequence of such a large part of the hull being above water, they are rendered dangerous during the tremendous gales which sweep Lake Erie, and are often compelled to make a port of safety several times during a passage. The English steamers which ply between Dover and Calais are built like other sea vessels; and having their machinery below, can consequently keep on their course in a sea where one of ours would live but a few minutes. I was fortunate, considering the

stormy season of the year, in having a tolerably smooth passage across the lake; there being but few persons seasick on board of the boat, and I happily not included in the number. But it must be very unpleasant, during a heavy blow, to be tossed on the short cobble sea which the light fresh water of these lakes always break into beneath the wind.

We passed a number of islands in the morning soon after breakfast; some of them mere rocks, and others several miles in circumference. On one of these, of a few acres in extent, a row-boat, in which a man undertook to transport himself and one or two members of his family to the shore, was wrecked some years since. The father and brother, with a daughter of about twelve years, managed to subsist upon the snakes and snails they found among the rocks, until a passing vessel took them off, after some ten days of suffering.

It was during a shower, shortly after noon, when some low wooded islands on the American side of the lake, with a tall flag-staff peering above the haze from the little town of Amherstburg on the British shore, indicated that we had entered the mouth of the Detroit River. The wind, which was now beginning to rise into a threatening tempest, compelled us to hug the Canadian shore so closely, that the red coated sentinel pacing along the barracks above Fort Malden was plainly seen from the boat. The river soon after narrows sufficiently for one to mark with ease the general appearance of its banks, and the different settlements

upon their course. Their appearance must be pretty in summer, when fields and woods show to the most advantage; but now, though slightly undulating, with a sudden rise from the river of some fifty or sixty feet, the adjacent country is too low to be strikingly beautiful. Those, however, who admire the Delaware below Trenton, if they can dispense with the handsome seats which ornament its not very clear waters, may find a charm in the gentle banks and transparent tide of the Detroit River.

The City of Detroit itself stands upon an elevated piece of table land, extending probably for some twenty miles back from the river, and being perfectly unbroken for at least two miles along its margin. Beneath the bluff—for the plain is so high as almost to deserve the name—is a narrow bustling street of about half a mile in length, with the wharfs just beyond it; and fifty yards inboard runs a spacious street called Jefferson Avenue, parallel with the lower street and the river; the chief part of the town extends for a mile or two along the latter. The dwelling houses are generally of wood; but there are a great many stores now building, or already erected, of brick, with stone basements. The brick is generally of an indifferent quality; but the stone, which is brought from Cleaveland, Ohio, is a remarkably fine material for building purposes. It is a kind of yellow freestone, which is easily worked when first taken from the quarry, and hardens subsequently upon exposure to the air. There are at this moment

many four-story stores erecting, as well as other substantial buildings, which speak for the flourishing condition of the place.

The want of mechanics is so great, however, that it is difficult as yet to carry on these operations upon the scale common in our Atlantic cities; although the demand for houses in Detroit, it is said, would fully warrant similar outlays of capital. The public buildings are the territorial council-house, situated upon an open piece of ground, designated on an engraved plan of the city as The Campus Martius; a court-house, academy, and two banks. There are also five churches,—a Catholic, an Episcopal, a Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist. The Catholic congregation is the largest; their stone church, after remaining several years in an unfinished state, is soon, it is said, to be completed with funds derived from Rome; it will make an imposing appearance when finished. The population of Detroit is, I believe, between three and four thousand; it increases so rapidly, however, that it is difficult to form an estimate. The historical associations, the safety and commodiousness of the harbour, with its extensive inland commercial advantages, must ever constitute this one of the most interesting and important points in the Union, although other causes may combine to make newer places in the territory equally as flourishing as Detroit.

The appearance of the place is anything but what you would expect from a town founded in the same year with Philadelphia. The ancient houses, which formerly stood upon streets hardly ten feet

wide, were all swept away in the great fire twenty years since; and the new white dwellings, standing upon broad avenues of twenty-five yards, make the town look like a place of yesterday.

I am surprised to find but few military remains in a frontier post so frequently fortified, and which has witnessed so many scenes of border war. A small stone arsenal, with a tall picket-fence around it, is the only thing of the kind discoverable; and yet the place is thought by military men to have been sufficiently strong during the last war to have held out, if properly commanded, against twice the force which the brave general Brock brought against it. The lapse of twenty-two years has not yet cooled the indignation of the inhabitants at its dastardly surrender by Hull. It is necessary to see the ground to estimate properly that besotted act, at which his officers broke their swords, and his men nearly rose in open mutiny; while even the women of the fort shut the gates, and declared that their husbands and brothers should not abide by the disgraceful orders of their commander. It is astounding to think how slight an exertion of force might have annihilated the attacking party. They landed about two miles below the town, and advanced in solid column along a straight road, which runs parallel with the river, and is walled inland with a high picket-fence, in front of the French farm houses which line the way. At the entrance of the town, and nearly in front of the hotel where I am staying, were planted two pieces of cannon loaded with grape and canister. A single discharge must have

swept half of the British force into eternity; while the river on one side, and the high picket on the other, would have hedged the remainder in upon a spot where the destruction of the whole would have been inevitable. The artillerymen were standing with lighted portfires, when the order to retire within the fort caused them to fling their matches to the ground, and leave it with disgust. The memory of General Hull, which, with that love of glorification that constitutes the weakest point of our national character, was so hallowed in the eastern newspapers when he died, a few years since, is here held in the contempt that was the due of a man who was sentenced to be shot to death for conduct entailing so much disgrace upon the nation.

I was not a little amused, while talking over these events with some gentlemen, a few evenings since, upon the very scene of contention, to hear a person, whom I soon discovered to be an Englishman, sliding into the conversation, and taking his part of it with equal animation and good feeling, upholding, however, like a loyal and true Briton, the acts of his own nation. The conversation was very frank on both sides; although, when he spoke of the Kentuckians flaying the body of Tecumseh after the battle of the Thames, I could not trust myself to retaliate by mentioning Proctor's massacre at Frenchtown of the flower of the youth of Kentucky, which, as you know, prompted this ferocious act of their countrymen in relation to the fierce but noble savage. The ball of conversation, which had hitherto been thrown with equal temper and breeding by better and abler

hands, fell into mine, just as "the delicate question of impressment" was suggested by the English stranger; and in begging him to dismiss a matter upon which our views could so little harmonize, I could not help adding the opinion you have often heard me express, though of course in a manner that conveyed nothing offensive, that my country should never notice the existence of that national difficulty except through the mouths of our cannon; that is, that we should regard and treat impressment like piracy or kidnapping on the highway. "Kidnapping!" exclaimed my well-bred antagonist, smiling jocosely at the word, and politely waiving the further discussion of the subject, "why, I myself, sir, have been taken up for kidnapping within the very precincts of this town." He then went on to tell, in quite dramatic style, a series of whimsical adventures which he met with when on a surveying party on the lakes just after the last war. "Surveying on the lakes twenty years ago!" exclaimed I to myself; "why, who can this man be? I have already travelled with him, since tea, over all Europe and a great part of Asia, not to mention the West Indies and South America, with the whole coast of Africa." The lively and unaffected relation was every thing to the story, which at once enlisted the attention of all present, but the particulars were barely these:—The stranger, then a subaltern in the British service, was sent by his commanding officer to seize some deserters, who had escaped by night from the schooner in which the surveying party were embarked, and which was anchored in the

Detroit River. He landed on the American shore, and tracing one of the knaves to an inn hard by, he seized him near the door, handcuffed him, and handed him to his men to take off to their boat in waiting. Then entering the inn, the sight of a number of articles stolen by the runaways induced the young officer to search for the rest of their number. Provoked at his want of success, he very naturally exclaimed, while passing vainly from room to room, "Well, thank Heaven, I have one of the rascals in limbo!" A stout looking fellow present immediately slid out of the apartment. The young Englishman, tired at last with his search of the premises, determined to leave the house to look further elsewhere. His foot was on the threshold of the door—"Stop there, you mister," exclaimed a tall Yankee, bringing a bayonet to a charge at his breast, "you don't come here and kidnap our citizens at that rate, I guess."

"Kidnap your citizens! Why, my good fellow, that was a rascally deserter that I apprehended."

"Deserter or no deserter, we don't want no such doings over our side; and you don't budge from here, my hearty, except to go before Governor Cass."

"Governor Cass! Why, my dear sir, I have a letter here for Governor Cass, and am anxious to find him out in person."

It was "no go," however, as the sturdy yeoman said, and he and his comrades at once led our young and hasty adventurer to the residence of the governor. Detroit was then a military post of the first

distinction. The town was crowded with officers and their families; and on that very day there was a levee, at which three general officers with their respective suits received company at the governor's. The culprit was politely received by the governor, and being soon drawn within a group of officers, they all heartily sympathized with him, and agreed that they might, without thinking, have acted similarly in violating a foreign territory when sent after "a scoundrel of a deserter." It was, in short, a mere matter of moonshine, and the young offender need give himself no concern about it, but fill his glass, and let the hour bring forth what it might. To make a long story short, however, our subaltern was soon ordered before the governor, who in a totally altered manner explained the grave nature of his offence to him, and told him he must be handed over to the civil authority; adding, that if he did not like to go to jail, he might take up his residence in the fort, under the care of Captain O'Fallon, whose politeness the English gentleman had already experienced, and under whose custody he was glad to place himself. His stay there he found far from disagreeable, and he spoke with warmth of the courtesy of the officers in walking out with him every day, and keeping up their necessary surveillance over his person in a manner that made it not at all unpleasant. The grand jury soon after found a bill against him for "the crime of kidnapping an American citizen, *name unknown!*" and he was held to bail in the sum of 2,000 dollars, which was at once forthcoming from

a gentleman on the Canadian side. The result of the trial was against the prisoner; but a higher tribunal subsequently quashed the proceedings of the court, and set the culprit at liberty.

This relation, the particulars of which I have since found are familiar to the older residents of Detroit, seemed, from the unaffected yet animated manner in which it was made, to strike every one present; and, as you may imagine, our interest in the party chiefly concerned was not a little heightened by our discovering, the next morning, that the individual who had made himself so agreeable the evening before was Captain V——, of the British navy, whose enviable reputation, as the companion of Captain Owen in his recent arduous voyage of discovery along the coast of Africa, gives one the privilege of mentioning his name as that of a public man. Captain V—— has just settled on a farm on the Canada side, but so near to Detroit that his society will be an acquisition to a neighbourhood remarkable for its agreeableness and elegant hospitality.

I have made several excursions to different places in the vicinity of Detroit. The pleasantest ride, perhaps, is one along the river on the Canada side, from which Detroit appears to great advantage. Every thing looks dead, however, in William IV.'s dominions, after coming from the bustling American town. The French there insist upon holding on to their acres; and being unwilling to improve their property, its value remains stationary. These French tenures have had their

effect, too, in retarding the growth of Detroit, and they still check in no slight degree its advances in prosperity. The French farms are laid out along the river on both sides, with a front of only two or three acres on its bank, while they extend back into the country for half a dozen miles; a disposition of property very unfavourable to agriculture, and only adopted originally to bring the colonists as near together as possible, for the sake of mutual protection against the Indians. Many of these farms now cross the main street of Detroit at right angles at the upper end of the town, and, of course, offer on either side a dozen building lots of great value. The original owners, however, persist in occupying them with their frail wooden tenements and almost valueless improvements, notwithstanding large sums are continually offered for the merest slice in the world off the end of their long tailed patrimonies. They are a singular race of beings altogether. Mild and amiable, with all that politeness of manners which distinguishes every class of the courteous nation from which they derived their origin—they are still said to be profoundly ignorant. They call Detroit "the Fort" to this day, and yet few of them know anything of the country whose soldiers first held it. They are good gardeners, but very indifferent farmers; and their highest ambition is to turn out the fastest trotting pony when the carriole races commence on the ice at mid-winter. Some of them will own a hundred of these ponies, which in defiance of snow and sun, run in the woods from one end of

the year to the other. The fastest of the herd, which is generally a three-minute horse, the owner will keep for himself, or, if he parts with him, asks the purchaser two or three hundred dollars for the animal; while from the rest, for twenty-five or thirty, he may select at pleasure. They are very easy gaited animals, carrying astonishing weights with ease; but their shoulders are so low it is difficult to keep an ordinary saddle on their backs with any comfort. But though generally rough, misshapen looking creatures, some are very elegantly formed, and remind me often—while neither resembling the Arabian nor the English horse—of some French drawings I have seen of the spirited steeds of the Balkan, or the rushing coursers of the Ukraine. I am informed that they are known to perform journeys under the saddle of sixty miles a day for ten days in succession, without being at all injured by it. They are thought to have a different origin from the Canadian horse, to which the best of them bears no particular resemblance except in size.

With judicious crossing, a most valuable race of horses might be produced from this hardy stock, which, for their vigour and endurance, I can only compare to the tough wild thorn of the country; an unpromising shrub, which, when grafted upon, produces the most flourishing fruit trees I have ever seen.

The drive to Lake St. Clair must be very pleasant in summer, judging from what I saw of it during a raw snowy day. The banks of this river

are indeed rather low for beauty, and the lake itself, when you arrive at it, is only a large black sheet of clear water; but thick-set orchards of the French farmers, coming quite down to the shore of the river, are pleasing objects in themselves, and with the green islands in the strait, the decaying windmills so frequently recurring along its shores, and the groups of shaggy ponies almost invariably around their base, would enable a painter to eke out a very pretty landscape.

About ten miles from Detroit, a United States arsenal is now erecting, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Howard, of the army; for an introduction to whom I was indebted to two young officers, who rode out with me to visit the place. The day was cold and cloudy, like most it has been my lot to describe to you of late; but my companions were intelligent and agreeable, my horse free and sufficiently fast, and my reception at the end so satisfactory, that I still think of my ride along the lazy banks of the bilious-looking River Rouge with pleasure. The arsenal, though of brick, is by far the best specimen of masonry I have yet seen here. It is to be regretted, however, that for such a national work the appropriation by government for its erection had not been large enough to have permitted the beautiful Cleaveland stone, which form the lintels of its doors and windows, to be substituted for the perishable looking material of which the building is now constructed. The taste of Lieutenant H., which is already evinced by some arrangements in

the vicinity, will no doubt induce him to preserve some hoary and fantastic looking oaks, which fling their gnarled branches within a few yards of the walls, and which even now, stripped as they are of their foliage, are worth a whole forest of common ornamental shrubbery. The trees I have generally seen around our military posts look all as straight and martinet like as if planted by a drill sergeant. These veteran oaks stand upon a sloping bank, and as they are too crooked ever to catch the eye of the utilitarian, and be sawn up into boards, they may, if not now molested, wave yet for a century above these ingenious idlers who delight to—

> "—— under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

Too much praise can hardly be accorded to the activity of the officer, who, in five months, has reared such a building, and created the village, which is already growing up around it, in the midst of an unbroken forest. There is a capital inn, a store, and two or three dwellings in the new town of "Dearbornville," all built since last July. I sat down to dine on a fine haunch of venison, with the veteran General B—— and his young aid, who were together on a hunting expedition in the vicinity. Nothing could have impressed a stranger more favourably with military breeding, than the bland, paternal manner of the gentlemanlike old officer to his four juniors present. The deer yet abound within a morning's walk of Detroit; the primitive forest standing untouched within a few hundred

yards of the town, immediately in its rear. They are hunted daily at this season; and no slight sensation was made here, a day or two since, by the prolonged absence of the general, who had been benighted and lost his way upon one of these short excursions. The town was about to turn out *en masse*, when the re-appearance of the hunter, after two days' absence, relieved a very general anxiety.

The tedious length of this letter is sufficient apology for the abruptness with which I must break off.

LETTER IX.

The Huron River—Village of Monroe—New Bank—Position of Monroe—Public Improvements—A Launch—Tecumseh—A Massacre—Anecdote—The Diana—The River Raisin—Canals and Railroads—Public Projects—Garden of the Union.

Monroe, Michigan, Dec. 3, 1833.

THE drive from Detroit hither is dull enough at this season of the year. The road leads through almost a dead level, and the muddy streams creep over the fat black soil, as if they had gormandized upon its rich vegetation till grown too lazy for locomotion. Among others, the Huron river, from which, seeing that it rises in one of the brightest and most beautiful lakes in the peninsula, better things might be expected, waddles on to the lake, as little excited by the flocks of ducks which frolic on its

bosom, as an alderman after dinner by the flies that disport upon his jerkin. Occasionally, indeed, some bright little rill will ripple across the road, and smirk over its yellow pebbles on its way to the big lake, with much the same air that the mill-streams of Long Island dance over the level ground while hurrying to the sea; but a wet prairie soon intervenes, and the innocent rivulet, like a child that is snubbed, becomes at once silent and sulky. But though some parts of Wayne county are thus unattractive, I am told that other sections contain much arable land of excellent quality, consisting of sand loam and some clay, with heavy timber, and occasionally fine bottoms along the streams. The population is about eight thousand.

The village of Monroe, in the county of the same name, from which I now write, is situated on the banks of the River Raisin, and about two miles from its entrance into Lake Erie. It was incorporated two years since, and comprises a part of the old site of Frenchtown, celebrated, as you remember, in the annals of the last war. The place is said to be regularly laid out; but the most business part of it —and it is the fussiest little town in the world— looks as if the buildings had all been tossed from the other side of the river, and left to settle just where they might fall upon this. If the place continues to increase as rapidly, however, as it has during the last year—the population having doubled in that time—the inhabitants can afford to burn down the river side of the village, and arrange it to more advantage. There are now about one hun-

dred and fifty houses, of which twenty or thirty are stone; some of them are wholesale establishments, and make a very handsome display of fancy goods. There are also two grist-mills immediately in the town, a woollen factory, an iron foundry, several saw-mills, a chair factory, a tannery, &c. And yet, notwithstanding the supply of water-power affords every facility for the use of machinery, the demand for manual labour is very great, and mechanics of every kind may here, as in Detroit, find constant employment. Indeed, I am told, that the demand for mechanics in every part of Michigan is excessive; and as for labourers, I have seen them repeatedly advertised for, by written notices on tavern doors and elsewhere. The emigrants to the territory, I find, are generally people of a very respectable class, who have both the disposition and the means to employ the services of others around them.

The "Bank of the River Raisin" is established at this place, with a capital of 100,000 dollars; and though in its infancy, is said to be doing a very flourishing business. The notes are among the handsomest specimens of bank-note engraving I have seen. There is also a land-office established here, at which the sales of public lands since last April amount to upwards of 22,000 dollars; the sales at Detroit and White Pigeon together a little exceeding this sum. The government price of land (100 dollars for eighty acres,) being the same in every part of the territory, this will give you some idea of the emigration into the peninsula.

I must not forget to mention, that with a population of only sixteen hundred souls, five religious denominations are represented in their respective clergymen at Monroe; and that three of these, the Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Presbyterian, have each a neat church of their own. I ought to add that a newspaper, with a good circulation, is printed here.

The advantageous position of Monroe, situated as it is at the head of Lake Erie, induced the government to make an appropriation for improving the harbour, which, except that of Maumee, is the only one at this part of the lake. The lamented Major Maurice, of the Engineer Corps (who, you may remember, fell down and instantly expired in the act of shaking hands with General Gratiot, at Washington, last winter), and whom the inhabitants of this place speak of with the tenderest remembrance—made minute surveys of the harbour and of the different channels of the river: and the bill which has been at various times introduced into Congress for their improvement was based upon his reports. A bill was passed at the last session of Congress, appropriating 8,000 dollars for rebuilding the pier at the mouth of the river, and also appropriating the sum of 20,000 dollars for a road from La Plaisance bay, through which the Raisin debouches into Lake Erie, to intersect the Chicago road, which traverses the whole peninsula at a point about forty miles from here; an improvement which will open a new market to southern and western Michigan, and contribute of course much to the prosperity of Monroe.

A bill was also passed by both houses, appropriating 15,000 dollars for a canal connecting the waters of Lake Erie, and the River Raisin, by a cut across the bar at the mouth of the latter. The money has not been expended, however, in consequence of an oversight in the engrossing clerk, which, from his omitting this important item, has prevented the bill as yet becoming a law. The moneys appropriated for the pier and road have already been mostly expended, and those public works are now nearly completed, under the active and efficient superintendence of Capt. Henry Smith, of the Engineer Corps. When all these improvements are completed, Monroe must have come in for a large share of the immense trade and commerce which must flow through the three outlets of eastern Michigan. The mouth of the Maumee can hardly compete with it on account of the extreme unhealthiness of that swampy region; but I am inclined to think that the enterprising inhabitants of this thriving little place are somewhat too vivacious in their expectations, when they think of not only rivalling, but outstripping, the ancient city of the straits on the onward road to prosperity. Detroit, like every other point selected by the French on the western waters of our country, is as commanding a position, whether for war or trade, as could be chosen.

The Monroeites are, however, a driving people in their way. They are now building a steamboat of the largest class, which will cost not less than 45,000 dollars, to ply directly between here and Buffalo; and this morning I saw launched a beauti-

ful schooner, for the lake navigation. It was the first launch that had ever taken place at Monroe, and the occasion caused a general turn-out of the inhabitants, who hurried to the spot, a mile or two off, upon horses of every variety of appearance. There was the bull-necked French pony and his scraggy-looking Indian cousin, the sleek spongy-looking Ohio horse, and the clean-limbed quickly gathering Kentuckian, galloping between the swift but shuffling Illinois pacer and the high actioned tight looking New-York trotter. Every one rode as if for a wager; and when we drew our reins, the talk upon horse-flesh superseding almost the interest of the schooner, showed that the Monroeites, like Catiline and Purdy, deserve to be celebrated for their judgment in these matters. A very good and full band of amateur musicians, composed of respectable private individuals of the village, came at last upon the ground, and changed the subject to the name of the new vessel, which several wished to alter, before launching, from the hackneyed one of Diana to the more characteristic sound of *Tecumseh*, the spot being so celebrated in the memoirs of that great chief. "You knew Tecumseh then, sir?" said I to an old gentleman, who, I was informed, had been a field-officer during the late war, and engaged in several battles. "I did, sir; and he was as thorough a gentleman and as high-toned an officer as any in the British service." The chief, you know, actually held his commission as a general officer immediately from the King of Britain. "What do you then, sir, think of his massacre upon this spot?" I

rejoined. "The *barbarity* of that act, sir, was only in accordance with Indian ideas of warfare. The *disgrace* of it attaches entirely to the English officer (Proctor) who permitted, perhaps sanctioned, the atrocity." The old officer's blood seemed to kindle anew as he dwelt upon that horrible slaughter of a force which had capitulated on honourable terms with a full reliance on the foe for protection. I asked him about the sick and wounded, who were burnt up in the hospital, or shot to death as they ran shrieking through the flames. "I saw their bones," he replied, "when the ruins were still recent. I came on with the corps of Kentuckians which advanced soon after into this country, and subsequently so eagerly avenged their countrymen at the battle of the Moravian Towns.* I walked to the spot where the wounded met their fate, with several others. Richard M. Johnson was one of the number. We looked into the pit, and could see the charred bones and dismembered limbs, and sometimes half-burnt bodies, plainly below. The men muttered the deepest curses. Col. J. spoke not a word, but the tears rained from his eyes; and turning away, he exclaimed, 'There lies the best blood in Kentucky, poured out like water!'" I have given as nearly as I can the very words of the veteran colonel in describing this sad spectacle.

Of the seven hundred young men murdered here, the most were students at law, young physicians, and merchants, and the sons of opulent farmers—in

* See note C.

short, the very flower of Kentucky.* The event threw the whole state into mourning.

Speaking of the troops who were concerned in the early operations of these regions, I have heard a number of interesting accounts from different persons of the formation of the several corps. One of these, though I may very probably, in trying to recall the particulars, confound them with the incidents of another, I will venture to repeat. A graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, who had been recently admitted to the bar, was riding through the state of Kentucky, perhaps with the design of finding some favourable point at which to fix his abode and commence the practice of his profession, when he was accosted near a village by a mounted traveller, who, mentioning that he was a planter of the country, invited the young advocate, with all the freedom of western hospitality, to dine at his house the following day. The invitation was accepted; and the eastern gentleman, arriving at the mansion of the unknown host, found a large party collected, the majority of whom were well acquainted with each other, while many were strangers like himself, and invited apparently in the same manner. The dinner, however, was got through sociably enough; and by the time the glass began to circulate freely, all felt that easy confidence in the fellowship and good feeling of

* Since this was written, I have met with a Kentucky gentleman in Illinois, who had lost five relations in the massacre—a father, two brothers, an uncle, and a cousin—the youngest was not seventeen.

each other which is the soul of good society. The host, then rising, described briefly the state of the north western frontier, and produced a commission from his pocket to raise a corps and march at once thither. They enlisted to a man; their entertainer provided them on the spot with the necessary stores and munitions; and the band of volunteers started in a few hours on their march to the border.

The name of the noble host was not mentioned; but the eastern adventurer, who was elected a lieutenant upon the spot, and soon after became a captain, was said to have been better known since as colonel, general, governor, and lastly—Mr. Secretary Cass.

I regret now that I did not inquire into and note down the names and other particulars of a relation so striking; but you have the tale as it was told in my hearing, *minus* the admirable manner of the relation. But I am forgetting the Diana—that burst of music tells that she begins to move on her ways—calmly now she slides; and now, as that bottle of champaign foams over her bow, her motion increases almost to the velocity of a *gallope*. What a sensation does she make among the waves, and how do they coquet with her on every side! She bobs about till she seems as unstable as themselves. But now the sober skipper, like a good husband, takes possession of her virgin charms, and placing himself at once at the helm, the unmeaning waters cease their flirting, and sustain her

above them without daring to attempt to influence her course.

The ride to these dock yards is rather pleasant; but I have seen handsomer rivers than the Raisin. The banks for several miles around the village have been almost denuded of trees; and the limestone channel lets off so much of the stream through its crevices, that, like a tankard of liquor passed round according to custom at a western inn, it is half drunk up before it gets to its real owner, the lake. It would delight an eastern farmer to see the magnificent pear trees, which, tall as the trees of the forests, and of the growth of a century, extend through orchards for miles along the stream. Here, too, are apple trees, to the excellence of whose fruit I can testify, that were brought by the French to this country in 1731. The grape vines, also, from which the river takes its name, constitute a beautiful feature in the level landscape, as they hang in rich festoons along the banks of the stream, and climb wherever it is wooded to the tops of the loftiest elms.

There is now an application and great interest making to incorporate a company for the purpose of improving the navigation of the River Raisin and the Saline by a lock and dam navigation—an improvement which it is said can be made at slight expense. The river, flowing gently in its channel, with banks of equal elevation, seems ready to receive and bear upon its bosom the rich products of the country on its borders. By constructing a tow-path, the expense of which will

not be heavy, an excellent canal can be easily made.

The subject of canals and railroads awakens at this moment the keenest interest in Michigan; and, after the route of the projected grand communication between Lakes Erie and Michigan, through the peninsula, shall be determined upon by the general government, I have no doubt but that large and advantageous outlays of private capital upon similar works will be made at other points. Of the plans talked of as best worthy the attention of government, that of a grand railroad from Chicago to Detroit, with a lateral one perhaps to Monroe, seems to be considered as the least chimerical; though there are not a few who advocate a canal immediately across the peninsula, in a direct line from the mouth of the Maumee to Lake Michigan; and still a greater number who urge the construction of one from the mouth of the Raisin to that of the St. Joseph's, on the opposite side of the peninsula—a route which would pass through a country acknowledged, I believe, to be the most fertile in Michigan. But another project still remains, as feasible, or perhaps more so, than either of these. It is to connect the Washtenong or Grand River—a noble stream, which waters half the territory, and is navigable nearly two hundred and forty miles in bateaux—with the Huron, a fine stream, which, after rising within a few miles of the sources of the Washtenong, empties into Lake Erie, on the opposite side of the peninsula. You can hardly form an idea of the relative importance and

feasibility of these projects, without more knowledge of the territory of Michigan than is common at the east, where people generally know about as much of it as they do of Timbuctoo. I have already been so fortunate in my opportunities of talking with well-informed people here, that I might venture at once to give you a general view of the country, but I prefer that you should gather whatever information I have to give from my own actual observations made along the road. With regard to scenery, I do not think, from what I have yet seen, I can promise you much; but for agricultural and mineral resources, and for manufacturing and commercial advantages, I think I can produce some data which, if they do not astonish our good people at home in regard to Michigan, will at least account for the emigrants pouring into the territory as they do, and believing it to be the garden of the Union. You must, however, pick up your information as I shall—by jogging along quietly with me through the country, and observing matters and things just as they come beneath our eyes. To-morrow I start for the interior. Farewell!

LETTER X.

A Log Cabin—Stage-coach Travelling—Banks of the Raisin—Forests—A Forest Cabin—Start on our Journey—Swapping—Pet Fawns—A Canine Mourner—Pet Fawn—Pretty Village—Cemeteries—The Grand River—Intelligent Community.

Monroe Co., M. T., Dec. 5, 1833.

I WRITE to you from a log cabin on the banks of the River Raisin, about thirty miles above Monroe. The worthy farmer, upon whose premises I am quartered for the night, sits with his child on his knee in the chimney-corner, with a prosing visiter, pipe in mouth, opposite; while the good woman is engaged doing some "chores" at the farther end of the apartment, which is, of course, the chief cooking, eating, sitting, sleeping, and smoking chamber in the house. My dormitory, I have a shrewd suspicion, is to be in a loft, from which a lad is at this moment descending by a ladder with some corn for my horse. The black walnut stand, upon which I am writing, occupies the centre of the room; and as I am at this moment keeping up my share in a desultory conversation going forward around me, and at the same time trying to check the undue familiarity of a large bull-dog—who, like other individuals, has become troublesome from being admitted too rapidly into intimacy—you must not expect

me to be very coherent in detailing the impressions of the day.

It was a gloomy, lowering morning, with occasional flakes of snow driving through the harsh atmosphere, when I started from the village of Monroe, well mounted on a stout roan, whose figure and action would command thrice the sum in New-York that the animal cost me here, and whose performance to-day speaks well of the dependence I may place upon him to carry me through my arduous route into the interior of the peninsula. It was with a feeling of almost boyish pleasure that, after the slight taste I have had of stage-coach travelling from Pittsburg to Cleaveland, and from Detroit to Monroe, I found myself once more in the saddle, with the full privilege of regulating my motions as I choose. The delightful mode in which I travelled with S—— from New-York to Wheeling, in a barouche, with two led horses under the saddle, was, indeed, both for pleasure and solid comfort, not to be surpassed. But now, though I have neither the agreeable friend, the attentive groom, nor the luxurious carriage to enhance the gratification and relieve the weariness of travelling, the feeling of independence still remains. And though I confess I could not suppress a sigh this morning, when packing up the linen and books which, with my trunk, I shall not see for a month to come; yet that pair of saddle-bags beneath my feet, though conscious only of a shirt a-piece, flanked as they are by my light fowling-piece, which that weather-beaten worthy is at this moment curiously examining, and my leggings,

which are drying upon those andirons, make me feel as rich as did that famous *soldato* Dugald Dalgetty himself, with his single change of chamois leather and iron overcoat, while handling his arms and surveying his compact appointments from the back of the doughty Gustavus.

My road led, from the moment of leaving the village, along the banks of the Raisin, whose serpentine current flowed fuller and clearer the farther I advanced into the country. The land at the same time gradually rising, and though never hilly, yet leaving the stream far enough below to form a bluff of some ten or fifteen feet, where the timber land rose from the rich bottoms on its margin. After riding thus for about twenty miles along the river, where the log-cabins gradually became fewer and farther between, I struck through a wood so dense that it seemed to terminate the settlements in this direction, and then, at a sudden turning of the path, I came at once upon the oak openings. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the pleasing effect of such a surprise. Imagine yourself emerging from a New-Jersey swamp, and coming at one bound upon one of the English parks which Puckler Muskaw so admirably describes. Clumps of the noblest oaks, with not a twig of underwood, extending over a gently undulating grassy surface as far as the eye can reach; here clustered together in a grove of tall stems supporting one broad canopy of interlacing branches, and there rearing their gigantic trunks in solitary grandeur from the plain. The feeling of solitude I had while in the deep woods

deserted me the moment I came upon this beautiful scene, and I rode on for hours, unable without an effort to divest myself of the idea that I was in a cultivated country.

Towards evening I found myself in the thick forest again, and was glad, as the night closed in darkly over the road where at every step my horse would either sink to his knees in mud, or trip over the stubble of newly cut saplings, to be overtaken by a mail rider, with his leathern charge, on horseback. The lonely lad was as glad of company through the forest as I was of a guide; and he willingly taking the lead, I flung my bridle on my horse's neck, as the skies became blacker and blacker, and touching him smartly with the spur, away we went through the woods together.—"Take care of that tree, sir; look out for the mud-hole"—called my goblin usher at each moment, as we tramped and splashed along where I would have defied the Evil One himself to have seen any thing but the impenetrable dark. I heeded him not; but bending low in the saddle to avoid the boughs, I surrendered myself to my destiny, and attending to nothing but keeping my horse as close as possible to the heels of his file leader. At length we reached a clearing, and a few yards of better road brought us to a log cabin. The family were at supper when I entered; and sitting down with the rest, I helped myself with an iron spoon from a dish of suppawn, and fishing up a cup from the bottom of a huge pan of milk, I poured the snowy liquid over the boiled meal that rivalled it in

whiteness. The corn from which it is made, my host tells me, grew to the height of sixteen feet, the stalks being of a blackish green colour. From the same soil, a black sandy loam of easy tillage, wheat as high as a man's head has been raised; the produce from a single grain being from three to four hundred, and in one instance one thousand and twenty-six. I see symptoms of sleeping in those around me; and having no right to monopolize this important apartment, will conclude this elsewhere to-morrow.

Tecumseh, Lenawee Co., M. T., Dec. 6.

The cockloft, as I expected, was my place of rest. I stumbled over a pile of corn, and struck my head against the roof, almost as soon as I had got my body fairly above the trap door. I found a clean bed, however, and it was a very sociable place after all, for there were four persons besides myself stowed away in the different corners. So soundly did I sleep on my straw pallet, that the night seemed to me but just begun, when the red glare of a tallow candle flashing over my eyes, with the tap of the mail rider on my shoulder, told me that dawn was breaking, and that we must be gone. The landlord brought out a lantern for me to mount by; and we had proceeded far on our journey before the faintest streak in the east indicated the waking of the sun.

It was about seven o'clock, when, stopping to water at a little shantee, I found several labouring people at breakfast within; and, the mail carrier

consenting to wait for me, I sat down at table at once with the rest. The fare consisted of hot rolls and tea, large slices of pork swimming in gravy, and a dish of mealy potatoes. My plate was heaped at once with all, while each one present vied with the others in civility to me. They were talking of a horse for which a hundred dollars had been paid, when I entered; and an English poaching gun I have with me, not worth a fifth of the sum, caught the fancy of the owner. He insisted upon "swapping with me on equal terms," and seemed much hurt when I refused not only to "trade," but expressed no inclination to see his favourite steed. I replied, however, so good-humouredly to his entreaties, that he still persisted in them until taken aside by one or two of those present. He then came up to me in an altered manner—"I hope, sir, that I don't insult you by wanting to buy that *curiosest* of guns, for I don't mean to be uncivil—not at all—in the least."

Upon assuring him that I had taken no offence, he rejoined, that if his horse was not worth two hundred dollars he would eat him, but he had set his heart upon that gun, and must have it. I did not like to expose myself to the temptation of seeing the horse, though of course I did not think for a moment of taking advantage of the honest yeoman's caprice; but, had it not been a present from a friend abroad, I should certainly have given my ardent acquaintance the toy which caught his fancy, after what followed. "I say, stranger," said he, musing for a moment, "do you want a

farm, eh? a house, eh? I'll trade you as good a tavern stand, two miles from this, as there is in the county." I got away at last as he followed me to the door, and held my bridle to mount, by promising to leave him the object of his desires in my will.

The character of the country continued for some miles much the same as that passed over yesterday, though the river gradually degenerated into a narrow, muddy stream. The log cabins, which always occurred in the heavily-timbered district, had nothing to distinguish them from each other, and the openings were as silent as if man and beast had deserted them; though I saw a couple of deer in one instance feeding afar off, and met a settler who was carrying a wolf, just caught in a trap by the road side, on his shoulders. I was struck, too, at seeing no less than three pet fawns near different houses, within a few miles of each other. In one instance a tall hound was sitting erect beside one of these gentle creatures, who was licking the ears of the enemy of his race. The incident reminded me of an anecdote I heard told by an old hunter in one of the wild mountain districts of New-York. His favourite hound one morning, when the deer were in the red coat and not fit to hunt, came to him while chopping, and made signs for his master to follow to a thicket not far off, where the woodman discovered a fawn so entangled that it could not escape. It was so small and feeble that he carried it away with ease in his arms, while the doe, which was near at hand, followed her bleating offspring.

The dog accompanied him with great apparent joy, and, though one of the keenest of his kind, would drive off the grown deer only a few rods, and then return at once to keep an eye on his master's movements. The fawn was taken home, and, being fed continually by the children, soon went tame about the house. The dog, however, insisted upon sleeping with it, and could scarcely be separated from his long-eared friend; and when it met with the usual fate of pets, and died prematurely a month or two after, poor Ring was inconsolable. The worthy English settler, who had been a gamekeeper in the old country in his day, added, that he had the curiosity to dress a piece of the venison, which, fond as hounds are of that food, was rejected with disgust by the canine mourner.

One of the other fawns which I saw would, with the group attendant, have made a pretty subject for the pencil. He had thrust his head into a bevy of rosy little girls, who were making "sand-pies" on the bank of the river; and, as his delicate hoofs threatened to demolish the rural substitutes for the card-houses of parlour-bred urchins, one of the little architects, covering her work with her hands, kept the intrusive animal at bay with her head; the long yellow locks of which streamed over his bluish crest, while the perverse beast twisted his snout under and insisted upon licking her face.

It was still early in the afternoon when I arrived at this place, and my surprise was not slight, after

coming through a region where every mile seemed to lead me farther from civilization, to light suddenly upon a pretty village laid out with broad streets, and having an excellent tavern on a public square in the centre. I entered the town through an oak opening. Within a few hundred yards from the village I passed several graves apparently dug at random among the trees, though each was marked with a handsome tombstone. I have since learned that the town's people, with a degree of consideration which might well be emulated in larger cities, are already making arrangements to lay out and plant a public cemetery for the use of every religious denomination. At Monroe, I believe, they have already done the same thing. There, indeed, they had an ample number of guests for the narrow house, before even the abodes for the living were built. The bones of those massacred on the Raisin bleached till within a few years on the banks of that river; and an inhabitant of the place told me that he had often walked over the execution ground, and handled skulls that were cloven with the tomahawk. There is also an Indian cemetery about twelve miles from Monroe, where the skeletons of the dead can be plainly seen through the crevices of the stone pile heaped above them. I am told that they are wholly unmolested by the white inhabitants; partly from feelings of decency creditable to themselves, and partly, perhaps, from fear of the roving relatives of the deceased, who return yearly and observe the condition of the spot

with a jealous eye. Not far from this place resides an old settler who has killed a half a dozen Indians with his own hand. Three or four of them he shot with his rifle from his cabin when they surrounded it to capture him; and the stories told of his encounters with the others might better be detailed by a novelist than a letter writer. I have seen nothing of the natives yet except a couple of Wyandott squaws; though the French settlers, with their elf-locks and blanket capotes, might at a distance be well taken for aborigines. I think a little of starting at once for the Rapids of the Grand River, and spending a week or two among the Ottawas; who, I am told, are still there in considerable numbers, and preserving enough of their original habits to make them fair specimens of the Michigan Indians. They tell me, however, that a guide will be indispensable; and having already offered one in vain a fair compensation, I may be compelled to give up the attempt.

The Grand River, or Washtenong, is, as I have before mentioned, the largest stream in the peninsula, being two hundred and seventy miles in length, while the country watered by it consists of about seven thousand square miles. It has a good harbour at its mouth, on Lake Michigan, for vessels drawing eight feet water; and it is navigable for those drawing four feet for more than thirty miles from the lake: while farther inland it traverses a country represented by my informant, who has recently returned from survey-

ing in that distant region, as of immense fertility. There are also beds of gypsum and lime, with stone quarries and mines of iron, with indications of the existence of copper, to be found on its tributaries; while a hundred mineral springs—which seem to abound in this country, for I have already seen a half a dozen—enrich the central region, where its branches interlock with the bright waters of the Huron on the eastern, and the myriads of streams and lakes which form the sources of the Kekalamazoo on the western side of the peninsula.

They tell me here that it would be in vain for me to attempt to cross the country from Chicago to St. Louis alone at this season of the year, when, if the vast prairies are covered with snow, I should be lost beyond a certainty; and, as I am now compelled to remain until the new public conveyance, contracted for by government, commences running on the 1st of January, I shall employ the intermediate time in seeing as much of Michigan as possible. I find myself among the most intelligent population of the middle class (the bone and sinew of a community) I ever mixed with; and every one seems so contented—I may even say delighted with his adopted home, that I am catching a little of the spirit of those around me, and am eager to visit more intimately scenes, which one would suppose were Elysian, by the way in which people talk of them. I find myself as yet only thirty-five miles from Monroe by the new United States road, though the route I travelled was sixty-five. When

you next hear from me, I shall be farther in the interior, and hope to be able to tell you that I have seen a hill or a rock, the sight of either of which would, I confess, be refreshing, in spite of all the charms of oak openings, vine-hung streams, and grassy bottoms.

LETTER XI.

Healthfulness of Michigan—A Settler's choice of Land—Aspect of the Country—Indians—A Metamorphosis—Grotesque Company—Love of Spirituous Liquors—Africans and Indians—Indian Civilization—Narrative.

Saline, Washtenaw Co., M. T., Dec. 7.

I HAVE just spent an hour with Mr. Risden, the surveyor of a great part of Michigan, in talking about the district with which he is familiar. The conversation turning upon the healthfulness of Michigan, there was not one out of several residents present, who did not admit the existence of bilious fevers, and fever and ague, in every part of the country; but they spoke of passing through these diseases as merely a slight process of *acclimating*, which, in the general health of the country, was hardly to be considered. They asserted, too, what I have before heard stated by more than one physician in the territory, that Michigan is exempt from many of the diseases most fatal to human life at

the east. Consumption, for instance—which a reference to the bills of mortality will show destroys almost as many in New-York, take year and year together for several in succession,* as does the yellow-fever in New-Orleans—is here unknown. Not only, I am told, do no cases originate here, but many persons from New-York, it is asserted, have been cured of the complaint by coming to reside in Michigan. The most unhealthy points are in the vicinity of mill-dams and of marshes, near both of which the settlers are apt to fix themselves: near the first, for the convenience of grinding and sawing; and near the last, for the rich grass they afford with only the trouble of mowing. Health, indeed, is the last thing a settler seems to think of, by the way in which he chooses a site for his house. The country abounds with lakes and streams of the purest water filled with fish, but you seldom find a house on their banks; the purchaser of a new possession neglects alike the tempting looking oak opening, and erects his dwelling in the thick forest, provided only a road or trail passes within three feet of his door. A trail, by the way, I must tell you, is an Indian footpath, that has been travelled perhaps for centuries, and bears here the same relation to an ordinary road that a turnpike does to a railroad in your state. He chooses, in short, the most fertile spot on his acres, in order

* Unless I am much mistaken, the deaths from consumption alone average twenty-five a week, which will give twelve or fourteen hundred fatal cases in a year; a terrible result from one complaint alone.

to have a garden immediately round his house, which he places plump upon the road, in order to have it "more sociable-like, and to see folks passing." His garden grows from almost nothing. The first year the hog-pen and cow-yard occupy the place designed for its commencement. They are moved farther from the house the second year, and a few cabbages occupy the soil which they have enriched. They move again on the third year; and the garden, which can now boast of a few currant bushes and a peach tree, expands over the place they have ceased to occupy. And now our settler, having built a fine barn, and "got things snug about him," begins to like the looks of the woods again, which he has so industriously swept from every spot that can be seen from his door. He shoulders his pickaxe, goes out into the forest, and selecting two of the straightest maple saplings he can find, they are at once disinterred, their heads chopped off, and a pair of poles, thrust into the ground within two feet of his door, are whitewashed and called trees.

Dexter, Washtenaw Co., M. T., Dec. 12.

I have been here two or three days but so occupied in riding about looking at the country, that I have not till now attempted to finish this letter. Far different is the appearance of the cottages here, from those described above as the common residence of new settlers. They build almost altogether in the oak openings; and as the country is now undulating, I have seen some cabins

very prettily situated in clumps of oaks, a gunshot from the road, with fields of young wheat extending in every direction around them. The soil, when first turned up, is a kind of yellow gravel, very unpromising in its appearance; but it rapidly undergoes a chemical change, becoming almost black in fields of two years' cultivation, and improving every season without the aid of a particle of manure. I have now got among the rolling land, in a region full of lakes and oak openings, of which hitherto I had only a taste. I need hardly say how much more grateful such a country is to my eye than the level thickly timbered lands about Detroit and Monroe.

I came hither by way of the pretty village of Anne-Arbour, which contains, I should think, seven or eight hundred inhabitants; many of whom, I am told, are very respectable English emigrants. I stopped at a farm house, about five miles from here, to dine. A white-headed boy, six or seven years old was turning a grindstone before the door, while a couple of Indians sharpened their knives. Near them a miserable pony, with his wooden saddle covered with a freshly-flayed deer, and a brindled wiry-haired dog, with the head of a wolf, and a crest of a boar, skulked around the slaughtered game, and snarled in its protection, when after dismounting, I approached it. His swarthy masters and myself entered the house together. "*Tenepe keen chemocomon?*" (Where is your American?) said the oldest of the two to a very pretty Connecticut girl, who had recently followed her husband to this country.

She replied by pointing to him working at a distance in a field, and the Indians sat down patiently till the farmer entered. The venison was then laid on a table, and a bargaining scene commenced, which lasted full half an hour. "*Cau-nee-shin, chomoco-mon,*" (Not a good American,) said one of the red barterers, turning to me, as the white trader offered him what he thought too little for a whole deer. The bargain was struck, however, before a bystander could interpret the appeal for me. The skin still remained with the Indian; and I was not a little surprised to see produced from it a variety of articles of Indian produce, among which were large cakes of deer's tallow, about the size of an ordinary cheese. These were all traded away in succession, and a small cask produced by the Indian, was filled with whiskey on the spot; and the eldest mounting the pony, they both shook me by the hand, and soon disappeared with their poisonous burden behind a turning of the road. They were of the Ottawa tribe, well-made men, though slightly built, and with aquiline noses and finely shaped heads; and each, when I first saw them, had the freest and most graceful step I ever saw, whether on the sod or in the ball-room.

How complete was the metamorphosis when I overtook them half an hour afterward in the woods! The eldest, who could not have been more than five-and-thirty, was barely sober enough to guide his horse; and sitting with both arms around the barrel of whiskey on the pommel before him, he reminded me of an engraving of Bacchus, in a very

vulgar and not very witty book, called Homer Travestie. The Indian gravity, which had before been preserved amid all the nervousness incident to a trading operation, had now thoroughly deserted him, and toddling from side to side, he muttered a sort of recitative, which combined all the excellencies of the singing and spouting of a civilized toper. His companion, a youth of but seventeen, seemed perfectly sober; and stopping only occasionally to pick up the whip of the fumbling rider, he stepped so lightly by his horse's side that the leaves scarcely rustled beneath his moccasin. I was somewhat pained, of course, at the exhibition, though I confess I was not a little diverted, while riding along for miles in the silent woods with such grotesque company. The pedestrian continued as reserved and respectful as ever; but my fellow-cavalier, after talking a quantity of gibberish to me, which was of course, perfectly unintelligible, seemed to be at last quite angry because I could not understand him; then, after again becoming pacified, he found a new source of vehemence in urging me to "*schwap pasischegun*" (exchange my gun, to which he took a great fancy) for his "*papooshe pascocachee*," (child of a horse,) as he called a colt that followed the forlorn pony on which he rode.

I could not help blaming myself, however, for having been so long diverted with the frailties of this hospitable Silenus, when at parting, about nightfall, where he struck into the forest, he gave me an invitation to his wigwam, twenty miles off; signifying the distance by raising all his fingers twice, at

the same time using the words, "*Howh! keen marchee neen wigwam*" (come to my wigwam). How strangely are we constituted, that one should derive amusement in the woods from an exhibition which, in a city, would only excite pain and disgust! I have never seen a half-intoxicated Indian before without the deepest feelings of commiseration. As for the alleged crime of selling Indians whiskey, it is impossible to prevent it. The love of spirituous liquors is a natural craving of the red man, which is irrepressible, and as such I have heard the most humane and intelligent persons speak of it—people who have passed their lives among the Indians, and have done their best to snatch them from this perdition. The haughtiest chief will travel a hundred miles for a pint of whiskey, and get drunk the moment he receives it, wheresoever he may be.

Providence seems to have designed that this mysterious race should not continue upon the earth; and fate has infused a fatal thirst into their bosoms, which is hastening their doom with fearful celerity. But six years ago, and the woods around me were alive with Indians; now they are only traversed by a few such stragglers as these. You may talk of civilizing them—but that, too, is impossible. You may more easily civilize the stupidest African than the most intelligent Indian; and yet, who for a moment would compare the erect port and manly tread, the air, the *blooded* look of the one, with his keen sagacity and rare instincts, to the misshapen form, the shuffling gait, and stupid bearing of the other? Where, then, lies the difficulty?—The

African is an imitative animal, the Indian is not. He will copy the form of your weapons, for he has felt their edge ; and he will make himself ridiculous by wearing a cocked-hat, because he conceives it to be an emblem of authority. Rings and bracelets he may wear, for they recommend him to his own tribe ; but the forms and fashions of civilization he despises. The negro furnishes the best raw material for a dandy that can be had ; he learns at once how to wear his hat and adjust his shirt-collar according to the last mode of the white man. The Indian, if a fop, departs even farther than usual from the costume of a European. He comes from Nature's hands all that she ever intended him to be —the wild man of the woods. To the fleetness of the deer in traversing the forest, he unites the instinct of the hound in finding his way ; and when you add to these the mental gift of a certain wild eloquence, wholly unimprovable by cultivation, you have nearly summed up the intellectual qualifications of the American savage—the genuine child of Nature—the untamed—the untameable.

I had a long conversation on this subject yesterday with a middle-aged gentleman of high intelligence and character, for many years settled in the territory, and who has availed himself of unusual opportunities of studying Indian life and manners. We had been all day in a canoe, paddled by ourselves, exploring a chain of small lakes in this vicinity; and the perfect stillness of the woods around, while floating at sunset over the transparent water, induced him to remark upon the rapid dis-

appearance of the inhabitants; who, but six years since, when he first visited this part of Michigan, kept their canoes upon every stream in the country. The observation suggested the discussion, already alluded to, upon the feasibility of civilizing the Indians; and he told me a variety of anecdotes about a young Ottawa chief with an unpronounceable name, whom, on various accounts, he had once thought the fittest subject for social life he had ever met with among the aborigines. The conclusion of his relation was so whimsical and strikingly characteristic, that I will finish this letter with the details, precisely as I took them down in my note-book from the lips of my informant; our canoe the while being allowed to float as she listed along the placid bosom of one of those beautiful lakes into which the river Huron expands a few miles from its sources.

"As we came one day to the Indian encampment, Ketche-waun-doug-enink caught me by the hand as usual, with his shrill exclamation of welcome; and my party proceeded at once to pitch our tent near his, before a blazing fire of logs. After affording us what assistance he could, the young chief left us; but in the evening he called in again at our tent, and brought his father and mother, his wife, and three sisters with him. They all looked quite solemn; and in his manner, particularly, there was something altogether unusual. Young Ketche-waun-doug-enink had been quite my friend, always appeared glad to see me, and was generally sociable in his way; but now he

was grave and reserved, almost to severity. My familiarity with Indian character induced me to suppress every thing like surprise at such an extraordinary change of deportment, and we sat thus, I should think, for at least half an hour. At last the young Indian rose up in a formal way, and taking a position full in the light of the fire, began a speech abounding with gesture and vehemence. The amount of it was this:—'Listen, my friend; I see that you are wiser than any of your white brethren.'—(I must interrupt my story," said my companion, "to remind you, that believing my young Indian friend, who was a fine looking fellow, had some relish for civilization, and half a mind, indeed, to turn white man, I anticipated that some proposition to that effect would be the purport of his speech.) He continued—'I am glad to see that you love the Indians; that you are not ashamed of our mode of life. Let me tell you, what I presume you already know, that the life of the white man is one of care and trouble. The Great Spirit has blessed his red children in a peculiar manner. We have no care. We are as Che-manitou* made us. We have not degenerated, but are still his favourites. You never see a wrinkle on the brow of an Indian. Look, my brother, at the forehead of my old father; it is as smooth as my own, though sixty winters have whitened his head. His days have glided on as undisturbed as the smooth stream before you.'—

* Che-manitou, God, or the Great Spirit; Mi-che-manitou, the devil, or the evil spirit—See note D.

(We were on the banks of the Shiawassee," interrupted the narrator.)—" 'Do you see, my brother, those pebbles in the bottom of the clear stream, as it throws back the light of your fire? It is thus that every thought can be seen that dwells in the mind of the Indian. He has no disguise—no cause for it; the troubles of the white man disturb not the clear stream of his soul. Come with us—share with us the gifts of Che-manitou; think no more of those distant lands of your childhood, where men live but to harass each other, and gather riches that eat the soul up with care. Come—here you will build your wigwam—I will help you; you shall have my sister for your wife—she shall weave your mats, and raise your corn, and dry your venison, which we will kill together in the woods. You have lived long enough a life of wretchedness; come and be happy with us.' "

I was curious to learn how the rest of the family, and especially the fair member of it particularly designated in this singular harangue, behaved while her brother was pronouncing it; and more than all, how the object of it himself received the address. I will endeavour to give you the exact replies of my interesting companion, without repeating the various questions from me which elicited them.

" My young friend sat down. Throughout his speech the family observed the utmost silence. The lady in question was as indifferent as an Indian could be—at least in manner. They all looked at me for my opinion, the lady excepted.

I will confess that I felt embarrassed, though I had but half a dozen Indians for my audience. An answer, however, was necessary. 'I thank you, my friend,' said I, 'and needed not this new proof of your friendship. I am sensible Che-manitou has smiled upon you; that you are his favourite children. But we white men have been spoiled by education; we have been taught to think many things necessary that you red men can do well without; and inferior as our mode of life is to yours, it is not the least of its evils that it has unfitted us for the simple pleasure that Che-manitou every day gives you. I have friends and a mother far away towards the rising sun. She does not know the red men, and might not be a mother to your sister. Your sister, if I should take her to the rising sun with me, would pine for her green woods and wigwam by the bright Shiawassee. She will doubtless be happier as she is. She will take for her husband some red man like yourself, who will love her, and prize the blessings which Che-manitou yields you. I again thank you, my friend, and your sister. I must, after a few days, leave this country; but I shall bear my friends in my heart, and in the crowded city where the white men live, I shall often sigh for these green woods, and lament the absence of my red friends.' "

LETTER XII.

Proposed Excursion—The Short Hills—An Accident—Loss of my Horse—Floral Beauties—My Horse again—Solitary Shantee—Chase of a Buck—Prairie on Fire—Terror of my Horse—Grim-looking Savage—Snow-storm—Hospitable Reception—Wild Country—Indian Graves—Primitive Guide-posts—Smiling Landscape—Cabin Dormitory.

Dexter, Washtenaw Co., M. T., Dec. 15th.

I HAVE been waiting here since I last wrote, in order to join an exploring party of three or four individuals, to go up into Shiawassee county, to examine lands. A heavy snow-storm has set in to-day, however, and as it will put an end to the expedition, I shall probably start by myself for the Kalamazoo country to-morrow. The journey to Grand River, which I proposed to myself, I shall, from the time it would consume, be compelled now to abandon entirely. I do not regret the time I have spent here, for I am not far from the centre of the territory; and while I have my head-quarters at a good inn in a well-settled place, I can in a ride of a few miles plunge at once into the wilderness. It is a pretty dangerous matter, however, for a stranger to go without a guide, reconnoitring through a country where every hill, lake, and wood looks so much like its brother, that the ordinary land-marks are of no assistance to the eye. The scenery of

Michigan will be far more attractive when cultivation shall have given variety to a landscape which, however beautiful at present, is somewhat monotonous.

After visiting nearly a dozen of the transparent ponds of every size which stud the surface of the country, and finding but two or three whose firm banks, of some fifteen or twenty feet elevation, assumed a picturesque appearance, from the irregular manner in which they pushed their beautifully wooded promontories far into the lakes they bounded, I started the other day to visit a sheet of water, somewhat elevated, about twelve miles off. My way, after going a mile or two from the village, led through oak openings of rolling land, called "the Short Hills," which I can best assimilate to a collection of enormous graves—the tombs of households, if you choose—thrown confusedly together upon a perfectly level surface; where a patch of wild meadow-land, a cranberry marsh, or a bog that looked like the desolated bed of a lake, and frequently, indeed, the shallow lake itself, filled up the intervals. The huge oaks that crowned the summits of these formal mounds were the only objects that relieved the dreariness of the landscape; even they, I thought, while riding alone beneath their branches, that sighed to the December wind, were not the most enlivening objects in the world.

I rode thus for miles without seeing a living thing except a raven, which, as that description of bird is only found in those parts of the Union where wolves still infest the country, I at once took

it for granted was hovering near one of the savage beasts to which he so faithfully plays the jackall. Wheeling my horse suddenly from the trail towards a thicket of dwarf oaks, where I expected to find the carrion deer that attracts these worthies, he sheered from the bush, and I was thrown upon the spot. After extricating the foot by which I was dragged a yard or two, from the stirrup, I sprang up but little hurt, and moved as quickly as possible to catch my horse, who, having paused for an instant in a clump of trees near by, turned his head round, like a pointer taken aback with the scent after he has passed a bush, and stood calmly gazing at me. At the first step towards the rascal, however, he moved nearly a rod sideways, and then ducking his head towards the ground, and throwing his heels high in the air, my ungrateful courser, accompanying these motions with every additional mark of disrespect he could summon to his aid, left his master alone in the wilderness. He disappeared behind a hill in a moment. I could not help ejaculating with the Kentuckian, whose house and family had been burnt by the savages, while he was cleaning his rifle at a brook hard by, "This is very *ridiculous*."

No time was to be lost, however. It was late in the day, and I was far from any house; while the occasional flakes of snow which began to fall from the black lowering sky, threatened a storm, which might cover in a moment the only path that could guide me homeward. I sat down at once among the long dry grass, and stripping off my leg-

gings, and disembarrassing my heels of the now useless spurs, stowed all away in my coat-pockets. The coat itself I rolled up in a bundle around my left arm, and taking my gun, to which I applied a fresh cap, in my right, I strode off in as good a humour as one could summon under such provoking circumstances. I could not help thinking, indeed, how much worse matters might have been had I been thus deserted in one of the broad prairies, thirty miles, perhaps from any house.

As for the loss of my horse, I felt so indignant against the inconsiderate brute, that I confess, it did not much trouble me. Thus did I trudge on, growing momentarily in better humour with myself. The scene around was dreary at present; but having had all the wild flowers that grow in Michigan described to me, I exercised my imagination by conceiving the more attractive appearance it must wear in summer. I thought how the brown woods must look when the lofty oaks around were clothed in their deep-green foliage. I thought of the various vines and flowers which then fill the broad openings between their stems—of the clumps of cluster-roses that here grow wild and cover whole acres—of the crimson daisy and fragrant balm-pink, the deep-hued lichnidia and gorgeous golden rod, which, with jonquils and amaranth, the purple foxglove and saffron-coloured silk-weed, paint the surface of the soil. I could fancy the glossy leaves of the nightshade, with its white blossoms and poisonous berries, the creeping ivy and red columbine, clustering at the base of the hills; the

snow-white lily of the valley, the lilac-tinted adder's-tongue, and straw-coloured arrow-head, shooting through the long grass between; while the purple fleur-de-lis bloomed along the wet marshes, where the splendid cardinal-flower tossed its scarlet blossoms in the breeze.

I must have practised horticulture in this way for some time, when, on rising a slight eminence in my path, I saw my amiable roan standing quietly looking in the direction whence I was coming, apparently waiting for me. I was completely mollified. I forgave him the little freak, and advanced with a light heart to lay my hand upon the bridle. He moved a little, and so did I. He moved a little more, and I stood still. I spoke to him, but he continued moving. I coaxed him, in a tone that would have melted the heart of one of the marble horses of St. Mark's; he was moved by it—only farther from me. I whistled to him—(I had taught him a day or two before to come to my whistle, when he had obeyed me like a dog)—he stopped, and I advanced once more to lay my hand on the saddle, and the scoundrel broke into a trot just as I was about touching him. I brought my piece to my shoulder, and could hardly forbear drawing the trigger upon him as I stood.

The ground now rolled like the waves of a frozen sea; and my nefarious brute, who soon began to stalk leisurely along about a hundred yards ahead of me, would, to carry out the figure, be just topping the combing while I was in the trough, and *vice versâ*—like two children balancing on a

plank. It was perfectly insufferable, mile after mile, to see that eternal saddle bobbing up and down a hundred yards ahead of me. Sometimes, indeed, the vexatious wearer would step aside among a cluster of oaks, to nip the tender grass which still lingered around their roots; and then, as he would arch his neck, and, seeming to admire the Indian blanket and flame-coloured surcingle, which, after the gay taste of the West, I had buckled, combining use with ornament, to the back of the ungrateful brute, dash off with a snort into a patch of prairie land; I could not but admire the eye of fire and gracefully-gathering limbs of the spirited creature. I wished, however, that he was any body's horse but mine, disporting himself at that rate. At last, at a turning of the path he disappeared behind a hill, and, ceasing longer to tantalize, left me comparatively comfortable. I reached the first "clearing" about twenty minutes afterward, and looking along the highway, which here commenced, my horse was no where to be seen.

Tired alike with walking and vexation, and parched with thirst, (I had neither eaten nor drunk since breakfast, and it was now nightfall,) I advanced to the only shantee near, and knocked at the door. There was no answer, and I shook it violently. A rush-bottomed chair rattled, and a cat, the solitary occupant, sprang out through a broken window. I soon found my way, however, to the dilapidated trunk of a large sycamore tree near, which formed the top of a well, and drawing up a moss-covered bucket, I placed my lips to the

rusty iron-bound brim, and took a draught, with which the most delicious *chateau margaux* were but vile *vin du pays* in comparison. I can remember but one drink in my life before to compare with it, and that was from a similar goblet, after other lips than mine had hallowed the brim. A few moments after a lad rode into the yard with the object of my pursuit, whose bridle had been broken to pieces in the effort of several men to catch him a mile or two off. I was mounted in a moment, and regained my lodgings in an hour; when I found that the adventure of the day had not impaired my relish for a supper of fresh pike and white-fish, just smoking on the table.

The range of hills which traverse the peninsula longitudinally near here, though never, I believe, more than a hundred and fifty feet high, are said by some to constitute the most elevated part of Michigan: as they abound in game, and consist altogether of oak openings, you can conceive of nothing more animating than to gallop over them on horseback. I was out again among them yesterday; and having a pocket compass and a map of the country with me, I ventured to leave the trails that wind among the hollows, and scamper over the hills as my fancy led me. A large flock of grouse rose almost from beneath my horse's feet as I topped the first slight eminence; and then, just as the animal was recovering from the flurry into which the rushing sound of their wings threw him, a tall broad antlered buck, the largest I ever saw, sprang from a small covert, and bounded

through the wide forest glades. Away too I went —the feeling was irresistible—I could see the fellow leaping as if he had wings over the rolling land, and the clear bracing atmosphere had given spirits to my horse, that sent us ahead like one and the same animal. In spite of the deer's prodigious jumps, which were as high as they were long, I had decidedly gained on him, when, on coming to the brow of a steep hill, he dashed down the side, and was far away over another before my less agile horse could descend the first. I saw two more deer, besides several flocks of grouse, during my morning's ride. Singularly enough, this was the only time that I had moved a mile without a gun since I left New-York; and it was the only opportunity I have had to use one to advantage. If Der Freyschutz were in this region, I should certainly let the wild huntsman make his own terms with me for better luck.

To-day, for the first time, I saw the meadows on fire. They are of vast extent, running far into the woods like the friths of a lake; and as the wild grass, which they supply in the greatest profusion, furnishes the new settler with all the hay he uses for his stock, they are burnt over thus annually to make it tender. These fires, travelling far over the country, seize upon the large prairies, and consuming every tree in the woods, except the hardiest, cause the often-mentioned oak openings, so characteristic of Michigan scenery. It is a beautiful sight to see the fire shooting in every direction over these broad expanses of land, which are kindled at a

variety of points. The flame at one moment curls along the ground, and seems to lick up its fuel from below, while at the next it tumbles over like the breakers of the sea upon the dried grass, and sweeps it in a wave of fire from the ground. I found myself repeatedly surrounded by the fire, while riding hither and thither, watching its progress; but was only on two occasions exposed to any inconvenience—once when my horse sank in the mire to the saddle girths, so that I had to dismount in a morass covered with high weeds, to which the flame was approaching, and another time when I found myself in a small patch of woodland, which crackled and roared like Tophet itself. As I rode to and fro, trying to find a point where, if necessary, I might encounter the flame to the least disadvantage, if unable to avoid it altogether, the ridiculous position in which I had placed myself reminded me not a little of that which Andrew Fairservice occupied on the rock, when he trotted hither and thither on his narrow platform, to avoid the bullets of Rob Roy's caterans. A finer subject for reflection, however, presented itself near the spot. A small brook crossed the meadow, and I bethought myself of placing it between me and the fire; but my horse, when I rode him rapidly to the brink, and endeavoured to jump him, recoiled. I wheeled round, and tried it again; but his recent experience in the treacherous marsh made him fear the sedgy margin, and nothing could prevail upon the cautious animal to approach it. At the last attempt, he recoiled so suddenly with a terrified

snort, that I was nearly thrown over his head; and looking for the new cause of anxiety, where the stream wound around so as almost to double itself in front of me, I saw, on the little peninsula of the burning meadow thus formed, an Indian standing with folded arms amid the wreathing smoke, and surveying my motions with an aspect of perfect calmness. He was a middle-aged man, rather tall, and in the full costume of his tribe. The hair on his forehead, which was seamed with several ghastly scars, was nearly white; but three long plaited locks of raven black fell down behind, from the crimson handkerchief which bound his brows. He wore a white woollen frock, edged with black, with scarlet leggings and moccasins; white armlets of silver, and a belt containing his tomahawk and scalping knife, completed his equipments. All these, however, were observed afterward, when I had given up the attempt to cross the brook, and, spurring through the flame where it was lowest, had placed myself by the side of the old warrior. But for the present I remained fixed in my seat, gazing on the noble apparition with as much delight as if my own call had evoked it from the ground. I had seen a dozen Indians, of all sizes and sexes, in the course of the day, not one of whom had awakened the slightest interest; but there was that about the port and bearing of this grim looking savage which, with the somewhat theatrical attitude he assumed, and the circumstances under which I first beheld him, carried me away completely. He smiled when I approached

him, and saluted me with great kindness of manner; though, as neither of us understood the language of the other, there could be but little interchange of ideas between us. The few Indian expressions of which I am master were soon expended, and he seemed not to have a word of English to give me in exchange. He made me understand, however, that the frightful wounds which disfigured his noble front were received while fighting on the side of the British against the Americans at Sandusky.

Grass Lake, Jackson Co., M. T., Dec. 16.

The storm of yesterday still prevailed when I left my excellent quarters at the growing little hamlet of Dexter, to find my way towards the country watered by the beautiful Kekalamazoo. I had been furnished by mine host with a map of the route for the first eight or ten miles; and it would have amused you to see me occasionally stopping in a furious snow-storm to balance my pocket compass on the hasty chart thus supplied. I found my way, however, with very little difficulty through a thick wood, where the heavy coat of snow that robed the trees gave a most fantastic appearance to the forest; and about noon I struck the Washtenaw trail to the west. The travelling, however, was anything but agreeable. The snow, being soft, would "ball," as it is called, beneath my horse's feet; and what with the stumbling and slipping on this account, I have been unable, after a day's travel, to make more than twenty miles. There was barely light enough left for me to dis-

tinguish my way, when I arrived at a comfortable log house belonging to an intelligent and hospitable farmer, a recent emigrant from the western part of the state of New-York. The owner of the dwelling was absent; and it was not till after a parley of some minutes between two very pretty women, whom I could distinguish through the window by the light of a tempting looking fire within, that I gained admittance to pass the night. Once there, however, nothing could exceed the kindness of the family to make the few hours of my sojourn pass agreeably.

Spring-Arbour, Dec. 17.

It snowed when I rose at dawn this morning; but my hospitable entertainer of last night insisted, after an early breakfast, upon accompanying me several miles on my journey; and when he finally parted with me, would not hear of receiving anything in compensation.

The snow still continues, and the road becoming worse and worse, I have made even less progress to-day: but there is something so wild and picturesque in the country through which I am passing, that even such travelling has its pleasures. I have counted more than a dozen lakes on my route; and though some of them are only dreary-looking pools, covering a few acres, in the midst of an extensive moss-marsh, yet the short sudden hills which surround others, with the beautiful groves of white oak on their banks, and the natural meadows that open upon their mimic friths, make

a most romantic appearance. I came unexpectedly upon a travelling band of Ottawas this morning, in one of the most abrupt of these passes. They were returning home amply furnished with presents from the recent treaty held on the Wabash; and their fluttering blankets, gleaming weapons, and gaudy equipments generally, would have made them a fine subject for a painter, as a furious squall of snow swept along the side-hill they were descending. We exchanged the customary salutation, "Boju," (probably from the French *bon jour*,) and passed on.

There are several Indian graves immediately before the door of the shantee where I am stopping for the night, which I am told are regularly visited and weeded by the surviving relatives of those here buried. My host has had the good taste to put a fence around them, to keep his cattle from the spot—a piece of attention with which the Indians appeared to be much gratified at their last visit; and I may here observe, that the settlers of Michigan generally appear to treat this ill-fated race with a degree of kindness and consideration that might well be imitated in other sections of our frontier. This morning I crossed the far-flowing Washtenong, or Grand River, near the new village of Jacksonburg; and the sight of its clear smooth waters inspired a new regret that I must abandon my original intention of following them down to the last trading-post.

Forks of the Kekalamazoo (Calhoun), Dec. 18.

This never-ending storm still continues; and the trails, where not incessantly travelled, being now completely covered and effaced, I lost my way this morning, and wandered several miles from the track. After traversing a broad marsh, however, where my horse seemed loth enough to venture, I struck a burr-oak opening, and found my way by the *blazed** trees back to the main trail. A man who is used to it, I am told, can get along very well in this way; but you can imagine, that where one has frequently to cross openings of some two or three hundred yards in width, and then hunt up these primitive guide-posts, which only occur at long intervals, and have their slice of bark taken out at either side, it is not quite so easy to find his way here, especially with the snow blowing full in his face, as if walking through the rectangular streets of Philadelphia. It took me three hours to gain six miles in this way, my horse slipping and floundering at almost every step. But, lost as I was, I could not help pausing frequently when I struck the first burr-oak opening I had ever seen, to admire its novel beauty. It looked more like a pear orchard than anything else to which I can assimilate it; the trees being somewhat of the shape and size of full-grown pear trees, and standing at regular intervals apart from each other on the firm level soil, as if planted by some gardener.

* "Blazed" trees are marked with an axe or hatchet, to designate that a trail runs near them.

Here, too, I first saw deer in herds; and half-frozen and weary as I was, the sight of those spirited-looking creatures sweeping in troops through interminable groves, where my eye could follow them for miles over the smooth snowy plain, actually warmed and invigorated me, and I could hardly refrain from putting the rowels into my tired horse, and launching after the noble game.

What a country this is! Into land like this, which is comparatively undervalued by those seeking to settle on the prairie, a man can run his plough without felling a tree; and, planting a hundred acres where he would clear but ten in the unsettled districts of New-York, raise his twenty-five bushels of wheat to an acre in the very first season. "How is the soil here, sir?" said I to a farmer, whose broad fields, though but a year under cultivation, looked as if they had been tilled for ten. "A pretty good gravelly loam of eighteen inches; but I think soon of moving off to Kalamazoo, where they have it *four feet deep, and so fat that it will grease your fingers.*" Railroads and canals will make one broad garden of Michigan; and even now there is something singularly pleasing to light upon spots in the wildest districts which, were it not for the rude shantees which indicate their recent settlement—often of but a few months back—might be mistaken for the cultivated farms of an old country. The absence of stumps in the land under cultivation, and the open groves adjacent, give a smiling openness to the landscape, which, with the myriads of wild flowers that brighten the woods in their season,

must make the aspect of the country perfectly delightful. I hardly know, though, how some of your city *élégants* would meet the inconveniences of travelling here. As for eating, indeed, they might manage with the aid of cranberry sauce to rough it on venison and wild honey, backed by the finest potatoes and best wheat bread in the world; but I think that, when it comes to sleeping, they would be somewhat posed between a bed in the bush and one shared with the hospitable inmates of a cabin, whose dormitory for the whole family is often, as well as their kitchen and parlour, comprised in a single room. Were it not an infraction of the laws of hospitality, I could draw some whimsical pictures of scenes I have witnessed in this way.

I have now passed the central region, where the eastern and western rivers of Michigan have their rise; and while I follow down the pebbly waters of the beautiful Kekalamazoo to their western outlet, and from thence pass to the mouth of the St. Joseph's, you must not expect the same regularity in my correspondence that I have hitherto attempted to preserve.

LETTER XIII.

New Inn of Marshall—A Railroad Meeting—Projected Route—Internal Communication—A Pioneer's Speech—Population of Michigan—Price of Land—Causes of Sickness—Lonely Scenes—Jumpers—Lodge in the Wilderness—Growth of Society—Lyon Lake—Hunting-ground—Camp of Warpkesick—Motley Group—Warpkesick—Rifle-shooting—An Indian Dandy—Our Departure—Death of a Buck.

Marshall, Calhoun Co., M. T., Dec.

I CONFESS that it was with some pleasure that—after dividing my time for several days, as described in my last, between roads rendered almost impassable by continual snows and log cabins, where the recent settler, however hospitable, had but spare accommodation to offer to the passing traveller—on rising an elevation on the northern bank of the Kekalamazoo, I saw a large frame building, which was evidently an inn, rearing its comfortable looking chimneys above a group of log huts on the plain beneath. My horse, who had doubtless repented of former escapadoes in the companionable intercourse which had now for some time subsisted between us, seemed to sympathize in the feeling; and, pricking up his ears as he snuffed the grain in a flour-mill directly beneath us, we descended the slippery height, and were soon tolerably well housed in the new inn of Marshall. The house was, in-

deed, not as yet plastered inside; and the different bed-rooms, though lathed, seemed divided from each other by lines rather imaginary than real; but the bar-room wore already the insignia of a long established inn in an old community; and apprized me at once, by the placarded sheriffs' notices, and advertisements for stolen horses, grain to be sold, and labourers wanted, which indicate the growth of business in country life, that society was in a pretty mature state—at least six months old—in the county town of Marshall. I was, therefore, not at all surprised to find among these notices a call for "a railroad meeting" in the evening, especially as nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the first white man erected his cabin in this section of the country.

The meeting which might be termed a crowded one, was conducted with more animation than unanimity. There were several intelligent men present however; and I listened with interest to their exposition of the resources of this section of Michigan, which, as a wheat-growing country, may be justly compared to the celebrated Genesee valley of New-York; while the soil, as I have heard it well observed by a resident, "unlike the heavily timbered land of the eastern states, instead of wearing out one generation in subduing it for the purposes of the husbandman, invites the plough at once." Nor, if a railroad should be constructed from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph's, passing through the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren,

and Berrien, do I think it would be too bold to assert that the amount to be transported by the time the work was completed would be equal to one million of barrels, which is a less estimate by two hundred thousand than I have seen given by an intelligent writer on this subject in a Detroit paper. The route thus designated, I am persuaded is the right one for a railroad; though, should a different mode of communication be determined upon, it would be difficult to decide whether it were most expedient to construct a canal from the Falls of Grand River to Detroit, or from the navigable waters of the St. Joseph's to Monroe. I do not hesitate to add, that before two years have expired, all of these routes will be under contract. The abundant resources of Michigan are developing so rapidly, that they will shortly require all these outlets; and in a country where you may drive a barouche and four for hundreds of miles in any direction through the woods, the expense of constructing more artificial ways will be comparatively trivial.

Did I not know how ignorant generally the people of the east are of the resources and condition of this country, it would surprise me that some New-York capitalists have not embarked in some of these works. A tempting speculation might be realized by laying out a railroad on one of these routes above described, having first purchased the land in its vicinity at government prices, to be disposed of afterward when its value should be enhanced by the completion of different sections of the

work. The ingenious writer above alluded to, has already suggested this mode of covering the expense of such an undertaking. You can have no idea of the feeling existing on the subject of internal communications throughout Michigan; and it would amuse you not a little to witness the heart-burnings and jealousies on the subject which pervade a country but just beginning to be peopled. The rapidity with which people establish themselves and collect the indications of agricultural wealth around them, before they have even the ordinary comforts of life, will, in a great measure, account for their looking thus a-head and quarrelling about the game before it is hunted down. The farmer, who has more grain in the sheaf stacked in the field than he can accommodate in his barn, is naturally more eager to find the means of sending a share of it to market.

I was quite diverted at the turn matters took at the meeting which suggested these remarks, when a discussion in relation to the various routes to be recommended to government in case they should consent to make a railroad through the peninsula, became unpleasantly warm. "This pother reminds me, Mr. Chairman," said an old pioneer "of two trappers, who, in planning a spearing expedition for the next day, quarrelled about the manner in which a turtle which they purposed taking, should be cooked for their supper after the day's sport was over. An old Indian happily settled the difficulty by proposing that they should first *catch the turtle!* Now, sir, as this railroad"—"The case is

not at all parallel," interrupted a still more ancient speaker, "for *Nature* has already caught the turtle for us. She meant the railroad to pass right along here, and nowhere else."

The councils of the meeting were not on the whole so harmonious as I could have wished from the courtesies offered me after its termination by the adherents of the two parties of Guelphs and Ghibbelines which distract the unhappy city of Marshall; but it was surprising to a stranger, upon looking round at the hovels of mud and logs which as yet occupy its site, to find so many persons of intelligence and refinement thus collected within their precincts. The population of Michigan generally,—as I believe I have before observed, —is much superior in character to the ordinary settlers of a new country. The ease with which a man can here support a family as a farmer, induces a great many persons of all professions in other states to abandon their former pursuits and become tillers of the soil. The alteration of life I should judge, by the contentment I every where witness, is almost always for the better.

I have met with several dispeptics who have been completely cured of that horrible disease by their change of life. With such, health is a sensation, a positive delight; and in duly estimating the blessing, they of course were ever ready to praise the conditions upon which they enjoy it. Others again, bred up in a city, find in the indulgence of that love of rural life, which, when it is a natural taste, is inextinguishable, an ample com-

pensation for breaking up established habits and associations. The majority, again, are men of slender means; and while the necessity of attending practically to the subsistence of their families keeps them employed, the want of pecuniary resources prevents their embarking in the thousand idle schemes which tend so often to the chagrin and the ruin of "gentlemen farmers." But the main cause of Michigan being settled by such respectable people remains yet to be mentioned. It is, that no one can take up an acre of land without first paying cash for it at one of the three land-offices of the territory. The whole surface of the peninsula has either been, or is now being, surveyed into townships of six miles square. These again are subdivided into sections of a mile square; which sections are again cut up into lots of forty acres; which is the smallest quantity of land that can be taken up from the government. The price is invariably one dollar twenty-five cents an acre. When you consider, therefore, that every emigrant who means to *locate*, (this is a sound American word, and as indispensable in the vocabulary of a western man as are an axe and a rifle among his household furniture,) must, however poor, have some earnings in advance to purchase the spot upon which he is to live, and to bring his family to such a remote distance, it will be easy to conceive that the industrious and the enterprising must constitute the largest portion of such a population of freeholders. The prosperity of a whole community composed of such aggregate masses

may be safely predicted; and though one sometimes meets with those whom the first process of accumulating renders discontented, and induces to speak ill of the country, yet in general I may say, that the pride of a Michiganian, in the beautiful land of his adoption, is as strong as the home-feeling upon which the citizens of some of the older states pique themselves.

As for the sickness which always prevails more or less among the new settlers, to one who is aware of their imprudences the wonder is that the majority of them escape with their lives. Think but of people setting themselves down on a soil of twenty inches in depth, and in the month of June, when the weeds and wild flowers o'ertop the head of the tallest man, turning over the rank soil immediately around their dwellings, and allowing the accumulation of vegetable decomposition to be acted upon by a vertical sun, and steam up for months under their very nostrils; and yet this, I am told, is continually practised by settlers who come in late in the season, and are anxious still to have a crop the first year. Here, as in the case of those settlers who, for the sake of the wild hay, locate themselves near the great marshes, imprudence alone is manifested; but the charge of culpability will justly attach to some other cases, when nuisances, not before existing, are created by the owners of property. I allude to the practice, expressly prohibited by the laws of Michigan, of flooding land while constructing mill ponds, without removing the green timber growing upon the

spot. So pernicious is this to the health of the neighbourhood, that it effects very sensibly the value of property near the new pond; and yet, in their eagerness to have mills erected, and aid the market of their overflowing granaries, the new inhabitants overlook entirely the gross violation of their laws, and the melancholy consequences which ensue to their families. Another cause of sickness is drinking the water of springs or rivers which rise in marshes, and are of course impregnated with their baleful properties, instead of digging wells where water is not liable to such exception.

As for general healthfulness of situation, I believe it is agreed that the banks of the small lakes which so abound in the peninsula, are—when these transparent bodies of water are surrounded by a sand beach, which is the case with about a third of them—among the healthiest. They are fed generally by deep springs, and in many instances are supposed to have a subterranean outlet: while so beautifully transparent are their waters, that the canoe suspended on their bosom seems to float in mid-air. These lakes abound with fish; and in some of them, of only a few acres in extent, fish have been taken of forty pound's weight. They generally lie embosomed in the oak openings; and with their regular and almost formal banks crowned with open groves, these silver pools might be readily taken for artificial trout ponds in a cultivated park. I need hardly add, that it is necessary to diverge, as I have, from the route generally travelled, to see these scenic gems, so numerous, lonely,

and beautiful. Not one in a hundred has a settler on its banks; and I confess I take a singular pleasure in surveying these beauties, as yet unmarred by the improving axe of the woodman, and unprofaned by the cockney eyes of city tourists; nor would I change my emotions, while ranging alone over the broad meadows, traversing the lofty forests, or loitering by the limpid lakes of Michigan, for the proudest musings of the scholar who revels in classic land. It may argue a want of refinement in taste, but I confess that a hoary oak is to me more an object of veneration than a mouldering column; and that I would rather visit scenes where a human foot has never trod, than dwell upon those gilded by the most arrogant associations of our race.

What are the temples which Roman robbers have reared—what are the towers in which feudal oppression has fortified itself—what the blood-stained associations of the one, or the despotic superstitions of the other, to the deep forests which the eye of God has alone pervaded, and where Nature, in her unviolated sanctuary, has for ages laid her fruits and flowers on His altar! What is the echo of roofs that a few centuries since rung with barbaric revels, or of aisles that pealed the anthems of painted pomp, to the silence which has reigned in these dim groves since the first fiat of creation was spoken!

I shall diverge from my western course to-morrow a few miles southward, in order to visit a group of lakes, near which a band of Pottawatta-

mies, a tribe I have not yet seen, have their encampment. I will leave this letter open, in order to give you the result of my visit.

Calhoun Co., M. T., Dec. 23.

Did you ever see a *jumper?* Probably not; so I'll describe one to you. It is a primitive kind of sledge, or *traineau.* A couple of hickory poles are so bent as to serve for both shafts and runners; on these is placed a crate, supported by four props. The harness is equally simple and rustic; a collar of undressed deer-skin, with reins made of ropes on the twisted bark of trees. The crate being filled with hay, and the driver well wrapped up in a buffalo robe, the turn-out is complete, and by no means uncomfortable. In such a vehicle did I sally out from Marshall this morning, in company with a young companion recently from the eastern states, the first fellow-traveller I have as yet met with. My horse, whose back had been so galled by the saddle as to detain me for a couple of days, seemed highly to approve of this new mode of travel: Mr. Osbaldistone behind Tom Thumb, or Sesostris in his chariot, could not have dashed off with more glee than did we with our merry jumper along the dimpling waters of the Kekalamazoo; when, lo! just as we had crossed a bridge of unhewn timber, and were under full way through the oak openings, our frail bark struck on a rock hidden by the snow, and we were capsized and wrecked in an instant. Fortunately, though both were pitched, like a couple of quoits, from the machine, we

were neither of us hurt. I mounted my steed, and rode on, leaving the remains of the shattered jumper where chance had thrown them. My companion returned to the settlement, borrowed a horse, and soon overtook me; and we jogged on to a "lodge in the wilderness," which he shares with another young gentleman, likewise from the east, who had also recently made his home in this land of enterprise. Their rustic abode was a little cottage in a beautiful grove not far from the banks of the Kekalamazoo, and I write this letter from beneath their roof.

It is amusing to observe how little singularity people here attach to a mode of life which, in older countries, would be looked upon as highly eccentric. My entertainers are both young lawyers, liberally educated, and unused to privation; and yet the house in which I am passing the night, with every article of furniture it contains, is of their own manufacture; a saw, an axe, a wood-knife, and a jack-plane, being their only tools. It would amuse you not a little to look through the window, and see our group at this moment. One of my companions, whose axe and rifle are suspended by wooden hooks to the rafters over his head, is professionally engaged in drawing a declaration at the table upon which I am writing; while the other, having just got through removing the remains of our game dinner, prepared and cooked by his chum, is now sitting with a long pipe in his mouth, watching a coffee-pot, which steams up so fragrantly from the live embers, that no light consideration would induce me to part with

the interest I have in its contents. Their house, which has been thus occupied for three months, is a perfect pattern of neatness ; though, as it consists of but a single room, no little ingenuity is required to arrange their books, housekeeping apparatus, and sporting equipments, so as to preserve even an appearance of order in such a band-box. They have already sufficient business, they tell me, to sustain their moderate household; and as the Indians supply them with abundance of provisions, they have ample leisure to devote to study.

It is not very uncommon, however, to meet thus with persons of education and some accomplishment under as humble a roof as this in the wilds of Michigan; for so rapid is the growth of society here, that he who aims at a prominent station in the new community, must be a pioneer far in advance of the growing settlements. Two years ago the first white man raised his log hut in the county of Calhoun; it has now a population of one thousand five hundred; and I have passed an evening in at least one mud-plastered cabin whose fair and elegant inmates would grace any society.

December 24th.

The air was mild this morning; and large flocks of snow-birds twittering among the burr-oaks, with jays screaming from the woods, and packs of grouse rising continually before us in the openings, made our route to the camp of Warpkesick, a Pottawattamie chieftain,* more like a ride in the

* See note E.

spring-time than a winter excursion. I was accompanied by my companion of yesterday; and as we were both well mounted, we galloped over the openings towards Lyon Lake, at a rate that brought us in a few minutes to the white sand-beach which fringes that beautiful water. The marks of an Indian trail were here easily discernible; and following the foot-marks dashed in the yielding sand, the frequent print of moccasins soon led us again away from the shore into a tall wood beyond. A morass, that shook for yards around as our horses' hoofs encountered the sagging peat, was next to be crossed; and then passing between two small lonely-looking lakes, where a tall pine or two lifted its sweeping cone above the tapering tamaracks around, we struck at last into a dense forest. Here the numerous deer-runways, with the flocks of wild turkeys, and innumerable tracks of racoons, wolves, and bears, showed us that we were upon a favourite hunting ground of the Pottawattamies. As for the wolves, they are little disturbed by the Indians, who consider them fair hunters like themselves, and privileged to go unmolested. They generally abound around a hunting-camp; and soon grow fat on the offals of game slaughtered near it. But bears—though the successful hunter invariably takes his dead quarry by the paw, calls him his grandfather, and asks his pardon for killing him, "being compelled to it by necessity"*—are hunted with great avidity; and you generally find a tama-

* See note F.

rack swamp the favourite covert of these animals, in the vicinity of a hunting-camp.

We had ridden for about a mile through the heavily-timbered land when reaching the banks of the Nottawaseepe, a branch of the St. Joseph's, I heard the sound of children's voices, and descried two or three red urchins wading through the shallow stream on stilts, while others of a similar age, were amusing themselves in shooting bows and arrows on the opposite side. We immediately forded the stream; and making our way into a swamp, where the horses sank to the knee at every step, came unexpectedly upon a piece of firm ground, some eighty yards in diameter, and found ourselves in the middle of the camp of Warpkesick. It was composed of three or four wigwams only, but they were large, and probably contained several families each. They were constructed of mats, arranged precisely in the form of a tent,* and supported in the same manner; an opening being left in the centre for the escape of the smoke, and a blanket suspended over a hole cut in the side supplying the place of a door. The day being mild for the season of the year, the indwellers of these simple habitations were at the moment of our arrival, variously occupied in several groups on the outside. Some of the men were cleaning their weapons, and others were arranging their bundle of muskrat traps; while one old fellow, whose screwed-up features, peering from under a mass of grizzly locks, indicated the cunning

* The Ottawas have a somewhat different form for their wigwams. See note G.

of the trapper rather than the boldness of the hunter, was occupied in flaying an otter, but just taken. The women alone, however, appeared to be assiduously engaged—the men having all a lounging air of indolence, incompatible with the idea of actual employment: pressing skins was the occupation of the former; and they sat grouped each like a hare in its form, around a collection of boiling kettles, over which the skins were suspended.

A tall virago of fifty, whose erect stature, elf-locks, and scarlet blanket floating about her person, would entitle her to flourish as Meg Merrilies in the frontispiece of Guy Mannering, stood up in the midst; and, had it not been for some tolerably pretty faces among her junior co-laborators, might have been taken for Hecate herself, surrounded by the weird sisters of the caldron. A pack of wolfish-looking curs, about twenty in number, completed the assemblage; which, when you take into consideration the variously coloured calico dresses and wampum ornaments in which the females had arrayed themselves, with the white, blue, red, and green blankets in which the men were wrapped, constituted about as motley a collection as ever followed Falstaff to the field. Warpkesick himself, the chief of the gipsy band, issued from his lodge while I was thus studying the appearance of his adherents. He was a young man, not more than thirty, with a handsome, though somewhat voluptuous cast of countenance, and remarkably fine eyes. His stature was rather below the middle size; and though the upper part of his person was

extremely well formed, with a deep chest and broad flat shoulders, one of his legs, whether from deformity or misfortune I did not like to inquire, was so twisted under his body as to be worse than useless. He supported himself upon an ashen staff about eight feet in length, and terminating at the bottom in a round ball, to prevent it, probably, from sinking too deeply into the earth while in rapid pursuit of game; the chief being, in spite of the unsightly encumbrance he is compelled to drag after him, when bounding like a stricken panther on his prey, one of the keenest hunters of his tribe. He received us courteously, but remained standing; while several Indians gathered in a few moments around him: after shaking hands with them all in succession, I took up a loaded gun, and by way of breaking up the formality of the meeting, desired an eagle-eyed young Indian to make a shot with it. He hesitated for a moment to comply, and immediately all the others, from some whim or other, insisted that I should shoot. Our conversation being altogether in signs, it was some moments before I understood their gestures; and I confess, that having but little practice with a single ball, I was any thing but unembarrassed when I came to understand the purport of the request they were proffering with so much animation. A small blaze that was instantly made with a tomahawk in a sapling, forty or fifty yards distant, left me no excuse for pretending longer to misunderstand my worthy acquaintances; and placing the gun to my shoulder, I was as much surprised at putting the

ball within a couple of inches of the centre, as if the tree had screamed when thus pierced by my random bullet.

Having met with those in Michigan who will drive a rusty nail with a rifle at this distance, and shoot leaves from each other's heads at six rods, I could not account for the degree of approval manifested by the spectators, till my companion informed me that the Indians, owing perhaps to the inferiority of their rifles, which are of English manufacture, are but indifferent marksmen at still objects. "*Tai-ya!*" cried the women, "*Neshin!*" said the chief, and "*Nesheshin!*" echoed his attendants; while the blankets of the lodges were now for the first time raised, and entering, we stretched ourselves on mats around the fire. A youth of nineteen sprang to his feet as I removed the dingy curtain which formed the door, and revealed a face and form that might be the model of an Apollo. Being ill at the time, he was but half dressed; the purple blanket dropping from his shoulders setting off a neck and chest of the finest manly proportions. His features were copied by nature from a Greek model; while his shaven crown, with the single chivalric scalp-lock tufted with a heron's feather, would, in its noble developments, have thrown the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim into ecstasy. The peculiarity of his head dress, with the beautifully beaded leggings round his ankles, revealed to me at once that the young gentleman was an Indian dandy—a Pottawattamie Pelham in an undress;

and I assure you that Mrs. —— never schooled any of his New-York rivals to wear their Spanish cloak with a better air than was exhibited by my red friend Mitosway-Coquatchegun, or Ten-Garters, as he gathered the folds of his blankets about his person.

Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his; while my conpanion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute, of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when, as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gamutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a bystander; and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry looking as the miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop

rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have wakened Rip Vanwinkle from his twenty years' doze. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was the first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprung. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and "Meg Merrilies," who had stepped on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elk-locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath.

I rode home reflecting upon all I had ever read of the want of vivacity and fire in the Indian character, and concluded that I would rather have witnessed the spirited scene I have just attempted

to describe to you, than double all the knowledge I have hitherto laid up from such sources.

I leave this comfortable house in the morning, and it will be long before I reach again one half so agreeable.

LETTER XIV.

Invitation—New Acquaintances—Border Talk—Wedding Company—The Kekalamazoo—Prairie Ronde—Michigan Scenery—Rope Ferry—English Settlers—Beautiful Hills—Agriculture—Lakes—Want of Society—Internal Communication.

Prairie Ronde, Kelamazoo Co., M. T., Dec. 26.

"STRANGER, will you take a cocktail with us?" called out a tall athletic fellow to me as I was making my way through a group of wild looking characters assembled an hour since around the fire by which I am now writing. There was a long-haired "hooshier" from Indiana, a couple of smart looking "suckers"* from the southern part of Illinois, a keen-eyed leather-belted "badger" from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeoman-like fellow, whose white capot, Indian moccasins, and red sash, proclaimed, while he boasted a three

* So called after the fish of that name, from his going up the river to the mines, and returning at the season when the sucker makes its migrations.

year's residence, the genuine *wolverine*, or naturalized Michiganian. Could one refuse to drink with such a company? The spokesman was evidently a "red-horse" from Kentucky, and nothing was wanting but a "buck-eye" from Ohio to render the assemblage as complete as it was select. I was in the midst of the first real prairie I had ever seen—on an island of timber, whose lee, while making slow headway for the last two hours, with a biting breeze on my beam, it had been my whole object, aim, and ambition to get—a comfortable bar-room, a smoking "cocktail," a worshipful assemblage, (Goldsmith's Club was a fool to it,) had never entered my dreams! Could I refuse to drink with such a company? The warm glass is in my frozen fingers. The most devout temperance man could see no harm in that! It is touched smartly by the rim of the red-horse,—it is brushed by the hooshier,—it rings against the badger,—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine,—"My respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us!"

Here was a capital commencement with just the sort of salad of society I have been long wishing to meet with, having as yet only tasted its component parts in detail. But, auspicious as was the beginning, I nearly got into a difficulty with my new acquaintances a few moments afterward, by handing the landlord a share of the reckoning; and I took back the coin forced upon me, with many apologies upon my part for having presumed to pay part of a "general treat," while

labouring under the disqualifications of being a stranger. Room was then civilly made for me by the fireplace, and, accepting a pipe proffered by one of the company, a few whiffs made me sufficiently sick and at home to lay it by without further ceremony. "There's *a smart chance of cigars* there in the bar, stranger, if you'd try some of them," said one of the hooshiers. "Yes," echoed the other; "and they are a heap better than those pipes." "I allow," rejoined another of the company; "but I wish that fellow would shut the door; he must think that we were all raised in a saw-mill, and then he looks so *peert* whenever he comes in." "Poor fellow!" ejaculated one who had not yet spoken, "he is considerably troubled with youngness."

"From the eastern side, stranger?" said another to me; "I'm told it's tolerable frog pasture. Now, here the soil's so deep one can't raise any long sarce—they all get pulled through the other side. We can winter our cows, however, on wooden clocks, there's so many Yankees among us," &c.

A scattering conversation was kept up in similar quaint expressions for some time; but I will not tire you with enumerating more of those which fell under my observation. These unique terms, indeed, were poured out so copiously, that it was impossible for one's memory, though elastic as a pair of saddle-bags, to retain them. At last a *train** and a couple of carioles drove up to the door; and

* A rough kind of sled.

I discovered, upon their bundling merrily into these vehicles, that the whole company were bound for a wedding. "Jim," cried one driver to another, snapping his whip, "let our horses run near the silk." *Jim* cracked his snapper, and the light carioles taking the lead, the more humble train skimmed rapidly after them: their dark shadows were soon lost upon the moonlit prairie, and the sound of their bells died away in the distance by the time I had regained my now solitary seat by the fire.

I have had but a sorry time since leaving the agreeable company I spoke of in my last. To-day, indeed, the weather, though cold and windy, has been clear; but, on the two previous, I rode for the whole time through alternate snow and sleet, which the wind at times blew so directly in my face as to make it almost impossible to proceed. In one instance, while making my way through a dense forest of twelve or fourteen miles between the openings, without a cabin by the way, my horse stopped suddenly, and looking about ten paces a-head, I saw a couple of deer standing immediately in my path, and gazing on me with the most perfect unconcern; but my fingers were so numb with cold that I was unable to cock my gun, while the timid creatures slowly retired within the depths of the forest. The Kekalamazoo wound through this wood; but the under growth of timber was so very heavy, that its waters, though within a few yards of me, were rarely discernible; and their ample flow, when seen as now swollen by the troubled current of Battle Creek and other tributaries, though capable of bear-

ing boats of considerable burden, possessed less charms for me than when I first struck the slender rill as it leaped unsullied from its virgin fountain, and went singing on its course. Still it was with regret, when at last ferried over the Kekalamazoo, so long my only companion, that, on turning my horse's head to the souh, I took leave of its Arcadian banks for ever.

I passed the previous night at the little hamlet of Comstock, where an enterprising young gentleman, after whom the place is called, having the advantage of a good mill-site, is creating a flourishing establisment around him; a frame store and several log cabins, with two or three mills, already giving some importance to the situation in a new country. My ride of to-day, having started late, brought me, about sunset, a distance of twenty miles, to the verge of Prairie Ronde; the intermediate country consisting partly of burr-oak plains, broken sometimes by the short round hills I have before described, and partly of broad grassy meadows, running sometimes into marshes, and occasionally watered by some clear stream, whose sandy bottom would contrast strongly with its low sedgy brink. The ground became higher and firmer as I approached Prairie Ronde; and then, after riding for a few miles through the openings, when I expected to descend upon a broad meadow somewhat resembling the many I have seen in Michigan, fully answering to my pre-conceived ideas of a prairie, I came suddenly upon an immense piece of cleared table land, some fifty feet

above a pretty lake in its vicinity. The scattering houses around its borders, with the island of timber in the centre, and the range of six or seven miles of prairie on every side, assured me that this was Prairie Ronde; while the piercing blast which, as the sun sunk redly on the opposite side, rushed out from his western resting place and blew the snow-drift in my teeth, made me eager to cross the waste as rapidily as possible, and sufficiently accounts for the pleasure with which I entered this hospitable inn. The collection of houses which stand sheltered by this wood is called "Schoolcraft." The wood itself, though only five or six hundred acres in extent, has a small lake in the centre; and the village, if not the whole settled part of the prairie, is distinguished by the number of fine running horses, blooded dogs, and keen sportsmen it has in proportion to the population. Fox-hunting on horseback, with full packs of hounds, is the favourite sport; though wolf, bear, and badger-baiting have each their active followers. The soil is so easy of culture, and so generous in its product, that the settlers, after attending to their necessary avocations, have ample leisure for their many recreations. Prairie Ronde, though like all parts of Michigan, in a great measure settled by emigrants from the State of New-York, is said to count a still greater number of its residents from natives of the south and west. The population generally was, perhaps, fairly represented at the assembly to which I so unceremoniously introduced you at the opening of the letter.

Niles, Berrien Co., M. T., Dec. 28.

I have been now for two days in St. Joseph's county, considered among the finest in Michigan; having, since I wrote the above, traversed the counties of St. Joseph and Cass, watered by the St. Joseph's river, which is the most imposing looking stream I have yet seen. A ride of fourteen miles from Prairie Ronde brought me first to its banks, which, rising occasionally fifty or sixty feet above the water in a sudden bluff, look higher than those of any river I have yet seen in the peninsula. You must already have gathered, from my attempts at portraying Michigan scenery, that neither the grand, the picturesque—hardly even the romantic—are to be numbered among its characteristics. "The beautiful" comprehends them all: and yet you can readily imagine, that that beauty is neither tame nor monotonous which can shine through the dreary months of winter, and make the half-frozen and solitary traveller almost forget its rigours. It is true, that one brought up in a more rugged and broken country migh often miss the mountain-tops leaning against the sky,—might sigh for the sound of a cascade, and long once more to plant his foot upon a cliff; and yet, where would the eye more delight to wander than through these beautiful groves which in summer must stretch their green arcades on every side? where rest more happily than on those grassy meadows on which their vistas open? These streams, too, that sparkle so

brightly over their golden beds, are they no substitute for the rushing torrents of more mountainous countries? or does the lichen-covered crag tempt one's footsteps more than this teeming soil, when nature has carpeted it with the myriad of wild flowers which the summer's sun calls forth? To no scenery of our country that I have yet seen is the term "Arcadian" more applicable than to the rich and fairy landscape on the western side of the peninsula, watered by the Kekalamazoo and the St. Joseph's.

The latter stream, when I first beheld it, was filled with floating ice, which the deep and rapid tide brought down with such force, that my horse recoiled with affright when I attempted to urge him into the current at a point where an old woman told me was the usual place of fording. A rope-ferry, a quarter of a mile farther on, removed the difficulty; and finding my way along a rich bottom, where the trail was so encumbered with vines, that it was difficult, even at this season, to keep it, I hailed a grim-looking Charon, with a shock head of hair, attired in a green hunting shirt, who was standing in the doorway of a cabin on the opposite side; and crossing for me in his scow, I was soon conveyed across the wintry torrent. The country now became gradually more populous as I approached the village and prairie of White Pigeon. I had ridden fourteen miles in the morning without seeing the sign of a habitation; and as one meets with neither travellers nor emigrants at this season, there is some company even in the smoke of a

chimney, though you do not stop to warm your fingers by the fire beneath it. I expected long before this to have fallen in with a most agreeable companion, in a gentleman of the country, whom I met with at Detroit, and who is a considerable proprietor on the St. Joseph's. Having a fine taste for natural scenery, and being one of the best rifle shots that I have ever heard of, I anticipated much pleasure and advantage from his company and guidance through the western part of the peninsula.

But my journey through Michigan is now nearly finished, as it began, entirely alone. At White Pigeon, where I found quite a pretty village of four years' growth, I seemed, in getting upon the post-route from Detroit to Chicago, to get back once more to an old country. I found a good inn and attendance at Savary's, and discovered, by the travellers going north and south, that travelling was not as yet completely frozen up. There are a great many English emigrants settled upon this prairie, who, I am told, are successfully introducing here the use of live hedges instead of fences in farming. They are generally of a respectable class, and seem to be quite popular with the American settlers.

The morning was fine when I left White Pigeon to day; and as the sun shot down through the tall woods, nothing could be more cheering than my ride among the beautiful hills of Cass county. The road, which is remarkably good, meanders through ravines for a distance of many miles, the conical hills resting upon the plain in such a man-

ner as barely to leave a wheel track between them, except when at times some pretty lake or broad meadow pushes its friths far within their embrace. A prairie of some extent was to be traversed on this side of these eminences, and the floating ice on the St. Joseph's was glistening beneath its shadowy banks in the rays of the cold winter moon when I reached its borders, and arrived at the stage house in this flourishing town of Niles. Mine host, who does not seem to be the most accommodating person in the world, has refused to provide supper for myself and two other gentlemen at so late an hour, assigning as a reason, that "his women are not made of steel,"—an instance of cause and effect which I merely put upon record as being the only one of the kind I have met with in all Michigan. My fellow sufferers appear to be both agreeable men; and as we are to travel in company to Chicago, the sympathy arising from our present melancholy condition may ensure a pleasant intercourse under happier auspices.

The county of Cass, through which I have passed to-day, has a population of more than two thousand; and contains seven prairies, of six or eight miles in diameter, besides many smaller ones. They produce, when cultivated, from thirty to eighty bushels of new corn, or forty of wheat, to the acre. The mode of planting the former is to run a furrow, drop the corn in, and cover it with a succeeding furrow, which is planted in a similar way, and the field is rarely either ploughed or hoed after planting. There are several pretty lakes in

this county; but it is not so well watered as St. Joseph's, through which I passed yesterday; which, for local advantages of every kind, as well as fertility of soil, is generally considered one of the best in the peninsula. I like Kalamazoo county, however, as much as any part of Michigan I have seen. I am now within eight or ten miles of the Indian boundary, and some twenty or thirty only from the shores of Lake Michigan, having described nearly a semicircle in my tour through the peninsula, including, with some deviations, the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Lenawee, and Washtenaw on the east, Jackson in the centre, and Calhoun, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph's, Cass, and Berrien on the west; and I have not met a resident in that whole range but what was pleased with the country, and, I may almost say, attached to its soil. The females, indeed, will sometimes murmur; and in some remote places I have heard those whose conversations indicated that they had not been brought up with the most ordinary advantages complain of "the want of society!" But even these would love to dilate upon the beauties of the country when the flowers were in bloom. Others, again, who had been more gently nurtured, would sigh at one moment for the comforts and elegancies of their maternal homes, while their eyes would kindle with enthusiasm the next, when speaking of the appearance which the woods around their new dwellings wore in summer. Small communities form but slowly in a country where the settlers, instead of gradually pushing their way together into the

depths of the forest, as at the eastward, drive their wagons in any direction a hundred miles through the openings, and plant themselves down a day's journey apart, just where their fancy prompts them. This will account for my so often lighting upon a pleasant hamlet, after a day's travel through a perfect wilderness.

The river St. Joseph debouches into Lake Michigan in this county; and as a steamboat will probably run the next season from the town rapidly growing at its mouth to Chicago, a railroad from Detroit to this steamboat harbour is only wanting to bring the visiter of Niagara within a few days' travel of Chicago, and carry him through the flowery groves of Michigan to one of the most important points in the Union, and what may be termed the central head of the Mississippi valley. Delmonico may then stock his larder with grouse from the meadows of Michigan, and Gassin try his skill upon the delicious fish that swarm her lakes and rivers; (would that I could at this moment witness some of their curious orgies !) while sportsmen will think no more of a trip hither than they do now of an excursion to Islip, Rayner-South, or Patchogue. In the mean time I have secured you the seeds of more than twenty varieties of wild flowers, which I shall send to their destination as soon as possible, lest, from the rapid increase of internal communication, they may lose half their value from ceasing to be a rarity.

LETTER XV.

Railroad Travelling—Our Journey—Land of the Hooshiers—Forest Scene—A French Driver—His Disaster—Poor Victor—Lake Michigan—The Lake Shore—Rustic Hostelrie—Travelling Companions—Journey resumed—Chicago—A Ball—Chicago Cotillons—The Ladies—A Puzzle—Wishes.

Door Prairie, Indiana, Dec. 29, 1833.

Being now on the mail route between Detroit and Chicago, I am travelling very comfortably in a four-horse wagon, with the gentlemen mentioned in my last. I found my horse's back so chafed at White Pigeon, that it was unpleasant to use him longer under the saddle; and having met with my trunk at Niles, which was forwarded from Monroe by a friend, I am in a measure compelled to adopt what is certainly the most agreeable mode of travelling at this season through a bleak prairie country.

The cold winter moon was still riding high in the heavens as we ferried over the St. Joseph's at Niles this morning. A low sided scow was the means of conveyance; and, after breaking the solid ice near the shore to loose from our moorings, it required some pains to shun the detached cakes which came driving down the centre of the dark-rolling river; while, near the opposite shore, they

had become so wedged and frozen together, that it required considerable exertion to break a way with our long poles, and make good our landing. At length, ascending the bank, a beautiful plain, with a clump of trees here and there upon its surface, opened to our view. The establishment of the Carey Mission,* a long, low, white building, could be distinguished afar off faintly in the moonlight; while several winter† lodges of the Pottawattamies, three or four hundred of which tribe inhabit this fine district, were plainly perceptible over the plain. The moon, indeed, shone with an effulgence such as I have never witnessed, except beneath the pearly skies of the West. Morning came at last; still, but excessively cold; our horses' manes and our own clothes being covered with hoar-frost, while each blade of grass that shot its wilted spear above the snow glistened like a diamond's point beneath the uprising sun.

About ten o'clock we reached a shantee on Terre Coupé prairie, and finding no one at home, we rummaged the establishment to find the materials for a breakfast, which we cooked ourselves, and left payment upon the table. Our next stage carried us over a *rolling prairie* to Laporte. The undulating surface resembled the ground-swell of the sea; and nothing could be more dreary at this season, when the bright sky of the morning became overcast, than moving mile after mile over this frozen lake—for such it appeared—with nothing but its monotonous swell to catch the eye wherever its glances roamed.

* See note H. † See note I.

It was afternoon when we reached the little settlement of Laporte, which is situated on a pretty lake, in a prairie of the same name, the skirts of which are beautifully timbered. There was just light enough remaining when we reached our present stopping place, a comfortable log cabin, to see the opening ahead through the timber, from which this prairie takes its name. It forms a door opening upon an arm of the Grand Prairie, which runs through the states of Indiana and Illinois, and extends afterward, if I mistake not, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I am now in the land of the *Hooshiers*, and find that long-haired race much more civilized than some of their western neighbours are willing to represent them. The term "Hooshier," like that of Yankee, or Buck-eye, first applied contemptuously, has now become a *soubriquet*, that bears nothing invidious with it to the ear of an Indianian. This part of the state is as yet but thinly settled; but the land is rapidly coming into market, and it is calculated to support a dense population. A new town and harbour, called "Michigan City," about thirty miles off, on the shore of the lake, is fast coming into notice, and giving a spur to the settlements in these parts. The country is, however, still wild enough, and I have a wilder yet to pass before reaching Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 1, 1834.

We left the prairie on the east, after passing through "the door," and entered a forest, where the enormous black walnut and sycamore trees cumbered the soil with trunks from which a com-

fortable dwelling might be excavated. The road was about as bad as could be imagined; and after riding so long over prairies as smooth as a turnpike, the stumps and fallen trees over which we were compelled to drive, with the deep mud-holes into which our horses continually plunged, were anything but agreeable. Still, the stupendous vegetation of the forest interested me sufficiently to make the time, otherwise enlivened by good company, pass with sufficient fleetness, though we made hardly more than two miles an hour throughout the stage. At last, after passing several untenanted sugar camps* of the Indians, we reached a cabin, prettily situated on the banks of a lively brook winding through the forest. A little Frenchman waited at the door to receive our horses, while a couple of half-intoxicated Indians followed us into the house, in the hope of getting *a'netos* (vulgarly, "a treat") from the new comers. The usual settlers' dinner of fried bacon, venison cutlets, hot cakes, and wild honey, with some tolerable tea and Indian sugar—as that made from the maple tree is called at the West—was soon placed before us; while our new driver, the frizzy little Frenchman already mentioned, harnessed a fresh team, and hurried us into the wagon as soon as possible. The poor little fellow had thirty miles to drive before dark, on the most difficult part of the route of the line between Detroit and Chicago. It was easy to see that he knew nothing of driving,

* See Note J.

the moment he took his reins in hand; but when one of my fellow travellers mentioned that little *Victor* had been preferred to his present situation of trust from the indefatigable manner in which, before the stage route was established last season, he had for years carried the mail through this lonely country—swimming rivers and sleeping in the woods at all seasons—it was impossible to dash the mixture of boyish glee and official pomposity with which he entered upon his duties, by suggesting any improvement as to the mode of performing them. Away then we went, helter-skelter, through the woods—scrambled through a brook, and galloping over an arm of the prairie, struck again into the forest. A fine stream, called the Calaminc, made our progress here more gentle for a moment. But immediately on the other side of the river was an Indian trading-post, and our little French Phaeton—who, to tell the truth, had been repressing his fire for the last half-hour, while winding among the decayed trees and broken branches of the forest—could contain no longer. He shook the reins on his wheel-horses, and cracked up his leaders, with an air that would have distinguished him on the Third Avenue, and been envied at Cato's. He rises in his seat as he passes the trading house; he sweeps by like a whirlwind: but a female peeps from the portal, and it is all over with poor Victor.

> "Ah, wherefore did he turn to look?
> That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
> Hath doomed—"

his discomfiture. The infuriate car strikes a stump,

and the unlucky youth shoots off at a tangent, as if he were discharged from a mortar. The whole operation was completed with such velocity, that the first intimation I had of what was going forward, was on finding myself two or three yards from the shattered wagon, with a tall Indian in a wolf-skin cap standing over me. My two fellow passengers were dislodged from their seats with the same want of ceremony; but though the *disjecta membra* of our company were thus prodigally scattered about, none of us, providentially, received injury. Poor Victor was terribly crest-fallen; and had he not unpacked his soul by calling upon all the saints in the calendar, in a manner more familiar than respectful, I verily believe that his tight little person would have exploded like a torpedo. A very respectable looking Indian female, the wife, probably, of the French gentleman who owned the post, came out, and civilly furnished us with basins and towels to clean our hands and faces, which were sorely bespattered with mud; while the gray old Indian before mentioned assisted in collecting our scattered baggage.

The spot where our disaster occurred was a sequestered, wild looking place. The trading establishment consisted of six or eight log cabins, of a most primitive construction, all of them gray with age, and so grouped on the bank of the river as to present an appearance quite picturesque. There was not much time, however, to be spent in observing its beauties. The sun was low, and we had twenty-five miles yet to travel that night, before

reaching the only shantee on the lake shore. My companions were compelled to mount two of the stage horses, while I once more put the saddle on mine; and leaving our trunks to follow a week hence, we slung our saddle-bags across the cruppers, and pushed directly ahead.

A few miles' easy riding through the woods brought us to a dangerous morass, where we were compelled to dismount and drive our horses across, one of the party going in advance to catch them on the other side. A mile or two of pine barrens now lay between us and the shore, and winding rapidly among the short hills, covered with this stinted growth, we came suddenly upon a mound of white sand at least fifty feet high. Another of these desolate looking eminences, still higher, lay beyond. We topped it; and there, far away before us, lay the broad bosom of Lake Michigan,—the red disk of the sun just sinking beneath it, and the freshening night breeze beginning to curl its limpid waters on the shore; and now, having gained their verge, whichever way we turned, there was nothing discernible but the blackening lake on one side and these conical hills of shifting white sand on the other. Some of them, as the night advanced, and objects were only discernible by the bright starlight, assumed a most fantastic appearance, and made me regret that I could not visit the "Sleeping Bear," and other singularly formed mounds, which many miles farther to the north, swell from two to three hundred feet above the level of the lake. The deep sand, into which our horses sunk

to the fetlocks, was at first most wearisome to the poor beasts; and having twenty miles yet to travel entirely on the lake-shore, we were compelled, in spite of the danger of quicksands, to move as near the water as possible. But though the day had been mild, the night rapidly became so cold that, before we had proceeded thus many miles, the beach twenty yards from the surf was nearly as hard as stone, and the finest Macadamized road in the world could not compare with the one over which we now galloped. Nor did we want lamps to guide us on our way. Above, the stars stood out like points of light; while the resplendent fires of the Aurora Borealis, shooting along the heavens on our right, were mocked by the livid glare of the Kankakee marshes, burning behind the sand hills on our left. The lake alone looked dark and lowering; though even its gathering waves would smile when touched with light as they broke upon the shore. The intense cold seemed to invigorate our horses; and dashing the fire from the occasional pebbles, they clattered along the frozen beach at a rate that brought us rapidly to our destination for the night.

It was a rude cabin, built of stems of the scrub pine, standing behind a sandy swell about two hundred yards from the shore. My fingers were numb with cold; and seeing a rough-looking fellow moving from the door towards the horses of my companions, I requested him to take mine also; but, upon his politely rejoining that "he was nobody's servant but his own," I could only wish him "a

more civil master," and proceeded to take care of the animal myself. A brake of stunted evergreens near by supplied the place of a stable; and passing a wisp of dry grass over the reeking limbs of my four-footed friend, I flung my cloak over his back, and tethered him for the night. The keeper of the rustic hostelrie came up just as I had got through with this necessary task, and explaining to me that the insolent lounger was a discharged mail carrier, returned with me to the house for a measure of corn; while I, guided by the light flickering through the crevices of his frail dwelling, rejoined my companions, nestled with two other half-frozen travellers around the grateful fire within. The strangers were both western men; one, I believe, a farmer, for some time settled in Illinois, and the other an Indian trader of long standing in Chicago. Warlike incidents in border story, and the pacific dealings between the whites and Indians, formed the chief subjects of conversation, which soon became general, and was prolonged to a late hour; finally the late treaty held at Chicago—at which, as you have probably seen in the newspapers, several thousand Indians were present—was discussed, and the anecdotes that were told of meanness, rapacity, and highway robbery (in cheating, stealing, and forcibly taking away) from the Indians, exasperated me so that I expressed my indignation and disgust in unmeasured terms. The worthy trader, who was a middle-aged man, of affable, quiet good manners, seemed to sympathize with me throughout; but the whole current of my feelings was

totally changed, when, upon my observing shortly afterward to another gentleman, that "I should have liked to have been at Chicago a year ago," my warm coadjutor ejaculated from under the bedclothes, where he had in the mean time bestowed himself, "Ah, sir, if you had, the way in which you'd have hook'd an Indian blanket by this time, would be curious." The chivalric knight of La Mancha himself could not have sustained heroics under such a home thrust, but must have burst into the hearty laugh in which I was joined by all present. The hour of sleep for all at last arrived, and a couple of wooden bunks, swung from the roof, falling to the lot of those who had come in first, I wrapped myself in a buffalo-skin, and placing my saddle under my head for a pillow, soon "slept like a king;" a term which, if

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

be true doctrine, is, probably, *quasi lucus*, &c.

Our transient acquaintances parted from us in a most friendly manner in the morning; and after waiting in vain till near noon, to see if by any chance little Victor might not be able to forward our trunks to this point, we mounted once more, and pushed ahead with all speed, to accomplish the remaining twenty or thirty miles between the shantee and Chicago. Our route was still along the shore; and after passing round the end of the lake and taking a northwardly direction, the way in which the icy blast would come down the bleak shore of the lake "was a caution." We galloped at full

speed, every man choosing his own route along the beach, our horses' hoofs ringing the while as if it were a pavement of flint beneath them. The rough ice piled up on the coast prevented us from watering our beasts; and we did not draw a rein till the rushing current of the Calaminc, which debouches into Lake Michigan some ten miles from Chicago, stayed our course. A cabin on the bank gave us a moment's opportunity to warm, and then, being ferried over the wintry stream, we started with fresh vigour, and crossing about a mile of prairie in the neighbourhood of Chicago, reached here in time for an early dinner. Our horses this morning seem none the worse for this furious riding; their escape from ill consequences being readily attributable to the excellence of the road, and the extreme coldness of the weather while travelling it. For my own part, I never felt better than after this violent burst of exercise.

We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel-worn riding-dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient French trading posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen

months since.* When I add that the population has *quintupled* last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation; while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the white-washed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readly dispensed with. An orchestra of unplaned boards was raised against the wall in the centre of the room; the band consisting of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company; and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manual-like precision with which the soldier dressed to the front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other.

* See note K.

As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, brought together from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarieties. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille-playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillons. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trowsers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawney neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos à dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate looking southern girl; and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would *chassez* cross with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *à la Madonne*, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue mingles with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own colour

over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded *leggins* peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall nut-brown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel.

But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good humour animates every one present? "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," (as I hear it judiciously observed this side of the mountains,) and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ball-room as in a legislature? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favourable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago; and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well dressed people have come from!" I referred him to an old resident of three months standing, to whom I had just been introduced, but

he could throw no light upon the subject; and we left the matter of peopling Chicago in the same place where philosophers have put the question of the original peopling of the continent. I made several new acquaintances at this new-year's ball, and particularly with the officers of the garrison, from whose society I promise myself much pleasure during my stay.

The geographical position of Chicago is so important, that I must give you a more minute description of the place in my next. Would that in folding this I could enclose you half the warm wishes for your welfare which the season awakens in my bosom!

LETTER XVI.

Intense Cold—Situation of Chicago—Rapid Rise of Chicago—Projected Canal—A Pacing Match—A Hunt—Mission of Charity—A fine Chase—Escape of the Wolf—New Game—Death of a Wolf—Value of Horses.

Chicago, Illinois, Jan. 10, 1834.

I HAVE been here more than ten days, without fulfilling the promise given in my last. It has been so cold, indeed, as almost to render writing impracticable in a place so comfortless. The houses were built with such rapidity, during the summer, as to be mere shells; and the thermo-

meter having ranged as low as 28 below zero during several days, it has been almost impossible, notwithstanding the large fires kept up by an attentive landlord, to prevent the ink from freezing while using it, and one's fingers become so numb in a very few moments when thus exercised, that, after vainly trying to write in gloves, I have thrown by my pen, and joined the group, composed of all the household, around the bar-room fire. This room, which is an old log cabin aside of the main house, is one of the most comfortable places in town, and is, of course, much frequented; business being, so far as one can judge from the concourse that throng it, nearly at a stand still. Several persons have been severely frost bitten in passing from door to door; and not to mention the quantity of poultry and pigs that have been frozen, an ox, I am told, has perished from cold in the streets at noonday. An occasional Indian,* wrapped in his blanket, and dodging about from store to store after a dram of whiskey; or a muffled-up Frenchman, driving furiously in his cariole on the river, are almost the only human beings abroad; while the wolves, driven in by the deep snows which preceded this severe weather, troop through the town after nightfall, and may be heard howling continually in the midst of it.

The situation of Chicago, on the edge of the Grand Prairie, with the whole expanse of Lake Michigan before it, gives the freezing winds from

* See note L.

the Rocky Mountains prodigious effect, and renders a degree of temperature, which in sheltered situations is but little felt, almost painful here.

> "The bleak winds
> Do sorely ruffle; for many a mile about,
> There's scarce a bush."

The town lies upon a dead level, along the banks of a narrow forked river, and is spread over a wide extent of surface to the shores of the lake, while vessels of considerable draught of water can, by means of the river, unload in the centre of the place. I believe I have already mentioned that four-fifths of the population have come in since last spring; the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little solid improvement in the way of building, yet contracts have been made for the ensuing season which must soon give Chicago much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume. As a place of business, its situation at the central head of the Mississippi Valley will make it the New-Orleans of the north; and its easy and close intercourse with the most flourishing eastern cities will give it the advantage, as its capital increases, of all their improvements in the mode of living.

There is one improvement to be made, however, in this section of the country, which will greatly influence the permanent value of property in Chicago. I allude to a canal from the head of Lake

Michigan to the head of the steam navigation on the Illinois, the route of which has been long since surveyed. The distance to be overcome is something like ninety miles; and when you remember that the head waters of the Illinois rise within eleven miles of Chicago River,* and that a level plain of not more than eight feet elevation above the latter is the only intervening obstacle, you can conceive how easy it would be to drain Lake Michigan into the Mississippi by this route; boats of eighteen tons having actually passed over the intervening prairie at high water. Lake Michigan, which is several feet above Lake Erie, would afford such a never-failing body of water, that it would keep steam-boats afloat on the route in the driest season. St. Louis would then be brought comparatively near to New-York; while two-thirds of the Mississippi Valley would be supplied by this route immediately from the markets of the latter. This canal is the only remaining link wanting to complete the most stupendous chain of inland communication in the world. I had a long conversation this morning on the subject with Major H., the United States' engineer, who is engaged in superintending the construction of a pier at this place. He was polite enough to sketch the main features of the route with his pencil, in such a manner as to make its feasibility very apparent. The canal would pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can

* See note M.

be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its bosom. The most effectual mode of making this canal would be to give the lands along its banks to an incorporated company, who should construct the work within a certain time. The matter is now merely agitated at elections as a political handle.

January 13.

I had got thus far in a letter to you, when several officers of the garrison, to whom I am indebted for much hospitable attention and many agreeable hours, stopped opposite the door with a train of carioles, in one of which I was offered a seat to witness a pacing match on the ice. There were several ladies with gentlemen in attendance already on the river, all muffled up, after the Canadian fashion, in fur robes, whose gay trimmings presented a rich as well as most comfortable appearance. The horses from which the most sport was expected, were a black pony bred in the country, and a tall roan nag from the lower Mississippi. They paced at the rate of a mile in something less than three minutes. I rode behind the winning horse one heat, and the velocity with which he made our cariole fly over the smooth ice was almost startling. The southern horse won the race; but I was told that, in nine cases out of ten, the nags from his part of the country, could not stand against a French pony.

In the middle of the chase, a wolf, probably

roused by the sleigh-bells from his lair on the river's bank, trotted along the prairie above, within gun-shot, calmly surveying the sport. The uninvited presence of this long-haired amateur at once suggested a hunt for the morrow; and arrangements were accordingly made by the several gentlemen present for that most exciting of sports, a wolf-chase on horseback.

It was a fine bracing morning, with the sun shining cheerily through the still cold atmosphere far over the snow-covered prairie, when the party assembled in front of my lodgings to the number of ten horsemen, all well mounted and eager for the sport. The hunt was divided into two squads; one of which was to follow the windings of the river on the ice, and the other to make a circuit on the prairie. A pack of dogs, consisting of a grayhound or two for running the game, with several of a heavier and fiercer breed for pulling it down, accompanied each party. I was attached to that which took the river; and it was a beautiful sight, as our friends trotted off in the prairie, to see their different coloured capotes and gayly equipped horses contrasted with the bright carpet of spotless white over which they rode; while the sound of their voices was soon lost to our ears, as we descended to the channel of the river, and their lessening figures were hid from our view by the low brush which in some places skirted its banks. The brisk trot into which we now broke, brought us rapidly to the place of meeting, where to the disappointment of each party, it was found that neither had started any game. We now spread ourselves

into a broad line, about gunshot apart from each other, and began thus advancing into the prairie. We had not swept it thus more than a mile, when a shout on the extreme left, with the accelerated pace of the furthermost riders in that direction, told that they had roused a wolf. "The devil take the hindermost," was now the motto of the company, and each one spurred for the spot with all eagerness. Unhappily, however, the land along the bank of the river, on the right, was so broken by ravines choked up with snow, that it was impossible for us, who were half a mile from the game when started, to come up at all with the two or three horsemen who led the pursuit. Our horses sunk to their cruppers in the deep snow-drift. Some were repeatedly thrown; and one or two breaking their saddle-girths, from the desperate struggles their horses made in the snow-banks, were compelled to abandon the chase entirely. My stout roan carried me bravely through all; but when I emerged from the last ravine on the open plain, the horsemen who led the chase, from some inequality in the surface of the prairie, were not visible; while a fleet rider, whose tall figure and Indian head-dress had hitherto guided me, had been just unhorsed, and, abandoning the game afoot, was now wheeling off, apparently with some other object in view. Following on the same course, we soon encountered a couple of officers in a train, who were just coming from a mission of charity in visiting the half-starved orphans of a poor woman who was frozen to death on the prairie, a day or

two since—the wolves having already picked her bones before her fate became known. One by one, the whole squad to which I belonged, collected around to make inquiries about the poor children; and then, as our horses generally were yet in good condition, we scattered once more over the prairie, with the hope of rousing more game.

Not ten minutes elapsed before a wolf, breaking from the dead weeds which, shooting eight or ten feet above the level of the snow, indicated the banks of a deep ravine, dashed off into the prairie, pursued by a horseman on the right. He made instantly for the deep banks of the river, one of whose windings was within a few hundred yards. He had a bold rider behind him, however, in the gentleman who led the chase (a young educated half-blood, well connected at Chicago). The precipitous bank of the stream did not retard this hunter for a moment; but, dashing down to the bed of the river, he was hard upon the wolf before he could ascend the elevation on the opposite side. Our whole squad reached the open prairie beyond in time to take part in the chase. Nothing could be more beautiful. There was not an obstacle to oppose us in the open plain; and all our dogs having followed the other division of our company, nothing remained but to drive the wolf to death on horseback. Away, then, we went, shouting on his track; the hotly-pursued beast gaining on us whenever the crust of a deep snow-drift gave him an advantage over the horse, and we in our turn nearly riding over him when we came to ground com-

paratively bare. The sagacious animal became at last aware that his course would soon be up at this rate, and turning rapidly in his tracks as we were scattered over the prairie, he passed through our line, and made at once again for the river. He was cut off and turned in a moment by a horseman on the left, who happened to be a little behind the rest; and now came the keenest part of the sport. The wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while each horseman in succession would make a dash at and turn him in a different direction. Twice I was near enough to strike him with a horsewhip, and once he was under my horse's feet; while so furiously did each rider push at him, that as we brushed by each other and confronted horse to horse, while riding from different quarters at full speed, it required one somewhat used "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus" to maintain his seat at all. The rascal, who would now and then look over his shoulder and gnash his teeth, seemed at last as if he was about to succumb; when, after running a few hundred yards in an oblique direction from the river, he suddenly veered his course, at a moment when every one thought his strength was spent, and gaining the bank before he could be turned, he disappeared in an instant. The rider nearest to his heels became entangled in the low boughs of a tree which grew near the spot; while I, who followed next, was thrown out sufficiently to give the wolf time to get out of view by my horse bolting as he reached the sudden edge of the river. The rest of the hunt were consequently at fault when

they came up to us; and after trying in vain to track our lost quarry over the smooth ice for half an hour, we were most vexatiously compelled to abandon the pursuit as fruitless, and proceed to join the other squad of our party, who could now be seen at some distance, apparently making for the same point to which our route was leading. A thicket on the bank soon hid them from our view; and we then moved more leisurely along in order to breathe our horses. But suddenly the distant cry of hounds gave intimation that new game was afoot; and, on topping a slight elevation, we discerned a party of horsemen far away, with three wolves running apparently about a pistol-shot ahead of them. Our squad was dispersed in an instant. Some struck off at once in the prairie, in a direct line for their object, and were soon brought to in the deep snow-banks; others, taking a more circuitous course, proceeded to double the ravines that were filled with the treacherous drift; and some, more fortunate, took to the frozen river, where the clatter of their hoofs on the hard ice seemed to inspirit their horses anew. I chanced to be one of the latter, and was moreover the first to catch sight again of one of the animals we were pursuing, and find myself nearer to him than any of our party. The wolf was of the large gray kind. But one of the hunters had been able to keep up with him, and him I could distinguish far off in the prairie, turning and winding his foaming horse as the wolf would double every moment upon his

tracks, while half a dozen dogs, embarrassed in the deep snow, were slowly coming up. I reached the spot just as the wolf first stood at bay. His bristling back, glaring eyes, and ferociously distended jaws, might have appalled the dogs for a moment; when an impetuous grayhound, who had been for some time pushing through the snow-drifts with unabated industry, having now attained a comparatively clear spot of ground, leaped with such force against the flank of the wolf as to upset him in an instant, while the grayhound shot far ahead of the quarry. He recovered himself instantly, but not before a fierce powerful hound, whose thick neck and broad muzzle indicated a cross of the bull-dog blood with that of a nobler strain, had struck him first upon the haunch, and was now trying to grapple him by the throat. Down again he went, rolling over and over in the deep snow, while the *clicking* of his jaws, as he snapped eagerly at each member of the pack that by turns beset him, was distinctly audible. The powerful dog, already mentioned, secured him at last by fixing his muzzle deeply into the breast of the prostrate animal. This, however, did not prevent the wolf giving some fearful wounds to the other dogs which beset him; and, accordingly, with the permission of the gentleman who had led the chase, I threw myself from my horse, and gave the game the *coup de grace* with a dirk-knife which I had about me. Two of our party soon after joined us, each with a prairie wolf hanging to his saddle-

bow; and the others gradually collecting, we returned to Chicago, contented at last with the result of our morning's sport.

It was with no enviable feelings, I assure you, that on making my arrangements an hour ago to start in the new line of stage coaches which has just been established between this point and St. Louis, I found myself compelled to part with the friend to whom I was chiefly indebted for my share in the glorious sports I have just attempted to describe to you—the four-footed companion of my last six weeks' rambles. I remember being once struck with the remark of an ingenious writer in the Library of Useful Knowledge, when, in discussing the real and relative value of horses, he observes that the commonest hackney, if in every respect suiting his owner, is priceless to the possessor. A favourite horse, in fact, though his estimation may only depend upon the whim of his master, is one of this world's goods which can never be thoroughly replaced. It is not, however, when the charge of such property falls exclusively to grooms and others from one end of the year to another that you feel its value: the stall-fed palfrey, which you drive along a turnpike from one hotel to another, and abandon when he falls sick for some other means of conveyance, with as little concern as you would exchange your trunk for a portmanteau, or *vice versâ*, has but little hold on one's feelings in comparison with the hearty animal with which you wander away, where he meets with no care but such as you bestow upon him; and when you in

turn become wholly dependent upon him for overcoming distances and difficulties between places so remote from each other, that not only your comfort, but sometimes your personal safety, depend upon accomplishing the intervals within certain periods; when you push ahead through falling sleet, ford rivers, plunge through snow-banks, or cross morasses, where the matted grass, spreading its carpet over the shaking slough, embarrasses and wearies the step of your sagacious quadruped, while it prevents his feet from sinking into the dangerous quagmire beneath. Three weeks of such intercourse between man and brute are like three rainy days when one is shut up in a country house with strangers: they cherish a fellowship more cordial than years of ordinary intercourse could engender. It is no little consolation to me that I leave my Bucephalus in excellent hands; nor does this necessary separation so engross my sympathies that I have none to spare for other partings. Upon these, however, I shall not dilate here; though you must not be surprised to find me returning more than once hereafter to characters, scenes, and incidents at Chicago, which I have hitherto left untouched.

LETTER XVII.

Fellow Passengers—Our Journey—Our New Equipage—Walker's Grove—A Disaster—Illimitable Scene—Prairie Loo—Accident—Log Cabin—Library—Intellectual Culture—Grouse—Ottawa—Fatal Affair—Indian Haters.

Banks of the Au Sable, Illinois, Jan. 15.

It was about eight o'clock, and a bright cold morning, when a handsome four-horse stage coach, built in New-York, and placed with more liberality than judgment on a route where a broad-tired, low-hung, and light wagon would be much more appropriate, drove up to my quarters at Chicago; and, having received my luggage, crossed the river on the ice, and was a few moments after travelling through the deep snow over the Grand Prairie. My fellow passengers were, a respectable middle-aged female, and a smartly dressed young man of amiable appearance, whose handsome broadcloth suit, worn as a travelling dress, bespoke the favoured beau of some country village, or possibly a thriving young clerk from the city, engaged upon some agency business, and travelling in the style which he thought would best comport with the dignity of his employers. The driver was also accompanied on the box by a well made young half-blood Chippeway, of about five-and-twenty, who had come down

from Mackinaw to seek employment, and was now going farther south for the same object.

The air being rather sharp on the prairie, the lady took her seat between the young gentleman and myself, and thus wedged in together, we contrived to keep very comfortable; though our near neighbourhood did not render us more communicative than people generally are after an early breakfast. We merely exchanged the ordinary common places which custom exacts from people thus thrown together; and then, unless when a wolf passing near our track, or a particularly large pack of grouse rising before us, called forth some exclamation, but few words were spoken by any of the company. At length, after having counted six wolves within twice as many miles, we approached a grove of timber, where, while the trees grew quite densely in the centre, a few thin rows shot out like a reef of rocks from the shadowy island far into the prairie.

Here, on the edge of a deep gully, through which winds the River Au Plaine, was the log tavern at which the first stage of our day's journey, being twelve miles, concluded. The horses were in a complete foam with their exertions in getting through the deep snow-drifts across the prairie, and I easily persuaded the driver to abandon the comfortable but cumbersome vehicle which had brought us so far, and hitch his smoking team, which had still twelve miles to go, to a rough but strongly built sled before the door. My fellow passengers approved the arrangement, and subsequent events proved it a very

fortunate one; for so deep was the snow on many parts of the road afterward traversed, that it would have been impracticable to get a wheel-carriage forward, and it must have been deserted on the prairie. There was much to do, however, about our new equipage, before we could get started; and while our driver looked after his horses, one of the passengers had to shovel the snow out of the sleigh, another to drive a pin through the tongue in order to fasten on the leaders; and a third, after filling the bottom with hay, to adjust the baggage, &c. &c. All this, with the aid of the stout Chippeway and the active young eastern traveller, was soon effected; and the former taking his seat with the driver on a board in front, while the latter shared half of my buffalo robes and stowed himself upon the hay with me in the rear, *madame* was well accommodated, with the cushions taken from the stage, on a trunk placed in the middle; and some heated stones being brought from the house and placed beneath her feet just as we started, no grandmother could sit more comfortably in her cushioned pew in old Trinity.

A fast drive of twelve miles brought us at noon, to another island of timber, where a little piquant girl of sixteen, with sloe-black eyes and glossy locks as dark as night, arranged a plain but neat meal for us, and gave a relish to the entertainment by loosing one of the most vivacious tongues I had heard wag in the last three months. Here we changed horses; and a ride of sixteen miles more brought us about nightfall to a place called "Walk-

er's Grove," where two or three log huts were sheltered from the north wind under an island of tall timber, and in one of which we have established ourselves for the night. A pile of burr-oak, which makes a capital fire, flames up the enormous wooden chimney before me; and a number of stout yeomen around it, engaged in discussing the price of horses on the Wabash, prevent me, while handling a matter of such moment, from enlarging more upon the few objects of interest which have presented themselves to-day.

Ottawa, Illinois, January 16.

I was hardly dressed this morning, when my only remaining fellow traveller—the lady and the half-blood having parted company last evening—called me to the door to "see the cloud of *prairie hens* before it." I looked out, and there indeed, sure enough the oaks within gunshot of the porch were so loaded with grouse, that they showed more like a flock of pigeons than a covey of game birds. Having broken my gun, however, it was intolerably vexatious to see such capital shots thrown away; while these fine birds, in those districts where I was prepared to bag them, were too wild to approach within shooting distance at all.

The sleigh soon after came to the door, our driver having diminished his team by two horses, to meet probably the reduction of passengers already mentioned; and about a hundred yards from the house we crossed a broad brook known as the Au Sable River, and commenced ascending the bank

beyond. But the snow was deep, and the heavy drift having had its surface frozen over during the preceding night, our single pair of horses were unable to drag through it the clumsy sled behind them. They plunged in up to their chests. "Go ahead, Sam! gie up Major!" shouted the driver. But *Sam* was thoroughly planted; while the *Major*, in trying to sustain his military character by obeying orders, gave one spring, and, floundering over the traces, was buried in the snow up to his crupper, and placed *nolens volens*, in full as quiescent a condition as the already settled Sam. For all of us to get out and take hold of the bits, was the next move; but it wouldn't do. Sam, indeed, seemed a little inclined to make a retrograde movement, by kicking out the footboard with his heels; while the Major, having gathered new energy for another charge, wasted his fire in lifting up his knees as high as his mouth, and ineffectually throwing his fore hoofs in advance on the crusted snow: handling his feet the while much after the manner of the rampant unicorn on a calico stamp, who, unmindful of the mottoed garter he treads under his foot, so bravely paws the crown which the complaisant lion is pushing towards him. The driver at last became convinced of the necessity of returning for another pair of horses; and a young colt called Blackhawk, with a hoary old plough horse named Judge, were, after a little delay, procured, and placed in advance of Sam and the Major on the top of the bank. Poor Sam seemed to dislike having the Judge's fetlocks brought so

immediately in contact with his nose, they being nearly on a horizontal line; and he was accordingly inclined to retreat upon his haunches, beneath which the snow formed so easy a cushion; but a single crack from the driver's whip sent the Major charging so vigorously upon Blackhawk, that the sable young chief gave a bound which carried us through the difficulty in a trice, and sent our vehicle skimming far over the prairie.

The grove in which we had passed the night soon vanished from sight, and a boundless expanse of snow-covered surface lay like an ocean before us. The arch of the clear blue sky seemed to spring at once from the silvered earth, which shone under the bright January sun with an intensity almost painful to the eye. The blue vault above, and the white plain below, were the only objects that met its glances as they roamed for miles around; yet no one could complain of sameness in the tints of a picture so vast, a scene so illimitable. The immensity of the prospect seemed to exclude the idea of monotony, and perfect solitude was only wanting in such a scene to make one feel its grandeur. The lively rattle of my companion, however, whose society after travelling so long entirely alone, I found no slight acquisition, prevented me from realizing its full effect; and when, after riding for about twelve miles, an island of timber hove in sight, while the beautiful sky of the morning clouded over, and the cold wind, which began to set in from the west, indicated that the twelve miles we had yet to travel before we should

reach the first house across this arm of the prairie would be anything but agreeable—I was contented to wrap myself as closely as possible in my buffalo robe, and join him in a game of *prairie loo*. Lest you might search vainly in Hoyle for this pastime, I must inform you that the game consists merely in betting upon the number of wild animals seen by either party towards the side of the vehicle on which he is riding, a wolf or deer counting ten, and a grouse one. The game is a hundred; and you may judge of the abundance of these animals from our getting through several games before dinner—my companion looing me with eleven wolves. Some of these fellows would stand looking at us within half gunshot, as we rode by them; while the grouse would rise continually from under our very horses' feet.

Before we had got through the twenty-four miles, the scene enacted at starting was to be repeated with improvement; for on coming to the edge of a frozen gully, our two leaders, in their anxiety to avoid former difficulties, gave such a spring that they sunk through the ice to their shoulders on the opposite side; while the wheel-horses, being thrown down, were driven by the runners of the sleigh against the sharp edges of the ice thus exposed, and one of them was terribly lacerated. It was the unfortunate Sam, who, poor fellow, not having been watered since the morning, lay quietly on his side in the traces, with his fore legs up the slope, and his hinder ones in the pool, eating the snow thus brought in contact with

his mouth, apparently perfectly unconscious of his wounds. Blackhawk and the Judge, of course, came to an anchor when they found such an accumulated weight dragging behind them; while the spirited Major seemed to be thoroughly dejected at this second discomfiture, and allowed us to turn him over and put him on his feet with scarcely the interposition of a struggle. Not far from the scene of this catastrophe we crossed the Au Page, a narrow stream, with smooth banks, utterly divested of shrubbery; and after, in the next eight miles, encountering two or three tremendous snow-banks, where our horses were frequently immersed to their cruppers, and whence nothing but the leaders, from their firm footing beyond, dragging the wheel-horses through the heavy drift, could have extricated us, we reached a beautiful grove of elms and oaks, and stopped to change our worn-out team.

Entering a log cabin, not at all differing from the usual dwellings of the frontier settlers, I found a choice collection of books in one corner—a volume, a fine old edition of Algernon Sidney's works being the first book I took up; and, upon entering into conversation with the occupants of the cabin, I found that degree of general cultivation which, though not unfrequently met with on the frontier, still always strikes a stranger with novelty; and yet I know no reason why the fullest expanding of the intellect is incompatible with the handling of an axe, or the most luxuriant development of the imagination with following the plough. The farmer, of all operatives, has, perhaps, the most time

for improvement; and when he dwells in a land where, while nature showers her choicest bounties, man passes towards it from every side, and contributes on his new coming to the general stock of ideas, keeping, by this lively interchange, those already afloat in active circulation, there is every thing in his circumstances to make him acute and reflective, and to liberalize his mind, if not to polish his manners.

It would be giving you a wrong impression, however, did I allow you to gather from this that the oldest western settlers of this country are by any means so familiar with books as the emigrants from the east; for among the latter there are many persons of altered circumstances, who, having once enjoyed better opportunities for literary culture, carry the traces of their old habits with them into the new scenes to which they so readily adapt themselves. Fluency of language, with an ease and power of expression which sometimes swells to the dignity of eloquence, and often displays itself in terms of originality at once humorous and forcible, constitute the conversational resources of the western man; but as his knowledge is gathered almost altogether from conversation, he wants that exact acquaintance with facts and things which enriches the intellectual armoury of his eastern brother in a similar situation of life. My opportunities as yet of forming an opinion might, perhaps, be questioned by one who did not know that the southern part of Michigan, and the northern sections of Illinois, are settled by people from almost every state in the Union. Hav-

ing now traversed them both, I may venture the above observation, at least with you.

A dinner of grouse at this place came very opportunely after our keen ride of twenty-four miles over the prairie without once stopping; and, by way of varying our customary fare of bacon and corn-bread along the road, we purchased a few brace of these fine birds for a mere trifle, there being at hand a coopful of them just caught alive upon the premises.

It was just sunset when, after riding about thirteen miles over a dreary looking prairie, we came suddenly to one of those *steppes* into which these singular plains sometimes break so beautifully; and, looking down over two broad platforms, which successively projected their flat surfaces and angular edges below us, beheld the Illinois River winding through the lowest meadow, and receiving its tributary, the Fox River, opposite the little village of Ottawa. It seemed to repose upon a rich alluvial flat, with the rocky bluffs of the Illinois rising in a regular line to the height of seventy or eighty feet immediately in the rear; while their rugged and varying outline, both above and below, towered opposite to a much greater height. The warm light of the setting sun resting upon their mossy edges, and touching with freshness an evergreen that sprouted here and there among the cliffs, while the rising mists of evening imparted a bluish tint to the distant windings of the smooth valley below, gave an Italian softness to the landscape but little in unison with the icy rigours that enchained the streams to

which in summer it must owe its greatest beauty. A mile or two farther brought us over the frozen river to the comfortable frame house from which this letter is dated.

Ottawa, which is situated a few miles above the head of steamboat navigation on the Illinois, is from its central situation, gradually becoming a place of some commercial importance, though still a mere hamlet in size. It was within six miles of this place that the worst of the Indian horrors were perpetrated during the difficulties with the Sacs and Foxes in 1832. You must remember the newspaper accounts of every member of two families being butchered, except two young girls, who were carried into captivity, and afterward recovered from the Indians.* There was a singular fatality attending this melancholy affair, which makes it worth while to recall some of the particulars. According to my informant, the heads of both families, who lived in the same or adjoining houses, had more than once removed their wives and children into Ottowa, upon false alarms of the approach of the Indians; and one of them, from some new warning on the very day on which the event took place, was again moving the united establishment in wagons to the same place of security, when he met the other, who so opposed and ridiculed the idea, that they returned together. An hour or two after they were at work, within a few yards of the door, when a band of Indians appeared, and with a triumphant yell sur-

* See Note N

rounded the house in an instant. Armed only with their tools of husbandry, they did not hesitate to make an attack upon an enemy that outnumbered them so as to make the attempt to get into the house and reach their rifles perfect madness. It is needless to add, that they were shot down, tomahawked, and scalped in an instant; not, however, as some say, before they had witnessed some of the atrocities practised upon the feebler members of their families. These, both before and after death, are too shocking to mention.

"Why, sir," said an Illinois man to me, who was on the spot shortly afterward, "those Indians behaved most *ridiculous*. They dashed children's brains against the door-posts; they cut off their heads; they tore—;" but the detail to which my informant applied so quaint an epithet is one that I would not think for a moment of giving you. I must not forget to add, that the two surviving females, after losing every near blood relative in this horrible manner, have lately found legal protectors, and are now settled in life as respectable married women. I had previously, even as far north as the borders of Michigan, in Indiania, seen stockades erected in the open prairie as a place of refuge for the settlers, with other similar marks of the late border strife, but had no idea till this evening that I was approaching the seat of the bloodiest acts of the unhappy contest. The neutral Indians, who disappeared from this part of the country at the time, are now, I am told dispersed again in large numbers over the neighbourhood. They are

perfectly harmless; but, though treated with great kindness by the new emigrants, there will probably never again be much confidence between them and the old settlers. The latter somehow seem to have long regarded the Indians as hereditary enemies; and the events of 1832 have given new vigour to dislikes which seemed to be gradually losing their rancour. A man who has to plough with a heavy rifle ready loaded, slung to his back, day after day, while he fears even to send his child to the spring for a pail of water, may be well excused for being warm upon a subject which must thus fill his thoughts and harass his mind throughout each hour of the day. It is therefore useless to argue with an Illinois "Indian hater." What cares he for the "lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," which you tell him often beset the red man's wigwam before his ancestors made good their footing on another's land. He thinks but of the frantic outrages he has witnessed in his own day. He thinks of his often abandoned husbandry, "while that the coulter rusts" corrupting in its own fertility. He thinks of his butchered friends and neighbours—of his wife and offspring slaughtered upon his hearthstone—asks bitterly how you could

"Look to see
The blind and bloody savage with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters:
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers, with their howls confused,
Do break the clouds."

An accumulation of horrid images, which shows with what fearful fidelity Shakspeare would have painted Indian warfare, had these wild tragedies of our day been acted in his.

LETTER XVIII.

Frozen Cascade—Banks of Vermillion River—Icy Descent—Indian Trails—Slippery Bluffs—Picturesque Spot—Starved Rocks—Our Hostess—Boundless Plain—Beautiful Scene—Frozen Gully—Critical Situation—Danger from Frost—A Flourishing Farmer—Wolves—A Travelling Bride.

Boyd's Grove, Illinois, Jan. 25th, 1834.

It was so long since I had seen a stone at all deserving the name of a rock, that I took a good deal of satisfaction in scaling the bluffs of the Illinois, and traversing the adjacent ravines, before getting out on the prairie the morning that I left Ottawa. In one of these rocky gullies,—which run generally at right angles to the river, and with their preciptous walls in one place, and cavernous passages beneath the jutting limestone in another, often form some picturesque dell, or afford a romantic glimpse of the open country beyond,—I saw the first cascade I have met with since leaving Pennsylvania. The fall was not more than ten feet; but the column of water, being frozen in a solid sheet as white as the purest porcelain, presented a

very singular appearance as it raised its pale glistening front beneath a canopy of stunted cedars, whose green branches impended from the rocks above. Our sleigh, after winding for some time among this broken ground, and passing over one or two small but beautiful pieces of bottom land lying among the ravines, reached at last the top of the bluff, where, instead of descending on the other side, the level prairie extended as far as the eye could reach beyond. A few hours' drive brought us to a log cabin, which was our place for dining and changing horses; and here we found that, owing to the newness of the route, arrangements were not yet completed for the public conveyances going farther. Hearing a stranger speaking in terms of enthusiasm of the fine view from "Starved Rock,"—a detached crag some two hundred feet high, on the banks of the Illinois, where one band of Indians was surrounded and starved to death by another, (I refer you to "Flint's Valley of the Mississppi" for the legend,)—I made arrangements to visit the spot in the morning.

A chill north-easter swept over the bleak prairie, as my travelling companion and myself, mounted upon two miserable nags, neither of which was shod, struck on an Indian trail that brought us in an hour's ride to the craggy and precipitous banks of the Vermillion River, which it was necessary to cross. A sickly-looking but rather interesting woman came out of a miserable log hut—beside which, housed under a few boards, stood a handsome barouche—to direct us where to descend the

bank; and my friend on foot leading his horse, mine followed trembling after him; and, notwithstanding the steep path was glazed with ice, we descended the first pitch in safety.

Pausing for a moment, the confused masses of rock, with trees and shrubs of all kinds growing in their crevices, reminded me, as I looked around, of more than one scene of the kind in the river counties of my native state. It was now my turn to lead down the next pitch, which led to the frozen bed of the river. Upon gaining the edge I perceived that the descent was a perfect glare of ice; and pausing a moment to hand a loaded gun, which I carried, to my companion, lest it might be discharged in the accident which I anticipated, my horse lost his footing even as I turned in the saddle, and falling flat over upon me, down we slid together. I had not gone two yards, however, before a small jutting rock brought me, but little bruised, to an anchorage; while my unfortunate consort, after sliding over a part of my person, went, though struggling fearfully to regain his feet, slipping to the bottom. He landed at last erect, with his face up the ascent, and though now on the level ice of the river, the poor brute seemed to think he was still midway on the declivity he had been hurried over so roughly; for, without looking at all behind him, he stood trembling for an instant, and then, in spite of all the outcry we could raise to keep him back, commenced ascending to where we stood, and actually persevered till he had gained the place from whence he had started. The only

way now to effect our purpose was for one to go below and the other to drive the horses down to him. This we indeed did; and I do not know when I have been more amused, than upon seeing my worthy Rozinante, as if taught by past experience, quietly, when he found he must go, placing himself upon his haunches, and sliding down the little hill with veteran skill and coolness.

Crossing the Vermillion, we were compelled to drive our horses in the same way up the bank on the opposite side; and, by catching hold of the branches of trees, drag ourselves after them as we best could. Once on the height, nothing but a level plain of rich prairie land lay between us and the bluffs of the Illinois. It was crossed here and there at intervals of a few miles with Indian trails, about a foot in width, and worn as deep as if they had been trod for centuries. They ran in various directions, and were generally as straight as the flight of an arrow. A heavy rain throughout the previous night had swept all the snow from the prairie, and these black lines drawn over its brown surface were now perceptible at a great distance. A long reach of woodland immediately before us indicated our approach to the Illinois bottoms; but on entering the timbered ground, where the snow still lingered in considerable quantities, we found ourselves on the slippery bluffs, a hundred feet above the level of the river opposite, without the possibility of descending to its bed. These bluffs were divided at intervals by the romantic ravines already described; and having now dis-

covered that we had entirely missed the road to "The Starved Rock," it only remained for us to attempt descending through these passages, and find the place by a route of our own. We led the way by turns, and urging our unwilling horses down the frozen beds of the little streams which impart their coolness in autumn to these sequestered dells, we tried three ravines in succession without attaining our object. One would bring us up against a dead wall of limestone, in the crevices of whose base the rill we had been following suddenly disappeared; a second carried us to the abrupt edge of a precipice, about fifty feet above the river, whose rich bottoms, extending far away below, reminded me, with the occasional copses and detached clumps of trees which studded them, of points of views in the valley of the Mohawk. Nothing, on so small a scale, could be more picturesque than the nook to which the third ravine led us. It was to the upper edge of a double cascade, over the second fall of which an arch of rock projected, so as to shut out from view the basin into which the water finally fell below. The passage through which we reached the spot was a mere fissure in the side hill; and when, not wishing to get my feet wet, I urged my horse to the brink of the little cascade, the long icicles pendent from the hanging rock above were almost within reach of my riding whip. A number of gnarled and stunted cedars, "moist trees that have outlived the eagle," fling their dusky branches over the chasm; and when summer foliage glitters on the

tall stems whose naked boughs project above them, the sun must be wholly excluded from this cool retreat.

Our horses were so fagged out when we extricated ourselves from this ravine, that we did not think it well to try another; and my companion being afraid of freezing his feet, which were wet from his having dismounted at the most difficult parts of the descent, I was sorry to be compelled to give up the search and return to our lodgings, after an eight hours' ride, without having seen the interesting point we had taken so much trouble to attain.*

The mail contractor, resident at Chicago, had arrived at the farm house during our absence; and hearing that two gentlemen were detained upon

* An unknown correspondent has politely furnished the author with the following account of this interesting point, as given in "a letter from a friend, still roaming over the beautiful prairies of Illinois."

"I climbed the Indian path until I reached the summit of Starved Rock. This celebrated rock is said to be two hundred and fifty feet high. It is a stupendous pile, nearly as large at the top as at the base, and is accessible at one place only; in every other direction it is nearly perpendicular, and more than half its base is washed by the Illinois, which is here from three to four feet deep.

"The summit is circular and almost level, containing about an acre; and now has on it a thick growth of young timber. There is still lying a great quantity of the bones of the Indians who were starved to death by a hostile tribe. I picked up on the side of the pass, and dug out of the earth, several arrow points. At one place, where there appears a possibility of scaling the rock, an intrenchment is dug and breastwork thrown up. After passing an hour on the summit, we descended to our boat at the foot of the rock, and proceeded on our voyage."—See note O.

the road, had, with great politeness, at once taken measures to send us on the next morning. The room, too, in which we had slept before—four in two beds and three on the floor—had now been vacated by five of its occupants, and my companion and I each appropriated a couch to himself. We were hardly warm under the cover, however, before the tramping of horses, with the sound of travellers' voices, was heard without; and the good dame thrust her head into the room, in the vain expectation of showing them an unoccupied bed. My companion pretended to be in a sound sleep; and I intimated that I should betake myself to my buffalo robe and the floor, in case a bedfellow were thrust in upon me: whereat the kind lady was exceedingly miffed; and we could hear her through the board partition, a moment afterward, expressing herself after this amiable fashion:—"Ugh! great people, truly! a bed to themselves, the hogs! They travel together—and they eat together—and they eat enough, too,—and yet they can't sleep together!" Here the husband, a respectable middle-aged man, who did every thing to make our situation comfortable during the thirty-six hours we spent at his cabin, interposed, and silenced his better half; and, the new comers wrapping themselves in their cloaks before the fire, in a few minutes all became still about the establishment.

The good dame, who must have been a fine-looking woman in her day, and was, I believe, in spite of her scolding ways, really well disposed towards us at heart, gave us a capital cup of coffee

and a kind farewell in the morning. A four horse wagon, with an active driver, quickly accomplished a mile of rough road through the grove, and brought us once more to the edge of the smooth prairie. I can conceive nothing more desolate than the appearance of that boundless plain. The fires had traversed it in the autumn as far as the eye could reach, and the snow having now disappeared entirely from the upland, the black and charred surface was all that met our vision wherever it wandered: a dark sullen sky which lowered overhead added not a little to the gloominess of the prospect; and the day being excessively cold, our ride for the next fifteen miles over this dreary plain was anything but agreeable. At last we came to some broken ground, dotted here and there with a handful of shrubbery, from which every moment a pack of grouse, and occasionally a bevy of quail would rise. The little village of Hennepin—called after Father Hennepin—next hove in sight: though it lay so sheltered along the banks of the Illinois that we were nearly upon the hamlet before its vicinity was discoverable.

After stopping an hour or two to dine and feed our horses, we left the driver to take a circuitous route down the steep bank, which though not rocky, is about sixty feet high, and very precipitous on that side of the river; while my friend and I descended to the ice, and walked over the river, which was here a broad and noble stream, with some beautiful alluvial islands on its bosom. The difference of temperature here and on the bleak

prairie above was astonishing; and when I sat down upon a fallen tree among the tangled vines of the rich bottom opposite to Hennepin, and watched a flock of green parroquets fluttering among the wych-elms which here and there skirted the shore, while the sun, for a moment piercing his murky veil touched with gold the icicles that glazed their drooping branches, I could fancy myself transported to a different climate. The driver overtook us at last, and then we commenced making our way through a timbered bottom, which for appearance of rank fertility, excelled any spot I have ever beheld. The trees were of enormous size, and seemed chained together at every point by huge vines, which clambered to their very summits, locking the stately stems in their ponderous embrace, and clasping each outer bough with some twining tendril. Having thus secured its prey on one tree, the vine would seem, like a living animal, to have bounded to another, and fastened its eager grasp upon some limb as yet untouched. Beneath the whole an interminable growth of underwood, protected by the woven canopy above, and flourishing rankly in its living fetters,

> "Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
> Put forth disordered twigs."

A half-hour's ride carried us through this teeming region to the foot of a steep and open-wooded hill, which ascending with some difficulty, we came out once more upon the prairie, and found the change of temperature instantaneous. The road

over the dry glassy plain was very good, however, for the first six or eight miles; and as the evening began to close in intensely cold, we rattled them off in a very short time. At last we came to a deep frozen gully, in crossing which our leaders bruised themselves so badly by breaking through the ice, that when we reached a spot of the same kind, but rather worse, a mile or two in advance, the frightened animals recoiled from the place, and refused to cross it. Our driver, a doughty little chap, abought four feet eleven, who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and was a capital whip by-the-by, after using every exertion to get his whole team over, was at last compelled to give up the point, and proceed to detach the leaders from the wheel-horses. This, with our aid, was soon done; and my companion remaining with the leaders on one side, Samson and I made a dash at the frozen brook, and breaking through in the midst, the horses gave such a spring to free themselves from the wagon, that the swingletree-bolt snapped; and had not the heroic little champion held on to the reins as tenaciously as did his namesake to the gates of Gaza, we might have been left a prey to the next drove of Philistinean wolves that should rove the prairie in quest of a supper.

Samson, however, was true to his name; and with a mighty arm bringing up his foaming steeds all standing, we crawled over the head of the rampant wagon, (the hind-wheels only had gone through the ice,) and sprang to the firm ground. The swingletree was soon tinkered fast again; but

now came the difficulty of getting the unwilling leaders over, who, it is presumed, had been no uninterested spectators of what had just been going forward: coaxing and whipping availed nothing; and we at last succeeded only by buckling two pair of reins together and passing them over the brook, two of us pulling on the horse's mouths, while the third applied a smart castigation behind. One of the poor animals again broke in, and floundered dreadfully before he reached a firm footing on the other side. But this was not the worst; our poor little Samson, in attempting to jump, floundered in up to his knees, and suffered much inconvenience from it afterward. The evening was indeed so cold, that our wheel-horses, who were coated with ice, their long tails being actually frozen solid, were in danger of freezing to death, had we been compelled to delay much longer. But placing now the leaders on the firm ground beyond them, one smart pull served to extricate the wagon from the hole, and deliver us from our quandary.

We had five or six miles still to go before reaching a house; and feeling some anxiety about Samson's wet feet, we urged him to put the horses —nothing loath when once started—to the top of their speed. He did indeed drive furiously; but when we arrived at the house whence I write, the poor fellow's feet were frozen. Rushing at once to the fire, he would undoubtedly have lost them, had there not chanced to be a physician present, who directed us what to do. The good humoured

little patient was removed without delay to the back part of the room; and we commenced pouring water into his boots until they melted from his feet, the temperature of the water being gradually heightened until it became blood-warm, while a bucket of ice-water stood by for the sufferer to thrust his feet in, whenever the returning circulation became too violent for him to endure. In the morning, though his feet were dreadfully swollen, he was enabled, by tying them up in thick horse-blankets, to move about, and even return with his team. To the simple and judicious suggestions of the travelling physician present, our little hero was, in all probability, indebted for escaping a most awful calamity;—a settler in this neighbourhood having lost both legs a few days since by an exposure similar to Samson's.

I am now staying at the house of a flourishing farmer, whose sturdy frame, bold features, and thick long black hair, would, with his frank address, afford as fine a specimen of the western borderer as one could meet with, and never allow you to suspect that ten or fifteen years ago he was a New-York tradesman. He lives, like all other people of this country, in a log cabin, which has many comforts about it, however, not usually found in these primitive domicils. Having a large family, with no neighbours nearer than ten miles on one side and twenty on the other, he maintains a schoolmaster to instruct his children: the room I occupy at night being fitted up with desks and benches as a school-room. His farm, which lies along the

edge of a beautiful and well watered grove, supplies him with almost every thing that he wants; and having once pursued a different mode of life, he seems now to realize the full independence of his situation, more even than those who have always been brought up as farmers. I told him this morning, as he sallied out to cut wood, with his two sons, axe in hand, all clad in their belted capotes and white woollen hoods, that I should like to meet his sun-burnt features and independent step in Broadway, to see how many of his old acquaintances would recognise the pale mechanic in the brown back-woodsman. He promised me, if he came in winter, to appear with the guise in which I then beheld him; adding, in western phraseology, "The way in which folks 'll stare, squire, will be a *caution*."

After being detained here some days waiting for the St. Louis mail-wagon, and losing my travelling companion, who, having bought a horse, has gone on by himself, I have concluded that it would never do to go out of this country without visiting Galena and the mining country; and as there is now a public conveyance thither, I shall take the first opportunity to go with it. I have amused myself for the last three nights in watching for wolves by moonlight, at the edge of the wood, a few hundred yards from the house. They come howling round the house after night fall, and if one is "in luck" at all, are easily shot. But last night, after leaving my position but for five minutes, I heard the report of a rifle: and hastening to the spot, where a lad

stayed to fill my place for a moment, I found that a gray and a black wolf, of the largest kind, had approached suddenly within two or three yards of the muzzle of his gun, and startled him so that he missed them both. In the confident hope of their return—for the bait that we had thrown about the place was still there—I took the little fellow's place, and wrapping myself in a buffalo-skin, lay watching on the ground till nearly daybreak; and the enemy then not making his appearance, I was glad to creep shivering to bed.

Upon entering my room, which contained two beds, I observed after striking a light, that the one opposite to mine was occupied by some new comers; while a sheet suspended from the ceiling near the pillow, and concealing the phrenology of its occupants from view, was evidently meant as a *caveat* against reconnoitring that part of the apartment. I had some piquant reflections when a respectable looking traveller and a pretty young woman, who I was told was a bride on her way to St. Louis, breakfasted with us the next morning.

You shall hear from me next at Galena. Till then, farewell!

LETTER XIX.

Lonely Prospect—Painted Pottawattamies—A Borderer—Supper—Indian Language—Indian Encampment—A Runaway—A Wolf—Dixon's Ferry—Buffalo Grove—Fatal Ambush—Secluded Dells—Deserted Cottage—Galena.

Galena, Upper Mississippi, Feb. 1.

A FURIOUS squall of snow, which would have rendered it impossible to keep a given road in crossing the prairie, subsided before night fall, on the day that I left Boyd's Grove, bound for the Upper Mississippi; and as the calm clear sky of evening succeeded, our sleigh glided over the open plain at a rate which soon made the cabins behind us disappear in the distance; while four fleet horses, with a good driver, and but one passenger, swiftly accomplished the short stage of twelve miles, and brought us to the room where we were to pass the night. The intervening prairie for the first six miles was high and level, with not a stick of timber—one broad snow-covered plain, where you could see the dark figure of a wolf for miles off, as it stood in relief against the white unbroken surface. A prospect more bleak and lonely, when night is closing in, and you press towards some distant grove, whose tree-tops cannot yet be discovered above the monotonous plains, is inconceivable. Presently,

however, you come to a break in the prairie; a slight descent next shelters you somewhat from the wind; and now you can discover a wood, which hitherto had appeared many miles off, or perhaps was not perceptible at all, that has pushed a scattered clump of trees here and there, like an advanced guard, under cover of the ravine. You come to the brink of another platform, and you are on the edge of a grove; while for twenty miles ahead the eye ranges over what looks like a shallow basin of immense extent, broken occasionally by dusky masses, which seem rather to repose upon than to spring out of its surface: such was the view in advance, from a point about six miles from Boyd's Grove. The elevation from which we descended was not more than twenty feet, and it commanded a prospect of as many miles. It was like looking from the edge of a snow-covered desert upon a frozen lake, with its isles, headlands, and scattered rocks, and its waters riveted as fast as they. The rosy rays of the setting sun still lingered over the scene, as on one they longed to set free from the icy chains which bound it; while the calm pale moon grew momentarily more bright, as if her cold beams borrowed lustre from the extent of pure white surface over which they shone.

A single room, miserably built of logs—the interstices of which were so unskilfully filled up with mud that I could hear the night-wind whistling through them as we drove up to the door—was to be our lodging for the night. A couple of rifles, with a powderhorn and a pair of Indian blankets,

lay without, and two painted Pottawattamies were crouched on the hearth, as I entered the cabin. One of them, a slight but elegantly formed youth of twenty, sprang at once to his feet; while the other, a dark, ill-looking negro-faced fellow, retained his squatting posture. They were dressed in complete suits of buckskin; both having their ears bored in several places, with long drops of silver pendent in thick bunches therefrom; while broad plates suspended over their chests, with armlets of the same metal, made quite a rich display. Their dress* was, however, the only point in which they resembled each other; and the aquiline nose, keen eyes, and beautifully arched brows of the one contrasted as strongly with the heavy, inexpressive look and thick lips of the other, as did the closely-fitting hunting-frock of the first, which a black belt sown thick with studs of brass secured to his erect form, with the loose shirt that crumpled around the crouching person of the other.

A hard-featured borderer, with long sandy hair flowing from under a cap of wolf-skin, and dressed in a bright green capote with an orange-coloured sash, sat smoking a pipe on the other side of the fireplace; while one foot dangled from the bed on which he had placed himself, and another rested on a Spanish saddle, whose holsters were brought so near to the fire, as it lay thus carelessly thrown in a corner, that the brazen butts of a pair of heavy pistols were continually exposed to view by the flickering light. A pale, sickly-looking woman,

* See Note P.

with an infant in her arms, and two small children clinging around her lap, sat in the centre, and completed the group. Her husband and another, a hanger-on of the establishment, had stepped out to look after our horses as we drove up to the door. The apartment, which was not more than twenty feet square, was cumbered up with four beds; and when I thought how many there were to occupy them, and observed a thin cotton curtain flapping against a wide unglazed opening, which formed the only window of this forlorn chamber, I thought that the prospect of comfortable accommodation for the night was anything but promising. Presently, however, the landlord entered with an armful of burr-oak and split hickory, which crackled and sputtered at a rate that made the Indians withdraw from the ashes. The good woman placed her child in a rude cradle and bestirred herself with activity and good humour in getting supper; while the frontiersman, knocking the ashes from his tomahawk-pipe, passed me a flask of Ohio whiskey, which, after my cold ride, had all the virtue of Monongahela. Some coarse fried pork, with a bowl of stewed hominy, hot rolls and wild honey, did not then come amiss, especially when backed by a cup of capital coffee from the lower country; though the right good will with which we all bent to this important business of eating, did not prevent me from noticing the Frenchman-like particularity with which the Indians ate from but one dish at a time, though tasting every thing upon the table.

The best looking of the two, though daubed with

paint to a degree that made him look perfectly savage, was almost the only Indian I had yet found who could talk English at all; and he seemed both amused and interested while I read over to him a slight vocabulary of words in his own language, as I had taken down the terms occasionally in my pocket-book, and was evidently gratified when I added to their number from his lips. He spoke the language, indeed, with a clearness and distinctness of enunciation such as I have only heard before from a female tongue; and the words thus pronounced had a delicacy and music in their sound entirely wanting in the usual slovenly utterance of Indians. You would have been struck, too, in the midst of our philological task, to see the grim-looking savage bend over and rock the cradle, as the shivering infant would commence crying behind us. In this way the evening passed rapidly enough; and then the good dame with her husband and children taking one bed, the green rider and I took each another, while the stage-driver and remaining white man shared the fourth together. The Indians brought in their guns and blankets from without, and making a mattress of my buffalo-skin, they placed their feet to the fire, and after a chirping conversation of a few minutes beneath their woollen togery, sunk to slumber.

The moon was still shining brightly above as I sallied out an hour before dawn to wash in the snow, and finish in the open air the toilet commenced in the crowded shantee. Our sleigh, a low clumsy pine box on a pair of ox-runners, was soon

after at the door; and covering up my extremities as well as I could in the wild hay which filled the bottom (for the morning was intensely cold), I wound my fur robe around my head to keep my face from freezing, and soon found myself gliding at a prodigious rate over the smooth prairie. The sun was several hours high when we struck a fine grove of timber, through which the small but rapid river Huron takes its way; and thrashing through the wintry stream, we merely paused long enough at a shantee on the opposite side to adjust some of our harness which was broken while fording the torrent, and reached a comfortable log cabin, in which we breakfasted at noon. There was an Indian encampment within gunshot of the house; and seeing a melancholy looking squaw with an infant in her arms hanging about the farm house, I left my landlady turning some venison cutlets and grilled grouse, to see how the aborigines fared in this cold weather. A pretty Indian girl of fourteen, driving a couple of half-starved ponies, indicated the camp of her friends. They proved to be a very inferior band, having but two hunters, and those inefficient looking fellows, to a score of women and children. Sheer necessity had compelled them to encamp near a settlement; and a more squallid, miserable looking set of creatures I never beheld. The chief of the party, contrary to the usual Indian custom, had let his beard* grow till it stood out in small tufts from every part of his sinister-looking, smoke-dried face; and the thong

* See note Q.

of leather which sustained his scalping-knife seemed to answer the double purpose of binding the fragments of his greasy and tattered capote to his body, and of keeping the loosely hung component parts of the body itself together. A bluff-faced English looking white youth of eighteen, with a shock head of reddish curly hair, and wearing a hunting-frock of some coarse material, striped like a bed-ticking, secured to his body with a red belt, from which a hatchet was suspended, was assisting him in "spancelling" a refractory pony. The young gentleman, as I afterward learned, *belonged* to the tribe—some runaway apprentice, perhaps, who thought he was playing Rolla. The rest of the mongrel concern dodged like beavers beneath the mats of their smoky wigwams, as I approached their common fire to warm myself.

Returning to the farm house, I found a little girl playing on the floor with several strings of beads, which the squaw first mentioned had just parted with to purchase food for her starving infant. The family, however, though they suffered the child to retain the ornaments, supplied the poor woman with food and comforts to ten times their value. The Indian mother, I was told, though nearly fainting from exhaustion, asked for nothing except for her child; and seemed deeply affected when after by signs apprizing the whites of her situation, she obtained the required sustenance.

Upon emerging from this grove and getting out once more on the prairie, I could distinguish a solitary horseman, followed by his dog, coming

towards us, at least a mile off; and remarking, that as they approached us the distance between the man and his canine companion increased at a very unusual rate, I was induced to scan the appearance of the latter as he passed within rifle-shot of our sleigh after his master was out of hail. It proved to be an enormous wolf; and we actually tracked the fellow for eighteen miles, to a thick brake on the banks of a frozen stream, from which he had first leaped into the traveller's tracks, and steadily followed on in his horse's steps to the point where he passed us. The cowardly rascal, being hard pushed with hunger, though he could have no idea of attacking the traveller by himself, had probably just trudged along mile after mile, in hope of raising a *posse comitatus* of his long-haired brethren along the road, or of availing himself after night fall of some accident that might overtake the horseman, who was unconscious of his volunteer escort. Had the man but turned his horse, and run the wolf a hundred yards, he would have rid himself of a companion that circumstances might possibly have rendered inconvenient.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the banks of Rock River, whose broad and limpid current was, of course, congealed by the rigours of winter. The enterprising and intelligent settler from the city of New-York, who though repeatedly driven off by the Indians, has been for fifteen years established at "Dixon's Ferry," detained me some time at dinner in expatiating upon the healthfulness of the adjacent country, and the

abundance of fish and game of all kinds which frequent the waters of the fine stream upon which he resides. The river which is navigable for boats of fifty tons nearly a hundred miles above the Mississippi, flows through a gentle valley, with the prairie sloping to its edge, upon either side, except when a group of bold rocks, forming a cave, whose entrance has a perfect Gothic arch of some twenty feet high, rear their sudden pinnacles above the farther bank. The smoothness of the adjacent ground is broken here and there by an open grove; while an occasional thicket, with one or two rankly overgrown alluvial islands in the river, must constitute a beautiful landscape in summer. This spot was General Atkinson's head-quarters during the Blackhawk war, and may be considered about the centre of operations during the recent Indian difficulties. A sharp ride of twelve miles over the open prairie brought us after dark to Buffalo grove, the scene of some of the most melancholy incidents that attended those commotions.

A party of four or five mounted travellers, bound from Galena for the lower country, were obliged to pass the grove on their route just after the difficulties with the Indians commenced. They had reached the edge of the grove, when one of the number, conceiving that it might harbour an ambush, suggested the expediency of deviating from the usual path, and taking a somewhat circuitous course. He was opposed, however, by his companions; and one of them, taunting him with an

unnecessary regard to prudence, spurred his horse, and advanced first into the fatal wood. His horse could have made but a few bounds—I have seen his grave, just within the edge of the grove—when an Indian bullet brought him to the ground; and his companions, wheeling on their track, for the present escaped farther mischief. On arriving at Dixon's Ferry, it was proposed the next day to return and bury the poor fellow, who had thus fallen a victim to his own rashness. Eight persons, among whom was Mr. Savary, the Indian agent for the hostile tribes, volunteered upon the kind office, which was performed without molestation; and the agent, with the greater part of those present, then kept on his way to the upper country; the rest, among whom was my informant, returning to their home on Rock River. A confused account is given of what followed; as four of Mr. Savary's party, including himself, were slain in another ambush; and those who escaped by the speed of their horses had but little opportunity, after the first surprise, to observe how their companions met their fate. It is agreed, however, that the unfortunate agent, turning in his saddle after the first fire, was shot in the act of appealing to the Indians as their friend and "father,"—the reply being a disclaimer of his official character, and the words, "We have no longer any white father," accompanying the discharge of the piece whose bullet pierced his brain. The head of the ill-fated gentleman, carried off by the Indians, is said to have been afterward recognised and re-

covered from the savage band. The Indians fired the house of the settler (an old New-Yorker) at Buffalo Grove; and the half-burnt timbers and lonely doorposts contrasted strangely, as I viewed them, in passing, by the morning sun, with the neat new log dwelling a few paces off, in which I had most comfortably spent the night before.

But these traces of savage war soon, by their frequency, become familiar.

The aspect of the country changes considerably soon after passing Rock River. The prairie is frequently broken by sudden ravines; the number of groves increases; the streams run more rapidly over their pebbly beds; and huge masses of crumbling rock rise like the ruined walls of old castles along the mimic vales through which they take their way. In these secluded dells a number of settlers had ventured to fix themselves along the Galena route; and though many have now returned to their precarious homes, the humble dwellings and various little improvements of others remain as they left them when fleeing with their families before the dreaded savage. With the appearance of one of these cottages I was struck particularly. The roots of a large tree, whose branches brushed a wall of rock opposite to it, had caused a sparkling brook to describe the form of a horse-shoe in winding through a small alluvial bottom, while a row of wild plum trees across the little peninsula thus formed divided it from the rest of the valley, and just left room enough for the cabin of the settler, with a few acres for a garden around his door. A

few acres more along the margin of the brook supplies another enclosure; and the fences and fixtures exhibited a degree of care and arrangement by no means common in this region. But the exiled owner had never returned to his tasteful though humble home. The open door swung loose upon a single hinge; the snow lay far within the threshold; and a solitary raven, perched upon the roof, seemed to consider the abode of desolation so much his own, that, heedless of a flock of his brothers which rose from some carrion near as we approached the place, he only moved sideways along the rafter, and gave a solitary croak as we drove by.

Approaching Galena, the country becomes still more broken and rocky, until at last a few short hills, here called "knobs," indicated our approach to Fever River: the river itself at once became visible when we had wound round the last of these, and got among the broken ravines that seam the declivity, sloping down for nearly a mile to its margin. Short sudden hills, the bluffs of the prairie beyond, partly wooded and partly faced with rock, formed the opposite shore; while the town of Galena lay scattered along their broken outline, as if some giant had pitched a handful of houses against the hill side, and the slimy mud (for which the streets of Galena are celebrated) had caused them to stick there. We crossed on the ice, and I am now once more in a frame house.

LETTER XX.

Journey Resumed—Old Indian Trader—Picturesque Costume—Striking Landscape—Literary Backwoodsman—Hostile Tribes—A Challenge—Beautiful Country—Sale of Lands—Miners—Desolate Region—Upper Mississippi—Prairie du Chien.

Prairie du Chien, Upper Mississippi, Feb. 5th.

I HAD only been in Galena a few hours, when I learned that a mail carrier was to start in the morning for fort Crawford on the Upper Mississippi, and determined at once to accompany him; deferring an examination of the country around Galena till my return. It was about eleven o'clock of a fine clear cold day, when my *compagnon de voyage*, a bluff-faced, curly-pated fellow, in a green blanket coat, drove up to the door in a better sleigh than I had seen on any of the post routes below; and wrapping myself up in a couple of buffalo robes and sundry blankets, I found myself, after ascending the rugged bluffs of Fever River, armed at all points to encounter the biting wind which swept the open plain beyond. And here I may remark, that although the cold winds in this prairie country have a power that I had no idea of till I experienced it, yet the people dress so much more rationally than they do at the north on the sea-board, that health and even comfort are but little invaded.

I remember, when first overtaken by the cold weather on the prairies, I was travelling with a simple furred wrapper as an overcoat and a pair of carpet socks over my boots; the last of which, from their clumsy and effeminate appearance, I long neglected to put on. But on arriving one night at a lonely shantee, I found an old Indian trader just disencumbering himself of his travelling gear, and the lesson has not been readily forgotten. His disrobing reminded me of the grave-digger in Hamlet with his sixteen jackets, (a stale joke, by the by, which is now rarely practised upon the stage,)—and a man-at-arms of the fifteenth century, with his armour of plate and triple coat of twisted mail, was not cased in better proof than was my Indian trader. Among the articles of dress that I recollect, were a blanket coat over an ordinary surtout, a plaid cloak upon that, and a buffalo robe trumping the whole; while three pair of woollen socks, buckskin moccasins, and long boots of buffalo-skin with the fur inside, assisted his leggins of green baize in keeping his extremities warm; and a huge hood and visor of fur set Jack Frost at defiance should he assail from above. I do not by any means mention all these defences as constituting the ordinary apparel of the country; for every one on the frontiers dresses just as he pleases, and whether he has his blankets and skins made up into coats and boots, or wears them loose about his person, no one comments upon it. The utmost freedom of dress prevails; and you may see the same person three days in succession with a leather hunting-shirt, a surtout

of scarlet woollen, or a coat of superfine broadcloth just from St. Louis, all worn in any company with the same air of independence; and while several colours and textures frequently combine in the same dress, the result is of course an outrageous violation of taste in individual instances, but great picturesqueness of costume upon the whole: the very figure whose apparel is most obnoxious to the laws of good taste as last enacted by fashion, being often that which, of all others, a painter would introduce into a landscape to relieve its colours, or copy for some romantic charm of its own.

The country through which we now drove, though only interspersed here and there with woodland, presented a very different appearance from the open prairie below. In the vicinity of Galena it was much broken by rocky ravines and deep gullies, which, in the spring of the year, must afford a ready passage for the water created by the melting of large bodies of snow; and far away towards the Mississippi, the inequalities of the surface showed like a distant range of mountains, that on nearer approach resolved themselves into three or four distinct hills, which again on reaching their banks proved to be only rocky eminences, of a few hundred feet elevation—standing isolated on the vast plain, like excrescences thrown up by some eruption from its surface. Beyond these, again, the country became beautifully undulating; and when the warm light of sunset glanced along the tall yellow grass which raised its tapering spears above the snowy surface, and the purple light of evening deepened

in the scattered groves that rested on its bosom, it required no exercise of fancy to conceive that these were sloping lawns, and smooth meadows, and open parks, which the gathering shades of night were stealing from the eye. But at last, just where the landscape was becoming almost too broken to keep up these associations of high cultivation, a distant light appeared glimmering at the bottom of a rocky valley; and slipping and floundering through the snow which partially smoothed the rugged descent, we entered a small hamlet of log huts, and drove up to the door of a frame building, which proved to be the public house of "Mineral Point."

A portly Tennesseean, of some six feet high, received us warmly at the door, and hurried me into a room where a large fire of burr-oak, and a smoking supper of venison and hot corn-cakes, were alike welcome. Half a dozen miners in leather shirts or belted coats of Kentucky jean were lounging about the establishment; while a tall backwoodsman, in a fringed hunting-frock, was stretched on several chairs, with a pipe in one hand, and the other resting on a Pelham novel, which, with a volume of Shakspeare, an old Bible, and the "Western Songster," formed a pyramid beneath his brawny arm. "Whirling Thunder," the Winnebago chief, had, as I was informed, just left the establishment, or our party would have been perfect. The old fellow, who, I presume, is superannuated, had been breathing revenge and slaughter against the Sauks and Foxes, who, he says, have killed a number of his tribe, and he avows a determination to come down upon

the enemy with seven hundred warriors;* though I believe it is well known that there are not at present half the number in his tribe, and they scattered far and wide on their hunting expeditions.

* The animosity existing between these warlike tribes, it would seem, has lately manifested itself beneath the very guns of Fort Crawford. In an article which appeared in the St. Louis papers, while these pages were passing through the press, it is stated, under date of November 18th, that "The Indians in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien have again been engaged in hostile acts, which portend a serious termination. A party of Sauks and Foxes, after killing several Menomones on Grant River, attacked a lodge of Winnebagoes on an island about three miles above Prairie du Chien. It was occupied at the time by women and children only, the warriors being absent on a hunting excursion. Suddenly the Sauk and Fox party made their appearance before the lodge, fired into it, tomahawked and scalped *ten* of the inmates. But one of the Sauk warriors lost his life, and that was by the hand of a Winnebago boy, about fifteen years of age. The youth was standing at the door of the lodge, between a younger brother and sister, when two of the warriors made their appearance and fired upon them. Recollecting instantly that an old gun remained in the lodge loaded, he procured it, and awaited the return of the foe, who had retreated for the purpose of re-loading their guns. As soon as they appeared before him, he took deliberate aim at one of them, fired, and the bullet went through the heart of his enemy. He then escaped at the interior of the lodge, made his way for the river, swam it, and gave information of the massacre at Fort Crawford. A detachment of troops was immediately ordered out in pursuit of the murderers, but, as far as known, without success. The Winnebagoes, it is said, had determined on retaliation, and their warriors were already collecting. Their foe, it is also known, are ready to receive them; having been recently arming and equipping themselves for fight. Towards the Winnebagoes all parties of the Sauks and Foxes have an undying hatred. They view them as having been the cause, by their bad counsels, of all the calamities brought upon them by the late war, and as having acted a treacherous and infamous part at the termination of it. Many circumstances concur to make it more than probable, that, should a conflict take place, it will be a long and bloody one.

As it was, however, I found the company into which I was thrown in more than one way agreeable. They were civil and conversable; and when a cigar was handed me by a well dressed gentleman engaged in the mines, who had sat down to supper with us, I stretched my legs before the fire, and soon felt myself perfectly at home. The rumours of Indian wars, with the incidents in those already gone by, being thoroughly discussed, feats of strength and activity were next introduced; whereat, a burly, broad-shouldered fellow, with a head of hair like a boat's swab, jumped on his feet, and shaking the flaps of his rough kersey doublet like a pair of wings, he crowed and swore that he could throw any man of his weight in the mines. "Why, Bill Armstrong," cried a little old man, who I was assured was nearly eighty years of age, shaking the ashes from his pipe the while, "I could double up two such fellows as you in my time; and I think as it is (slowly rising and collaring the puissant Bill), I'll whip one of them now for a treat;" they grappled at once, and Armstrong good naturedly allowing the old man to put him down, a laugh was raised at his expense. But Bill was too much a cock of the walk to mind it; and, striding up to the bar, he called out, "Come here, old fellow, and take your treat—you're a steamboat; but who couldn't be beat by a fellow that had forty years the advantage of him!"

The next day's sun found us, when a few hours high, in a country which, though not a house was to be seen for miles, I can only compare, with its

intermingling of prairies and groves, rocky ravines and rapid brooks of sparkling water, to the appearance which the beautiful cultivated districts along the Hudson would present if the fences and farm houses were taken away. Its varied aspect was far more pleasing to my eye than the immense plains of table land below, where the sound of a waterfall is never to be heard, and a stone larger than a pebble is (unless on the banks of the Illinois) rarely met with. The soil, indeed, is not so rich, but the country is unquestionably more healthy; and though the climate is actually more severe in winter, yet the wind is so much broken by the numerous groves and the general inequalities of surface, that one suffers much less from cold. A great error is committed by government in keeping the wild land of this region out of market; for the patches of woodland, though frequent, are not so dense as those below; and the number of smelting-furnaces of lead-ore, which are scattered over the whole country between Rock River and the Ouisconsin, tends to diminish them so rapidly, that a dozen years hence, wood enough will hardly be left for the ordinary purposes of the farmer. Whatever measures are adopted, however—and I believe there is a bill in relation to these lands now pending in Congress—the pre-emption rights of the first settlers should be secured in the most liberal manner. Their sufferings from three Indian wars within ten years, and their endurance of every risk and privation, are almost incredible; and, considering that it will take them some time now to recover from

the last affair of Blackhawk, government ought to give them several years' credit; but the early sale of the lands I believe to be indispensable to the future welfare of one of the finest regions in the world. The truth is, that no smelting should be done in the interior; but the mineral should be transported to points where fuel is more abundant, and the timber now growing upon the spot left for the use of the farmers and the miners, to whom it is indispensable for the prosecution of their labours. Such will hardly be the case until a property in lands is established, and individuals are no longer permitted to sweep grove after grove from the soil, till the country begins to assimilate in some places to those leafless tracts in Illinois, which will probably remain unsettled prairie for a century to come.

I was particularly struck with the bold life which these miners have long led—the chief dangers of which, it is presumed, are now over—by observing a strong block-house erected among a cluster of small shantees, where two brothers lived, with whom we stopped to take some refreshment at noon. They were miners and farmers together; and carrying on their business remote from any other house or settlement, they probably sent the mineral and vegetable productions of their favoured soil to market at Galena in the same car. They had struck the vein of ore which they were working, in badger hunting—the habits of that animal being of great assistance to the miner in exploring for mineral. I saw at the same place a fine dog terribly gored by a wild boar—the descendant of

the domestic hog, which runs wild in this region, and sometimes makes a good hunt.

Our route hither, which was by no means direct, carried us through a broken savage country, where a thousand clear streams seemed to have their birth among the rocks, singing away, though the earth was wrapped

"In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,"

as if the leaves of June quivered over their crystal currents. At one time these crisped fountains were the only objects that gave life to a burnt forest through which we rode, where the tall, branchless, and charred trees stood motionless on the steep hill side, or lay in wild disorder as they had tumbled from the rocky heights into a ravine below. Emerging from this desolate region, where the tracks of bears and other wild animals were to be seen on every side, we launched out on one of the loveliest prairies I ever beheld. It was about a mile wide, and not more than four or five in length, and smooth as a billiard table, with two small islets of wood in the centre. Our horses, which had seemed almost fagged out while slipping and stumbling among the rocks and fallen trees in the timbered land, now pricked up their ears and snorted with animation as they made our light sleigh skim over the smooth plain.

It was afternoon on the third day after leaving Galena, that on descending an abrupt *steppe* of about fifty yards, we came to a small tributary of

the Ouisconsin, winding through a narrow valley below. Following down the slender rill, whose banks exhibited no shrubbery save a few dwarf willows, we crossed a wooded bottom, where the long grass among the trees shot above the snow to the height of our horses' shoulders, and reached at last the Ouisconsin, where the stream might be near a quarter of a mile wide. After trying the ice in several places with long poles, we ventured at last to cross; and, scaling a bold bluff at the opposite side, paused a moment at a trading house, owned by a Frenchman, to let our horses blow. A band of Winnebagoes were standing at the door; and as they were all in mourning for some recently deceased relations,* their broad blunt features, blackened as they were, made them look like Hottentots. A ride of six miles, through a high rolling prairie interspersed with open groves of oak, brought us at last in view of the bluffs of the Upper Mississippi, rising in rocky masses to the height of four or five hundred feet above the bed of that beautiful river, whose iron-bound banks and gentle crystalline current bear but little affinity to the marshy shores and turbid tide which are distinguished by the same name, after the Missouri gives a new character to its waters. Never shall I forget the first view of "The Father of Rivers," as a reach of several miles—shut in, partly by its own bluffs, and partly by those of the Ouisconsin, with its numerous islets smiling in the light of the setting

* See note R.

sun—stretched like some comely lake of the west before my eye. It was girdled, apparently, by inaccessible cliffs on three sides, and fringed by a broad meadow, which, in its turn, was bounded and sheltered by lofty bluffs, on the fourth. That meadow lay now beneath me, and it was Prairie du Chien.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—*Page* 51.

THE story of Adam Poe's desperate encounter with two Indians, as told in "Metcalf's Indian Warfare of the West," is one of the most characteristic traditions of the Ohio.

It was about the close of the revolution, that a party of six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio River, fifty miles below Pittsburg, and in their hostile excursions among the early settlers killed an old man whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people; seven or eight of whom seized their rifles and pursued the marauders. In this party were two brothers, named Adam and Andrew Poe, strong and active men, and much respected in the settlement. They followed up the chase all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track. The Indians could now be easily followed by their traces on the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus known that a famous Indian of uncommon size and strength must be of the party. The track led to the river. The whites followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted; who, fearing that they might be taken by surprise, broke off from the rest. His intention was to creep along the edge of the bank 'under cover of the trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages so suddenly that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At the point where he suspected they were, he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks, and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two—the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one—separated from the others, and holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped without

giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound: Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly, he leaped down upon them, and caught the large Indian by the clothes on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck: they all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian, the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow-savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace, and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian at this moment threw his arms about Poe's body and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well, that, at the instant of the intended stroke, he raised his foot, and by a vigorous and skilful blow, knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this, the large Indian cried out with an exclamation of contempt for the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again, and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows to deceive Poe as to the stroke which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist with a considerable wound, deep enough to cripple but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril he made a violent effort, and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle, and shot the small one as he ran up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and the leg, hurled him in the air, heels over head, upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued. The bank was slippery, and they fell into the water, when each strove to drown the other. Their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half-strangled; until Poe, fortunately, grasped with his unwounded hand the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he manifested all the symptoms of a drowning man bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for victory and life. They were naturally carried farther into the stream, and the current becoming stronger, bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other, and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun; but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it

first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water to avoid a greater danger; meaning to dive, if possible, to escape the fire. Fortunately for him, the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of the smaller savage. At this critical juncture Poe's brother Andrew presented himself. He had just left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them at the expense of the lives of three of their own number. He had heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in a fight with two against him: for one of the whites had mistaken Adam in the water with his bloody hand for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his shoulder. Adam now cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore; but Andrew's gun had been discharged, and was not again loaded. The contest was now between the savage and Andrew. Each laboured to load his rifle first. The Indian, after putting in his powder, and hurrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, as the Indian had still to ram his bullet home. But a hair would have turned the scale; for the savage was just raising his gun to his eye with unerring aim, when he received the fatal fire of the backwoodsman. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home as a trophy, than of his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the fate of Adam to allow him to obey; and the high-souled Wyandot, jealous of his honour as a warrior, even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was swept down beyond the chance of pursuit.

[The above account is abridged from the narrative given in the interesting compilation published in early life by Dr. Samuel L. Metcalf; since better known as the ingenious author of "A New Theory of Magnetism," "Molecular Attractions," &c. The work is believed to be out of print; and it is a subject of regret that Dr. M., who was born among the scenes celebrated in these wild narratives, cannot find time amid his graver researches to give his youthful publication in a new dress to the world.]

NOTE B.—*Page* 57.

Colonel James Smith, of the provincial forces, who was a prisoner in Fort du Quesne at the time, and saw the attacking party march out to Braddock's Field, estimates their number at even less. The following is his account (as published in 1799) of what passed in the Fort immediately previous and subsequent to the conflict.

"On the 9th day of July 1755, I heard a great stir in the Fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the Fort, and stood upon the wall, and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints, &c., and every one taking what suited: I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire; likewise the French, Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them flying before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the Fort and rescue me. I remained anxious to know the event of this day; and in the afternoon I again observed a great noise and commotion in the Fort; and though at that time I could not understand much, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and found that they had received what I called bad news. I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch; and as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sunset. Some time after this I heard a company of Indians and French coming in; I observed that they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians; and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps: after this came another company, with a number of wagon-horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in and those that had arrived

kept a constant firing of small-arms, and also the great guns in the Fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters, so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broken loose. About sunset I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked. These prisoners they burnt to death on the banks of the Alleghany River, opposite to the Fort. I stood on the Fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men. They had tied him to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, &c., and he screaming in a most doleful manner, the Indians in the mean time yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I returned to my lodging both sore and sorry."—*A Narrative of the most remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity among the Indians, from the year* 1755 *until* 1759.

NOTE C.—*Page* 112.

It was in this battle that the noble Tecumseh fell—dying, as it was supposed, by a pistol-shot from Col. Johnson. If Thatcher's Indian Biography has not already made the reader familiar with the career of this famous savage, he is referred to Mr. Schoolcraft's Travels, where an authentic account of Tecumseh, interspersed with many characteristic anecdotes, will be found. There is also a succinct biographical sketch of him in the Encyclopædia Americana, which concludes by summing up his qualities as follows:—

"Tecumseh was a remarkable man, fitted for obtaining greatness both in peace and war. His eloquence was vivid and powerful. He was sagacious in contriving and accomplishing his objects, and by his address obtained an unlimited influence over his savage brethren. Throughout life he was exemplary in his habits of temperance and adherence to truth. He was disinterested, generous, hospitable, and humane. He married at a mature age, in consequence of the persuasions of his friends, and left one child. In person he was about five feet ten inches high, with handsome features, a symmetrical and powerful frame, and an air of dignity and defiance."

NOTE D.—*Page* 138.

"The Ottawas say that there are two great Beings that rule and govern the universe, who are at war with each other; the one they call *Maneto*, and the other *Matche-Maneto*. They say that Maneto is all kindness and love, and that Matche-Maneto is an evil spirit that delights in doing mischief; and some of them think that they are equal in power, and therefore worship the evil spirit out of a principle of fear. Others doubt which of the two may be the most powerful, and therefore endeavour to keep in favour with both, by giving each of them some kind of worship. Others say that Maneto is the first great cause, and therefore must be all-powerful and supreme, and ought to be adored and worshipped; whereas Matche-Maneto ought to be rejected and despised."—*Col. Smith's Narrative.*

NOTE E.—*Page* 168.

"The Pottawattamies, whose name, as sounded by themselves, is Po-ta-wà-tó-mi, (in their language, 'We are making Fire',)—appear to be connected, not only by language, but also by their manners, customs, and opinions, with the numerous nations of Algonquin origin. * * * * * * Their notions of religion appear to be of the most simple kind—they believe in the existence of an only God, whom they term Kasha-Maneto, or Great Spirit. Kasha means great, and Maneto an irresistible being. The epithet of Kasha is never applied to any other word but as connected with the Supreme Being."

[Here, with a more minute account of the usages of this tribe, follows an examination of the charge of *cannibalism* brought against the Pottawattamies by numerous travellers.]

"The Pottawattamies have a number of war-songs, formed for the most part of one or two ideas, expressed in short and forcible sentences, which they repeat over and over in a low humming kind of tune, which to our ears appeared very monotonous: they have no love-songs; the business of singing (among them*) being *always* connected with warlike avocations. Singing is always attended by the dance. The only musical instruments which they use are the drum, rattle, and a kind of *flageolet*. Their games are numerous and diversified; they resemble many of those known to civilized men—such as gymnastic exercises, battledore, pitching the bar, ball,

* It is otherwise, at least, with the Ottawas, Chippewas, and Monomonés.

tennis, and cup-ball, for which they use the spur of the deer with a string attached to it.

"The Pottawattamies are, for the most part, well-proportioned; about five feet eight inches in height; possessed of much muscular strength in the arm, but rather weak in the back, with a strong neck; endowed with considerable agility."

[The above is from Major Long's Second Expedition, performed by order of the Secretary of War, in 1823. The number of the Pottawattamies was then estimated at about 3000.]

According to the information of one of their chiefs, "the Pottawattamies believe that they came from the vicinity of the Sault de St. Marie, where they presume that they were created. A singular belief which they entertain is, that the souls of the departed have, on their way to the great prairie, to cross a large stream, over which a log is placed as a bridge, but that this is in such constant agitation that none but the spirits of good men can pass over it in safety; while those of the bad slip from the log into the water, and are never after heard of. This information they pretend to have had revealed to them by one of their ancestors, who, being dead, travelled to the edge of the stream, but, not liking to venture on the log, determined to return to the land of the living; which purpose he effected, having been seen once more among his friends two days after his reputed death. He informed them of what he had observed, and further told them that, while on the verge of the stream, he had heard the sounds of the drum, to the beat of which the blessed were dancing on the opposite prairie."—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, by W. H. Keating, A. M., &c.*

Note F.—*Page* 169.

"In descending the Ontonagon River, which falls into Lake Superior, our Indian guides stopped on the east side of the river to examine a bear-fall that had been previously set, and were overjoyed to find a large bear entrapped. As it was no great distance from the river, we all landed to enjoy the sight. The animal sat upon his fore-paws, facing us, the hinder paws being pressed to the ground by a heavy weight of logs, which had been arranged in such a manner as to allow the bear to creep under; and when, by seizing the bait, he had sprung the trap, he could not extricate himself, although with his fore-paws he had demolished a part of the work. After viewing him for some time, a ball was fired

through his head, but did not kill him. The bear kept his position, and seemed to growl in defiance. A second ball was aimed at the heart, and took effect; but he did not resign the contest immediately, and was at last despatched with an axe. As soon as the bear fell, one of the Indians walked up, and addressing him by the name of Muckwah, shook him by the paw with a smiling countenance, saying, in the Indian language, he was sorry he had been under the necessity of killing him, and hoped that the offence would be forgiven, particularly as Long Knife (an American) had fired one of the balls."—*Schoolcraft's Journal.*

NOTE G.—*Page* 170.

"The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags platted and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn rain or wind well. Each mat is made fifteen feet long, and about five broad. In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered, and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry split wood in the middle, and spread down bark-mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of their stretching themselves. In place of a door, they lift up one end of a mat, and creep in and let the mat fall down behind them. These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch-bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, when they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding."—*Col. Smith's Narrative.*

NOTE H.—*Page* 189.

"The Carey Mission-house, so designated in honour of the late Mr. Carey, the indefatigable apostle of India, is situated within about a mile of the river, and twenty-five miles (by land) above its mouth. The ground upon which it is erected is the site of an ancient and extensive Pottawattami village, now no longer in existence. The establishment was instituted by the Baptist Missionary Society in Washington, and is under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. M'Coy; a man whom, from all the reports we

heard of him, we should consider as very eminently qualified for the important trust committed to him. The plan adopted in the school proposes to unite a practical with an intellectual education. The boys are instructed in the English language, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They are made to attend to the usual occupations of a farm, and to perform every occupation connected with it—such as ploughing, planting, harrowing, &c.: in these pursuits they appear to take great delight. The system being well regulated, they find time for everything, not only for study and labour, but also for innocent recreation, in which they are encouraged to indulge. The females receive in the school the same instruction which is given to the boys; and are, in addition to this, taught spinning, weaving, and sewing (both plain and ornamental). They were just beginning to embroider—an occupation which may by some be considered as unsuitable to the situation which they are destined to hold in life, but which appears to us to be very judiciously used as a reward and stimulus: it encourages their taste and natural talent for imitation, which is very great; and, by teaching them that occupation may be connected with amusement, prevents their relapsing into indolence. They are likewise made to attend to the pursuits of the dairy; such as the milking of cows, churning of milk, &c. The establishment is intended to be opened for children from seven to fourteen years old; they very properly receive them at a much earlier age, and even—where a great desire of learning was manifested—older persons have been admitted. All appear to be very happy, and to make as rapid progress as white children of the same age would make. Their principal excellence rest in works of imitation; they write astonishingly well, and many display great natural talent for drawing. The institution receives the countenance of the most respectable among the Indians, who visit the establishment occasionally, appear pleased with it, and show their favour to it by presents of sugar, venison, &c., which they often make to the family of the missionary. The establishment, being sanctioned by the War Department, receives annually one thousand dollars from the United States, for the support of a teacher and blacksmith, according to the conditions of the treaty concluded at Chicago, in 1821, by Governor Cass and Mr. Sibley, commissioners on the part of the United States."

[The above interesting account of the Carey Mission is abridged from that given in the narrative of Long's expedition. The time

that has elapsed since it originally appeared has of course diminished its present value; but the author not having had an opportunity of visiting the establishment, and finding, from all the inquiries he could make regarding it, that the institution is sustaining itself efficiently upon the plan above detailed, he has thought that it would be more satisfactory to the reader to have this compendium of an official report in the Appendix, than to dwell upon any hearsay information which he might have supplied in the text.]

Note I.—*Page* 189.

"They made their winter cabins in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end, to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark; and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this at about twelve feet distance: then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks: and from these walls to the pole they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths, and a cover was made of lynn-bark, which will run (peel) even in the winter season. At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end: at the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place; and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear-skins: from end to end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood; and the holes or open places that appeared the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bear-skin; and, notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than I expected."—*Col. Smith's Narrative.*

Note J.—*Page* 191.

The ordinary appendages of a "sugar camp," and the process of making sugar, are described in the following extract from the work above quoted. "In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm-bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down; and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree; and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two

gallons each: they made about one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar-tree they cut a notch, and stuck in a tomahawk; in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel to receive it; they also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each; they had two brass kettles that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles, in which they boiled the water as fast as it was collected; they made vessels of bark, that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for containing the water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar-season."—*Col. Smith's Narrative.*

NOTE K.—*Page* 199.

The town of Chicago has become so important a place, and is so rapidly developing its resources, as to call for a more particular notice than it receives in the text. Its sudden strides to prosperity can be best estimated, however, by first perceiving the condition and prospects of Chicago as they presented themselves to Major Long's party when they visited it ten years since. "The village presents no cheering prospect, as, notwithstanding its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians, from whom they are descended. Their log or bark-houses are low, filthy, and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort. Chicago is, perhaps, one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country. A fort is said to have formerly existed there: mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found 'Chicagou' to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centring all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity, indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business, it offers no inducement to the settler; for the whole annual amount of the trade on the lake did not exceed the cargo of five or six schooners, even at the time when the garrison received its supplies from Maciknaw."—*Long's Second Expedition*, vol. i. p. 164.

Contrast this desolate picture—not with the representation made in the text, but—with the existing condition of the place, with the alterations that have taken place since the writer left there, not yet a year ago. He is informed by a gentleman recently from Illinois,

that Chicago, which but eighteen months since contained but two or three frame-buildings and a few miserable huts, has now five hundred houses, four hundred of which have been erected this year, and two thousand two hundred inhabitants. A year ago there was not a place of public worship in the town; there are now five churches and two school houses, and numerous brick stores and warehouses. The shipping-lists of daily arrivals and departures show how soon the enterprise and activity of our citizens have discovered and improved the capabilities of that port. There have been three hundred arrivals this year, and more than 50,000 dollars' worth of salt has been sold there this season, and of European and domestic merchandise to the amount of 400,000 dollars. A line of four steam-boats, of the largest class of lake-boats, and regular lines of brigs and schooners, are now established between that port and the principal ports of the lower lakes.

It is gratifying to hear of such improvement in the western country, and to have predictions so recently made of the growth and prosperity of this point in particular, thus far more than fulfilled.

Note L.—*Page* 203.

The Indians that frequent the neighbourhood of Chicago (pronounced *Tshicawgo*), though not so numerous, are composed of the same mixture of different tribes which Major Long noticed ten years since. They are chiefly Pottawattamies and Ottawas, with a few Chippewas (ò-chè-pe-wàg), and a straggling Kickapoo or Miami; and a great admixture of the different languages (or rather dialects, for they are radically the same,) of the three first prevails there. Among them are many who have borne arms against the Americans; and some who doubtless took a part in the massacre at the ll of the place in 1812. The particulars of that bloody affair are yet mentioned with horror by the old settlers. They may be briefly summed up as follows:—

It was soon after the infamous surrender of General Hull at Detroit, when, in pursuance of the terms entered into with the enemy by that officer, who was commandant-in-chief upon the north-west frontier, Captain Heald, the commandant at Chicago, preparedt o surrender his post to the British. The Pottawattamies, and other hostile Indians in the vicinity, were on the watch for the movement; and on the morning when the garrison evacuated the place, they had so completely succeeded in duping Captain Wells, the credulous and unfortunate Indian agent, that the fatal march of

the 15th October 1812, was precipitated by his advice. The Americans were about seventy in number, with several women and children; and they were escorted from the shelter of the fort by a band of about thirty Miamies. The road led along the beach of the lake, with those short sand-hills, spoken of in a previous letter, extending along the route between the lake and the open prairie. Behind these the British Indians lay concealed; and when the Americans had proceeded about a mile from the fort, the wily enemy sprang from his lair, and poured down a murderous fire upon the beach. Captain Heald immediately brought his men to a charge, and drove the Indians from the nearest sand-hill; but their numbers were so great that they formed instantly again upon his flank. His party was surrounded; and while the Miamies in a manner withdrew their protection, and helped to swell the number of his opponents, the little force of Captain Heald was completely cut off from the women and children, who were cowering beneath the baggage on the lake-shore. The Americans fought with desperation: but such a handful of men was soon cut to pieces; and scarcely a man survived to witness the atrocities that were practised upon the helpless creatures upon the beach. There were four officers killed upon the spot; Captain Heald and his wife were both badly wounded; and twelve children* were butchered on the shore, or shared the fate of their mothers, who ran shrieking over the prairie. The unhappy Indian agent, who was among the slain, is said to have had his breast cut open, and his heart roasted and eaten by the savage foe.

Note M.—*Page* 205.

"The Chicago River, which is about two hundred and fifty feet wide, has sufficient depth of water for lake-vessels to where it forks in the centre of the town. The southern and principal branch takes its rise about six miles from the fort in a swamp, which communicates also with Des Plaines, one of the head branches of the Illinois. This swamp, which is designated by the Canadian voyageurs as Le Petit Lac, is navigable at certain seasons of the year: it has been frequently travelled by traders in their pirogues; and a bateau from St. Louis, loaded with provisions for the garrison at Chicago, has through this medium passed from the Mississippi

* Captain Heald's Letter, dated Pittsburg, Oct. 23, 1812.

into Lake Michigan. Major Long observes, upon passing through this marsh in a canoe, 'We were delighted at beholding for the first time a feature so interesting in itself, but which we had afterward an opportunity of observing frequently on the route; viz. the division of waters starting from the same source and running in two different directions, so as to become the feeders of streams that discharge themselves into the ocean at immense distances apart.' * * * * * When we consider the facts above stated, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that an elevation of the lakes a few feet (not exceeding ten or twelve) above their present level, would cause them to discharge their waters, partly at least, into the Gulf of Mexico. That such a discharge has at one time existed, every one conversant with the nature of the country must admit; and it is equally apparent that an expenditure trifling in comparison to the importance of the object would again render Lake Michigan a tributary of the Mexican Gulf."

Note N.—*Page* 225.

Mr. Schoolcraft says that no female captive is ever saved by the Indians from base motives, or need fear the violation of her honour: "The whole history of their wars may be challenged for a solitary instance of the violation of female chastity. When they resolve to spare life, they also resolve to spare that reputation without which life is not worth possessing. They treat them with kindness and attention, carrying them dry across rivers, and directing—what with them is accounted an act of distinguished attention—that their hair shall be combed every morning. The precise reason for this trait of their character has never been fully explained. Innate principles of virtue can hardly be supposed to be sufficient to produce so universal an effect, though it would be uncharitable to deny that they have their share. It is asserted that the Indians believe that the taking such a dishonourable advantage of their female prisoners would have the effect to destroy their luck in hunting. It would be considered as a trait of weakness and effeminacy in a warrior, unworthy of his fame and reputation for manly achievement. It would excite the ridicule of his companions, and, as they believe, be displeasing to the Great Spirit."—*Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley, page* 394.

NOTE O.—*Page* 233.

"*Starved Rock.*"—This remarkable isolated hill, termed by the French voyageurs Le Rocher, or Rockfort, as Mr. Schoolcraft calls it, is described by that accurate traveller as an elevated cliff on the left bank of the Illinois, consisting of parallel layers of white sandstone. It is not less than two hundred and fifty feet high, perpendicular on three sides, and washed at its base by the river. On the fourth side it is connected with the adjacent range of bluffs by a narrow peninsular ledge, which can only be ascended by a precipitous winding path. The summit of the rock is level, and contains about three-fourths of an acre. It is covered with a soil of several feet in depth, bearing a growth of young trees. Strong and almost inaccessible by nature, this natural battlement was the scene of a desperate conflict between the fierce and haughty Pottawattamies and one band of the Illinois Indians; the latter fled to this place for refuge from the fury of their enemies. The post could not be carried by assault, and tradition says that the besiegers finally attempted, after many repulses, to reduce it by starvation.

This siege, as is marked by a popular writer, is singularly characteristic on either side of those remarkable traits of savage character, undaunted resolution, and insatiable and ever vigilant thirst for vengeance. Its result is well told in "Tales of the Border," the newly published work of Judge Hall. The pangs of hunger, the tortures of thirst, pressed upon the besieged; but they maintained their post with invincible courage, determined rather to die of exhaustion than to afford their enemies the triumph of killing them in battle or exposing them at the stake. Every stratagem which they attempted was discovered and defeated. The scorching sun that beat upon their towering hold maddened them to taste the cool stream that glided beneath it; but when they endeavoured to procure water during the night by lowering vessels attached to cords of bark into the river, the vigilant besiegers detected the design, and placed a guard in canoes to prevent its execution. They all perished—one, and one only excepted. The last surviving warriors defended the entrance so well that the enemy could neither enter nor discover the fatal progress of the work of death; and when at last, all show of resistance having ceased, and all signs of life disappeared, the victors ventured cautiously to approach, they

found but one survivor—a squaw, whom they adopted into their own tribe, and who was yet living when the first white man penetrated this region.*

NOTE P.—*Page* 244.

"The usual dress of the men (among the northern tribes) at the present day consists of a figured cotton shirt; a blanket, or a French capote of blue cloth; a pair of blue, green, or red cloth metasses or leggins; an azecaun or breech cloth, and moccasins of dressed deer-skin. The metasses are generally ornamented, and a garter of coloured worsted tied around the knee. The front fold of the azecaun is also ornamented around the edges. A necklace of wampum, or a silver crescent, or both, are often worn together with silver arm-bands and wristbands. The latter are not exclusively confined to chiefs, so far as we have observed, but their use depends rather upon the ability of the individual to purchase them. Ear-rings are common to both sexes. A knife is commonly worn in a scabbard confined under the string or narrow belt which sustains both the azecaun and the metasses. The head is ornamented with a band of skin dressed with the hair or pelt on, surmounted with feathers. In this respect there seems to be less uniformity than in any other part of their costume. Often the headpiece is wanting. Long hair is prevalent: it is sometimes braided and ornamented with silver brooches. Paints are still used for the face, both for the purposes of dress and mourning. Each Indian youth, from the time he is acknowledged as a hunter capable of supporting himself, ordinarily carries a pipe, and a skipetagun, or tobacco-pouch. This pouch is commonly the entire skin of an otter, lynx, or other small animal, dressed with the pelt on; and drawing an aperture upon the throat, this sack, besides the usual quantity of tobacco and smoaking-weed (kinnekinic), commonly contains a fire-steel, flint, and bit of spunk, and sometimes a knife. But this appendage is not to be confounded with the sacred metawiiaun, or medicine-sack, which is the consecrated repository, not only of his medicines, but also of his personal manitos and relics." —*Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley.*

* Charlevoix, Schoolcraft, Hall.

NOTE Q.—*Page* 217.

Robertson, Charlevoix, and other European writers, mention that the American Indians have naturally no beards. Mr. Schoolcraft, in observing that a beard is less common to our aborigines than to the natives of Europe or Asia, ascribes its absence chiefly to the fashion of plucking it out in early life. "It is esteemed necessary to the decency of appearance among the young and middle-aged to remove the beard; and, as the razor is unknown to them, they employ the only means at command to eradicate it. Hence it is more common to see beards upon old men, who become careless and neglectful of personal appearance. Of the Indians of the Algonquin stock, the Chippewas are perhaps the most exempted from beards, the Ottawas less so, and the Pottawattamies still less. Among the two last tribes there is a custom sufficiently frequent, though not universal, of letting the beard grow only upon the under lip, or upon the chin, from which it depends in a compact lock, or a kind of bunch."—*Travels in the Mississippi Valley.*

NOTE R.—*Page* 263.

The Winnebagoes, as they are the most savage looking, are among the haughtiest of the tribesmen. They differ in many respects from the neighbouring clans; and Carver says, that in his time there was a tradition in the country that the nation sprung from "some strolling band from the Mexican countries." In "Long's Expedition" they are mentioned as being of distinct origin from the Algonquin tribes, and their language is said to present greater difficulties than any of the northern dialects. "It abounds," says that work, "in harsh and guttural sounds, and in the letter *r*, which does not appear to be common in the Algonquin languages. It is difficult to obtain correct information concerning the manners and characters of the Winnebagoes, as a strong prejudice appears to prevail against them. They are considered unfriendly to white men, and this, instead of being viewed in the light of a favourable trait of their character, as indicative of a high spirit which can resent injustice and oppression, and which will not crouch before the aggressor, has been the occasion of much ill-will towards them."—*Long's Expedition, page* 216.

The custom of blacking the face by way of mourning, as mentioned in the text, is by no means peculiar to the Winnebagoes:—

"The Indians are particular in their demonstrations of grief for departed friends; they consist in darkening their faces with charcoal, fasting, abstaining from the use of vermillion and other ornaments in dress, &c.; they also make incisions in their arms, legs, and other parts of the body. These are not made for the purposes of mortification, or to create a pain which shall, by dividing their attention, efface the recollection of their loss; but entirely from a belief that their grief is internal, and that the only way of dispelling it is to give it a vent through which to escape.—*Ibid. page* 226.

END OF VOLUME I.

A

WINTER IN THE WEST.

VOL. II.

A

WINTER IN THE WEST.

BY A NEW-YORKER.

Where can I journey to your secret springs,
Eternal Nature? Onward still I press,
Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.
GOETHE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A

WINTER IN THE WEST.

LETTER XXI.

Barrack Theatre—Indian Beauties—Hospitality—The Garrison—Society and Amusements—Singular Landscape—Ancient Fortifications—Grand Prospect—Wolf-hunt—Indian Gamblers—Indian Serenade.

Prairie du Chien, Upper Miss., Feb. 12, 1834.

The shadows of its western bluffs had deepened far over the broad surface of the ice-bound Mississippi, though a flood of yellow light still bathed the gray walls of Fort Crawford, as its extensive barracks lay in the form of an isolated square on the level meadow beneath us; while, farther to the north, a number of dingy wooden buildings, which looked like a fishing hamlet,* on the immediate bank of the river, were momentarily growing more indistinct in the advancing twilight as we approached their purlieus, and drove up to a cabaret about half a mile from the garrison.

It was within pistol-shot of the river; a com-

* See note A.

fortable frame building, with a stockade fence around it, made with pickets, some ten or fifteen feet high; a voyageur or two, with a few half-bred-looking residents, were loitering about the door; and a tall Menomone Indian, with a tuft of drooping feathers on his crown, was standing with folded arms apart from the rest.

A portly soldier-like German, who had formerly been a non-commissioned officer in the infantry, proved to be the landlord, and bowed me, like a master of his business, into a room heated to suffocation by a large Canadian stove, placing at the same time a strip of newly written paper in my hands. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it to be a play-bill! "The *public*" were respectfully informed, that the sterling English comedy of "Who Wants a Guinea?" and Fielding's afterpiece of "Don Quixote in England," with songs, recitations, &c. would be presented that evening, by the soldiers of the First Regiment at Fort Crawford. Nothing could be more *apropos*. I had just ascertained that on account of the present deep snows, with the prospect of an early thaw, it would be almost impossible to get up to the Falls of St. Anthony, whither my ambition led me, at this season; and having now no further plans to arrange during the evening, and being wholly unprovided with letters to the officers of the garrison, I was really rejoiced at such an opportunity of entering its walls incognito.

The sleigh in which I had come carried me in a few minutes within the sally-port, and handing the

ticket with which mine host had provided me to a soldier who acted as door-keeper, I entered a large barrack-room, fitted up very neatly as a theatre by the soldiers themselves; the scenery quite cleverly done, being all painted by them, and the lights, ingeniously placed in bayonets, prettily arranged—a contrivance suggested by their own taste. The seats, rising like the pit of a theatre, were so adjusted as to separate the audience into three divisions: the officers with their families furnished one, the soldiers another, and "gumboes," Indians, and a negro servant or two made up the third. A superb looking squaw of the Sauk and Fox* tribe attracted my attention as I entered the room, and prevented me from advancing beyond the worshipful part of the assemblage last mentioned, as she sat between two pretty but plainly dressed Menomonet girls, in a more rich and beautiful costume than I ever saw at a fancy ball. The curtain rose

* "The united bands of the Saukies and Ottigaumies, the French nicknamed, according to their wonted custom, Des Sacs and Des Renards—the Sacks and the Foxes."—*Carver.*

† The Mè-nó-mò-nè, or wild-rice-eaters, is a broken band that served with effect against the Sauks and Foxes in the Indian difficulties of 1832. They are a finely shaped people, of a much lighter complexion than the other north-western tribes, and exhibit a great deal of taste in preparing, and neatness in wearing, the various articles of Indian dress---ornamented belts, gaiters, sheaths for knives, moccasins, &c. In Long's Expedition they are mentioned as "The White Indians," and are supposed not to belong to the Algonquin stock. It is said that few white men have ever been able to learn their language; and in their intercourse they use the melange of the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawattamie dialects, which is the common medium of communication on the frontier.—*See Long's Expedition, Charlevoix, &c.*

while I was studying her noble features and tasteful finery, and contrasting the striking and somewhat voluptuous character of both with the simple attire and less mature charms of the two nut-brown beauties beside her. Every eye was then directed to the stage, and I remained standing against the door-post till the act was concluded: and then, just as I was wishing for some one to whom to express my surprise at the degree of skill and judgment with which the soldiers played, considering they were but amateurs, an officer made his way up to me, and very politely insisted upon my taking his seat in the more favoured part of the house. The ordinary interchange of common-places between gentlemen who are strangers to each other ensued, and then, without his knowing my name or the slightest circumstance in relation to me, an invitation to take up my quarters in the garrison followed. I declined the invitation, but we exchanged cards; and I had hardly got through breakfast in the morning, when my new acquaintance, accompanied by Colonel T. the commandant, and a young subaltern, called to repeat the invitation of the evening before; bringing a soldier with a sled to transport my baggage, and a led horse to carry myself over to the garrison. It would have been absurd to meet such cordial proffers of hospitality with further ceremony; and an hour after found me with a handsomely furnished room of my own, a fine saddle-horse placed at my disposal, and a servant at my call, sitting down to the mess with as agreeable a set of young fellows as I ever met with. I have

been particular in describing my initiation into this agreeable and accomplished circle, merely to give you some idea of the gentleman-like courtesy and frank hospitality which distinguish the officers of the army, wherever I have been fortunate enough to meet with them.

I have now been here nearly two weeks. The weather has been mild and beautiful, and my time, in such congenial society, passes delightfully; so much so, indeed, that when I wake each morn at *reveille*, it is with a kind of sad feeling I remember, that the twenty-four hours just past bring me nearer to the time when I must start again on my solitary tour, through regions where fortune can hardly throw me a second time among such companions.

The garrison here consists of five companies of infantry, under the command of a lieutenant colonel. They are well quartered in very handsome barracks, built by the soldiers themselves of cut stone; the buildings being arranged in the form of a square, and enclosing an area large enough for a battalion to drill in. The parade is nicely gravelled, and a colonnade, which extends round three sides of the parade, gives a cheerful aspect to the whole. The hospital stands by itself on a slight knoll about a hundred yards from the barracks, and both are pleasantly situated near the banks of the Mississippi. The place, as it now stands, would be easily tenable against hordes of Indians, should they be mad enough to assail it. There is not a tree around it, and it is furnished with a park of artillery, which, from an open interval left at each

angle of the parallelogram, could sweep the whole prairie. But these openings, which are flanked by no works whatsoever, by breaking the unity of the square, destroy even the appearance of a fortification; and the place, if not carried by an assault from a regular force, would easily fall before its formal approaches. Such an attack was indeed never contemplated when Fort Crawford—which was only intended to overawe the Indians—was erected; but even in a collection of barracks, one likes to see them so disposed as to preserve a military air. There is a small but well chosen library belonging to the post, and several of the companies have quite good miscellaneous libraries of their own,—a fact exceedingly creditable to the private soldiers. The amusements of the place, so far as society is concerned, are of course limited. The officers' families do indeed make a small circle; and for those who like to study life in all its phases, there is the little village of Prairie du Chien about half a mile from the garrison, with its antique looking timber-built houses, containing an amphibious population of voyageurs and hunters, half French and half Indian. Here the officers sometimes amuse themselves in getting up what is called a gumbo ball, which, from the descriptions I have had of them, must be a kind of harlequinade I should very much like to see. Sporting, however, —when the resources of the library are exhausted, or a pipe of kinnekinic ceases to charm,—is the great source of amusement at Prairie du Chien. The grouse now keep in large packs near the gar-

rison; snipe, too, I am told, are abundant when in season, and of ducks I am assured it is easy to kill a canoe-load, when they begin to fly along the Mississippi. Elk, bear, and wolves are the game of those who are more ambitious in their sport, and choose to go farther to seek it. The meat of the first I have not yet tasted, but I made a capital dinner yesternoon from a sirloin of the second at the commandant's quarters. Bruin was served up in handsome style, and some old wine from Colonel T.'s hospitable cellar relished in this latitude.

The scenery round Prairie du Chien would please you much. The snow has now entirely left the bosom of the prairie, though it still hangs like flakes of morning mist round the rocky brows of the adjacent bluffs. The singular landscape created by these bold heights has been called monotonous; but I do not find it so. Not a day, not an hour passes, but they present some new appearance. Each shifting cloud brings out some new angle of the gigantic blocks; and, whether the rosy tints of dawn warm their steep sullen brows, or the glare of noon settles on their round summits, and tries to pierce the deep ravines which block them out from each other, or sunset, with its mellow hues, lingers among the long grass which paints their "umbered face," where they first swell from the plain,—to me they are always lovely, grand, and peculiar. I ascended one of them, accompanied by an officer on horseback, the other day by winding up a ravine in the rear, which brought us on a round, bold, grassy height, about one hundred feet above the prairie; to

which the bluff descended by two sheer precipices of rock, of about a hundred feet each, with alternate slopes of soil, covered with long yellow grass—the whole having the appearance of some vast fortress —an enormous bastion thrown up in huge layers of earth and stone. On the very summit was one of those ancient fortifications, the mysterious mementoes of an unknown race, whose gigantic and enduring works are scattered over thousands of leagues of this continent, to puzzle the curious and set at nought the surmises of the antiquary.* I trod each winding of the turf-covered rampart, and counted what appeared to be the embrasures for artillery, as my military friend commented upon the position, and described a number of similar remains which he had examined in different parts of the Western country: while we alike dissented from the unsatisfactory conclusions of those closet theorists who would attribute the fortified appearances of this tall elevation,—the enormous mounds in the vicinity of St. Louis,—the sunken remains on the alluvial bottoms of Illinois,—the perfect forms which give its name to Circleville in Ohio, and the deep intrenchments which channel the rocky hills of eastern Kentucky, alike to the action of water: suppositions upon a par for ingenuity with those which account for the existence of the prairies by the sudden withdrawal of the same element from what was formerly the beds of a chain of vast inland lakes. The same prairies, in every instance that I have yet seen, except the single one

* See note B.

of Prairie du Chien, being high table-land, some sixty or a hundred feet above the streams and groves which occasionally chequer them. I forget whether I have before mentioned that the Indian name for prairie (scutay), which means also *fire*, would account for their origin with any one who had had an opportunity of observing how the action of that element extends these grassy domains every season in one direction, while it leaves them to shoot up into a luxuriant growth of young forest in another.

But turn with me to yonder view of the Mississippi, where a hundred wooded islets of every possible form repose upon the glistening ice that silvers its broad bosom. How grandly does the bold promontory of "Pike's Hill," interlocked as it seems with the gray crags of the Wisconsan, shut in the lordly stream on the south; and there, where the blue water has broken its white fetters, and those diminutive figures are leaping from one ice-cake to another, as they sparkle in the sun along the smooth eastern shore, how beautifully the tall brown grass bends over the pebbly margin! You may look now, though it is two miles off into the very centre of Fort Crawford, where the gleam of arms flashing over the sanded parade tells of troops in motion, though the sound of their drums can hardly reach your ears. What a point would this be from which to view the meeting of hostile forces! The armies of Europe might manœuvre on the smooth prairie below, and not a guide could indicate a position

without its being manifest to your eye long before a battalion could attain it.

There are a great many high-bred dogs kept at this place,—shooting and hunting of all kinds, as I have mentioned, forming the chief amusements of the officers of the post. Indeed, if an enumeration of the setters, grayhounds, and Newfoundlands, which are severally kept for grouse, wolves, and ducks, were made, without counting the curs and Indian dogs kept by the gumboes and Indians around, the place, as I have heard it observed, might rather be called Prairie *des* Chiens, than left, as at present, in the singular number. A very successful experiment has been made here in crossing the grayhound and Newfoundland; the offspring, I am told, being highly sagacious, and a match for a full-grown bear. If the race be continued, they ought to be dubbed elkhounds, from their adaptability to the pursuit of that fine game, which abounds over the river.

I was on a wolf-hunt by moonlight several hours before dawn a few mornings since; and though we were not fortunate enough to start any game, I, for my own part, had a very good chase. Among the other dogs of the pack was a grayhound of the wolf species; a breed which, according to sir Walter Scott, is extremely rare in the British dominions; I had no idea therefore to meet with one of the blood on our continent. This long-haired rascal I mistook, by the doubtful light of the moon, for a real wolf; and my horse, an Indian pony, the hero of a

hundred wolf-hunts—(if I am not mistaken, he has been honourably mentioned in the Sporting Magazine,)—seemed to share the blunder. I came upon the dog suddenly in some long grass, and spurring upon him, he made at once for the bluff on the other side of the plain, thinking, doubtless, from the eager bounds of my horse that there was game in view. Convinced of my good fortune, from the course he took, I shouted to my companions, while the rest of the pack broke out into full cry, and away we went together. We ran more than a mile before the experienced nag I rode seemed to discover the blunder, and checked his gait. The officers, after enjoying a tolerable laugh at my expense, relieved my chagrin by mentioning that the same dog had several times narrowly escaped being shot by some of the oldest hunters of the country, who, in broad day, had, as they expressed it, "mistrusted him for some wild varmint."

I have amused myself somewhat here in studying the Indian languages, though I cannot say with much industry; the amount of my exertions consisting in learning some eight or ten phrases in the morning, and then strolling off to repeat them in the afternoon at the straggling lodges which may be found within a mile of the garrison. To one of these, where an old Menomone squaw was making a pair of embroidered moccasins for me, I went last night several hours after nightfall. The wigwam was formed of mats of woven rushes, subtended around a frame-work of osiers, in the form of a hemisphere, with an opening at the top, to let out

the smoke. Approaching this primitive abode, I heard the shrill voice of the hag within in what sounded like high altercation with some one who answered in a different language from herself; and, raising the dirty blanket which formed a door, while I crawled on all-fours within the low threshold, I found that the lady of the castle was only gambling amicably with an old Winnebago Indian, who sat cross-legged on a mat opposite to her. A finger-ring belonging to the squaw lay upon the mat between them, and they were trying which of the two could throw the scalping-knife of the Indian most often within the golden circle; a score being in the mean time kept by each on the edge of the mat, where sundry marks, made with a dead coal, supplied the place of the ordinary pearl-counters used by card-players. The squaw briefly answered my inquiries about the moccasins, while I raked the embers of her fire together and dried my boots by its cheerful blaze; and then, while she tossed the long elf-locks from her high cheek-bones, and the upper part of her loosely-arrayed person swept the ground while bending low to view the mark of the knife which gleamed aloft in her shrivelled hand, I glanced from her weird features and squat-form to the calm but piercing ken and still erect figure of her savage companion; and raising the blanket, left them once more alone together.

Let me conclude this letter by furnishing you with an Indian serenade, which you are at liberty to consider genuine or not: it is written in a sort of Lingua-Franca, or mongrel tongue, much used

on the frontier, made up of words taken alike from the Ottawa and Ojibboai or Chippewa* and possibly other languages.

* The Chippewa tongue, as is elsewhere remarked, is the common medium of communication between the whites and Indians on this part of our extensive frontier. The Chippewa, or Ojibboai, (or *Ojibbeway*, as written by Mr. Schoolcraft and Dr. James of the army, to whom, with the venerable Mr. Duponceau, the world is so much indebted for the light which their researches have thrown upon Indian customs and language,) is generally considered the *court language* of our north-western tribes. The Ottawa, Pattowattamie, &c., being apparently only dialects of the same, and the Ojibboai being readily acquired by all the neighbouring tribes.

With regard to the verses here given, the original copy, furnished to the writer by a young officer, having been mislaid, he has found it impossible to supply the loss in time to correct the proof-sheet without seriously retarding the progress of the work through the press. The reader who is curious in such matters, is referred to Schoolcraft's Travels for some interesting observations, accompanied by authentic translations, attesting the existence of imaginative tales and oral poetry among our native tribes. In Mackenzie's Tour to the Lakes, there is also a song given, with the music of an original air annexed.

The collection of sentences, which is rather offered as a specimen of Indian phraseology than as a complete and authentic production of the aboriginal muse, is meant to be pronounced exactly as the words are writtten. The following, in which the French pronunciation is given to the letters, will be found, perhaps, more satisfactory. It is the Lord's Prayer, in Chippewa :—

" Cau-ci-nâne au-wei-nène iché-pi-mine-ga ein-date, mâ-nau-ti echi-wâ-beute wâ-i-chi-wâu-bi-tau-i-eune. Câ-ta-pâ-piche gineda-gime, mâ-nau-bige na-gâ-eune na-gâ-meuke sa-ni-goque; mi-gi-chi-nan-ga câ-mi-gi-âne nâne-goume gui-gi-keute, mi-gi-ché-nan-ga au-mei-zi-nâ-wau-mau-nan-ga eigi-cau-ti-bâmâ-tine-que, cai-gau i-gi-wi-gise gi-can-gaine mia mi-a-na-teuke keun-ni-wâ-nau mi-chenan-ga mi-a-nâ-touke, na-gâ-ni-zitetei-bè-ni-meute, gai-â-meiche-câ-i-zite câ-gui-nique."

The following literal translation of the above is given in the Ap-

From the manner in which it was taken down, I do not hold myself answerable for its correctness; but, uncouth and jaw-breaking as the words may look upon paper, they really sound musical from the silver tongue of an Indian girl.

INDIAN SERENADE.

Onaiweh! Paikesai meteequen, quonadhj cuskonosd muscotaiwenin.

Awake! flower of the forest; beautiful bird of the prairie.

Onaiweh! Onaiweh! kepahshoshe moscaishecon.

Awake! awake! thou with the eyes of the fawn.

Taupai kaisainopemayan, mannenatük azhenah pahkesaikew taupai cotainen ai won.

When you look at me, I am happy; like the flowers when they feel the dew.

Nodin keokeneta waikon azhenah menoqut paike saiwen oskenega kezhecut—waikon azhenah menoquten pahwepemukkazho nahgoosing.

The breath of thy mouth is as sweet as the fragrance of flowers in the morning; sweet as their fragrance at evening in the moon of the fading leaf.

Nekaugewahnahtahsee neshainenen ahchewaukee, azhenah mekkeetchewun kezhis ahchew au wahseekoseekazho?

Does not the blood of my veins spring towards thee like the bubbling springs to the sun in the moon of the bright nights? (April.)

Nemeetah nuggahmo taupai keeshiah payshoo azhenah oskenoga metecquen wencemenin nodin otaihaiminkazho.

My heart sings to thee when thou art near; like the dancing branches to the wind in the moon of strawberries. (June.)

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pendix of "Tanner's Narrative," by the accomplished editor of that work:—

"Our Father who above livest, what you wish to be done, let it be done; let us not play with thy name; let thy great power come. Give us our food this day—give us our debts as we give our debtors—do not lead us into bad things—keep us from bad things—power belongs to thee and strength—For ever."

Taupai niscaudizze saugittewun, nemeetah muccuddauwah azhenah wahbiskah sebewun taupai nahcut endosh wainje ishpeming.

When thou art not pleased, my beloved, my heart is darkened like the shining river when shadows fall from the clouds above.

Ketiyahnim geozhetone menoanedum, nemeetah sunnuggezewin azhenah kezhis geozhetone azhenah azauwahshoneah tegowugainse kissenah nodin wainjenetahhahwajink.

Thy smiles cause my troubled heart to be brightened as the sun makes to look like gold the ripples which the cold wind has created.

Neahwena, wahhundummo, keshainon nemeetah pokkaumenin.

Myself! Behold me! blood of my beating heart.

Ah ke tahyahnin, nepeesh tahyahnim, ishpeming tahyahnim—kooshah nenah—Nenah kaukekendun mekunnuh tahyahnah mokeshee taupai kaukeeshiah—Onaiweh! Onaiweh! nenah saugittewun!

The earth smiles—the waters smile—the heavens smile, but I—I lose the way of smiling when thou art not near—awake! awake! my beloved!

This literal prose translation seems very bald, but I don't know that I have bettered it in the following versification.

Fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,
Listen, my fawn-eyed one—wake, oh! awake.
Pride of the prairies, one look from thy bower
Will gladden my spirit, like dew-drop the flower.

Thy glances to music my soul can attune,
As sweet as the murmur of young leaves in June;
Then breathe but a whisper, from lips that disclose
A balm like the morning, or autumn's last rose.

My pulses leap toward thee, like fountains when first
Through their ice-chains in April toward Heaven they burst.
Then, fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,
Listen, my fawn-eyed one—wake, oh! awake.

Like this star-paven water when clouds o'er it lower,
If thou frownest, beloved, is my soul in that hour;
But when Heaven and Thou, love! your smiles will unfold,
If their current be ruffled, its ripples are gold.

Awake, love! all Nature is smiling, yet I—
I cannot smile, dearest! when Thou art not by.
Look from thy bower, then—here on the lake,
Pulse of my beating heart—wake, oh! awake.

LETTER XXII.

Travelling Party—Backwood Beauties—An Indian Beauty—Travelling Vehicles—Our Coachman—A Breakdown—Settlers—Warfare with Indians—Anomaly in Morals—Indian-hating—Pioneers—Wandering Indians—Night on the Prairie—A Jumper.

Wisconsan Territory, Feb. 18, 1834.

I HARDLY know whence to date this letter, unless it be from the sources of the Sinsinnaway, between Prairie du Chien and Galena. I left Prairie du Chien in a furious squall of snow, which, violent as it was, however, could not affect the politeness of the young officer, who insisted upon driving me six or seven miles, to the banks of the Wisconsan* in a cariole. A gentleman who fills a civil station of some importance on the frontier, was waiting for me at the crossing place, where several squaws, with immense packs, sustained, after the usual Indian fashion of carrying burthens, by a band around the forehead, collected with two or three Frenchmen and half-breeds, under a shed appertaining to a large stone mansion on the immediate bank of the river, gave to the place the appearance of an

* See note C.

extensive trading establishment. Entering the house for a moment, I found two rather pretty and very well-dressed young girls of sixteen or eighteen, whose raven locks and eyes of jet alone proclaimed their half-blood origin. One of the ladies sketched (they had been educated either at Detroit or St. Louis), and we had just got into a discussion upon the plates of a new English annual which she had in her hands, when a call from without compelled me at once to bid my friend farewell, and leave him the agreeable task of entertaining the backwood beauties by himself. I have at different places on the frontier seen some of these half-breed fair ones, the piquancy of whose charms would excite no slight sensation in the gay circles of the Atlantic States. But, like the full-blooded Indian females, they lose their beauty very soon; like them too, when faded, they exhibit a harshness of feature which is almost forbidding. An aged Indian has often something interesting and even attractive in his countenance; but an aged squaw, or one even in whose face the light of youth no longer lingers, is any thing but prepossessing—is even haggish. It is to this frail and fleeting condition of their charms that the early desertion of their husbands, whether red or white, is chiefly to be attributed: for the affection, the fondness, the devotedness of an Indian girl to her lover know no bounds, and her truth is beyond impeachment. In the strange intermixture of population on the frontiers, these qualities are of course oftener and more severely tried than in those distant wilds where the Indian still roves free from

the perilous influence of the white man, untaught in those principles of morality which are made to depend upon degrees of latitude and longitude, and unskilled in that system of dealing which takes its colour of fairness according to the blood of the person dealt with. I have said that though their features are not often regular, there is at times something very attractive, even to piquancy, about them. You would think so, I know, could you see one that I have in "my mind's eye" at this moment.

I have fallen in with so many straggling parties and broken bands of different tribes upon the borders, between Detroit and Prairie du Chien, that it matters not to say at what point I had an opportunity of studying the large dark and eloquent eyes that beam in swimming lustre before me. The straight forehead is, perhaps, a thought too low; and yet, while those tresses, dark as night, are gathered so far away from its broad polished surface, it were too masculine if an atom higher. I said her features were not regular; the nose is too *retroussé* for a sculptor's model, yet never did his chisel set that feature with more beautiful distinctness, between a pair of clear and pencilled brows. How much of manhood's force and woman's fondness dwells around that mouth! and when its dewy portals disclose teeth whiter than "snow upon a raven's wing," one need not be a Mahometan to fancy Houri's lips like those. But what shall I say of her figure? It is too much below the standard height to create a sensation in a ball-room; and the

untrained waist were it not for the plump though falling shoulders, and full outline above, would not appear too slender to dispense with some of Mrs. Cantello's discipline : yet such a form would Hebe choose, should she roam the world for a new tenement to dwell in.

To repeat the unspeakable and ludicrously expressive name of this Indian beauty would destroy any interest this attempt at describing her may have created ; and I am half disposed to steal the finely appropriate name of a Menomone belle, strongly resembling her, who is called *Mokeechéwon*, or " The Bubbling Spring."

But I am too long a truant from my fellow traveller. We descended the steep bluff together, and got upon the now frail ice of the Wisconsan, by means of poles and pieces of loose timber thrown out from the shore, while we slid our baggage upon a smooth board over a broad opening near the margin of the rapid current. Once on the main body of the ice, I was dragged over in a traineau by Indians, while a Canadian or two went ahead with long poles to try the ice ; and then on reaching the opposite shore, the same ceremonies being repeated, we after some delay made good our landing. A tall rickety old barouche, (I should as soon think of driving an ox-cart into my bedroom, as bringing such a machine among these hills at this season) stood waiting for us in a frozen swamp : after stowing our baggage, and making the crank craft shorten sail by lowering the leathern top, we got fairly under way. We had not gone a

mile before the swingle-tree broke, while crossing a brisk stream; and our driver having repaired the difficulty after an hour's delay in a heavy snow-storm, by cutting a piece of wood with his knife from a grove at hand, we started afresh, and reached the foot of the bluff by which you first descend into the valley of the Wisconsan, at about three o'clock. The ascent—perhaps two hundred feet high—was in two pitches, either of which, on a summer's day, would trouble a man to walk up, who wanted wind and a firm tread. They were now covered with fresh snow, having an underlayer of smooth ice, created by the previous thaw, and the office of our two half-starved horses in getting up the old barouche, you may readily imagine, was no sinecure. The driver (from my own state) was a forward, two-third witted fellow, grafting the impudence of a New-York hackney coachman upon the not disagreeable freedom of western character. His head was coated with a mass of hair, which curled so tight as to keep his eyes always open on the stare, while it was lined with an accumulation of conceit that actually puffed out his cheeks; yet he was bold, active, and, notwithstanding his disagreeable familiarity, meant well. His two nags (which looked like frames of that interesting quadruped the horse, set up for further finishing) he honestly believed, with Goldfinch, were "equal to any pair of tits that ever touched harness:" and therefore treated our suggestion that they would not be able to make good their footing to the top of the hill with just disdain. Like Bonaparte, however, he paused to

harangue his forces before scaling the Alps—"Now, you Doctor, be careful how you tread, you infernal villain—and, Fanny, you know better, you hussy, than to let the Doctor be always a-dragging you his side the road—now go ahead, G—d d—n you!" This pithy address seemed to be as well understood by the sagacious brutes as if our friend had spoken in the Hounhym language, like Gulliver himself. The learned M. D. and the gentle Fanny gave such a violent start, that, what with our pushing behind the vehicle and our conductor's urging them on with an enormous ox-goad before, the first ascent was, with much floundering, soon made good: but they could no more. Like Saunders Supplejaw in Quentin Durward, "there they stuck." They did indeed make little excursions up the side of the hill, but it was only to slip back to the same place. Nor did I wonder at it. I was obliged myself to climb the slippery steep on my hands and knees, at the risk of having my neck broken by the floundering horses, who once nearly gained the top, when, their footing giving way, they came tumbling down, carriage and all, jumbled together like the picture of Phaeton's mishap in the school edition of Tooke's Pantheon. In this last attempt they fortunately broke the carriage, or we might have cooled our heels on the spot till midnight.

In the existing wreck of matter, however, we determined at once to mount the two horses bareback, while our conductor should try and keep up with us on foot till we gained the house of a settler some six or seven miles off, and could send back a

conveyance for our baggage. The horses being with some difficulty led up the hill, our conductor began at once to try the strength of his legs, by kicking the poor brutes in their ribs,—an application which the Doctor took with as much quiet as if he felt that he deserved it for his malpractice. The gentle Fanny, however, seemed determined to show her humane master that, however he might excel her in the use of the whip, she was more than a match for him when it came to a flourish of heels; and accordingly, she handled her hoofs with such dexterity that one of them descended so plumply upon the epigastrium of the offending conductor as nearly to drive the breath out of his body. He recoiled a few paces in the snow, but did not seem the least hurt, while I mounted his assailant before another round could be had between the combatants; and my companion taking the other horse, we all pushed off together as fast as we could from the scene of our misfortunes. Commend me to an afternoon's canter on the back of a broadsword, but never let my limbs cross the naked chine of such a beast again in a trot of six miles. My companion soon dismounted and yielded his place to the driver, who clung to the bed of down the rest of the route, twisting and turning the whiles thereon at a rate that made the wolves—of which we passed several—stop and stare at him, as if he had had the St. Vitus's dance.

The cabin at which we stopped belonged to an emigrant originally from New-Hampshire, but now for fifteeen years a rover in the west. From his

present residence he had been several times driven off by the Indians, and of course, like most of the settlers, hated them cordially. He had two or three loaded rifles suspended by wooden hooks over his fireplace; and assigned to me as a reason for keeping them always thus ready, "that he was a lone man, and didn't want any rascally Indian to come snooping for hogs about his place."—"Surely, sir," I observed, "you would not shoot them unless they did you mischief?"—"Why, I don't say as to that, stranger; but the varmint give us a heap of trouble; and I'd rather for their own sakes that none of their rifles would come cracking about my door."—"Well, I always get rid of the red devils," pursued an old backwoodsman standing by, "without shooting any on them; and it's only by catching two that came hunting near me last spring, and making them understand that they run a smart chance for their lives if they ever come within rifle-shot of my cornfield again. Government's bought their land, and it's wrong for them to be cavorting round quiet people's houses any more." Contrast such views and feelings with the hospitable conduct towards the Indians of recent settlers from your own state, which I have commemorated in former letters, and you will for the moment feel a glow of pride for the generous dealings of the New-York emigrant. Examine the subject deeper, and that just pride will not be diminished; but you will at least have charity for the startling creed of the old backwoodsman.

The cause of the existing hatred of many of the

old borderers of the very name of Indian must be sought for far back in the bloody annals of our frontiers. Its origin may there be found in the fierce collisions, the midnight burnings, the massacres, and cruel devastations which are familiar to us in a thousand tales of our infancy. The bitter feelings, the recollection of wrongs committed or incurred—of vengeance wreaked or reaped in these desperate scenes,—have lived for generations in the families of their daring and much-enduring actors. In the solitary life of a frontier man, so far removed from the ordinary objects which engage the thoughts of men of his class in thickly settled parts of the country, they form his chief subject for reflection when roving the forest or labouring alone in the field by day; and they are the theme upon which he descants when his young offspring gather around their humble hearth by night. His children drink in the story with all the greediness of infant ears; and when, wishing for the detail of further horrors, they are placed perforce by their mother on their pallet of straw, she stills their cries by whispering the name of some dreaded chieftain in their ears—as I have more than once myself heard the name of Blackhawk used to still the murmurs of a nursling. The lessons thus taught are ineradicable, while the accumulated passions and prejudices of generations are transmitted and kept alive. A peculiar class of men is thus created, or rather was created years and years ago,—a class of men as distinct in many respects from the more happily situated inhabitants of countries sheltered by the

strong arm of the law, as if it had its birth in another planet; and the chief characteristic of its members is (I do not speak ironically), that they have two consciences—one for the white and another for the red man. You smile incredulously at such an anomaly in morals; but however paradoxical it may appear upon paper, it is a fact as notorious as the open day, that there have been and are men on the frontiers whose dealings with civilized society, whose general humanity, whose exact attendance even to their religious duties, are such as to ensure them respect, if not to give them weight, in any well ordered community,—and that with these very men the rights and privileges, the property, the life of an Indian, do not weigh a feather. For some most remarkable and deeply interesting facts in relation to this strange incongruity of disposition, I refer you to several admirable articles on frontier life and "Indian hating," in the back numbers of Judge Hall's Western Magazine.*

Now this is the class—bold, enterprising, and

* If I am not very much mistaken, the records of the criminal court in the county of Montgomery, state of New-York, will supply some facts in relation to Indian hating nearer home. I think it was only October 1833, that I saw a statement in a Johnstown newspaper in relation to an Indian murder committed by an old man of sixty, who had been in past years tried and acquitted by Mohawk juries, several times, upon different indictments for Indian murders. He destroyed his victim, whom he had never seen till that moment, by picking him off with his rifle, while fishing in his canoe between two white men. With regard to the murderer it was said, that, like Logan, not a drop of his blood ran in the veins of any living creature. His kindred had been cut off by the Indians while he was yet a child.

hardy, true to each other, and just and hospitable to the white stranger, but having no place in their system of doing good for the unfriended Indian—which, since the earliest settlement of the back countries, have been brought continually in contact with the original possessors of the soil. They alone are the real pioneers. Wave after wave of western emigration has rolled from our cultivated coast over the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; but while each shot beyond its predecessor, and left it settling far behind, it has only thrust in advance, it has never absorbed or commingled with, the distinct and narrow currents that first led the way. These pioneers do indeed continually penetrate beyond the immediate Indian boundaries, and there, as is the case in the peninsula of Michigan, you may see the hereditary enemies they have left behind living upon the kindest terms with the new white population that succeeds, until their land becomes so valuable as to be coveted by their neighbours, when government steps in and removes them once more to struggle with their old enemies beyond the border. Driven from his favourite hunting-grounds—torn from the graves of his fathers, for which he has a sacred and almost passionate veneration—the poor Indian goes forth to dwell among a strange and often a hostile people, with whom his dismembered and broken tribe soon passes into a by-word. There, generally, the terms he is upon with the scattered pioneers that have reached even that remote place before him, preclude him from a market for his venison and skins in his immediate neighbourhood; and

if he does not take to shooting his white neighbours' hogs, and get brought down himself by a rifle-ball in return, he wanders off to some distant trading-post, where he runs himself incurably in debt by taking at credit the articles necessary for his subsistence, at a thousand per cent. above their market value. Here he learns from the Scotch and English trader to love the *Saginash** and hate the *Chemocomon*;† to go with the various tribes within our borders which the British government at this moment religiously keep in their pay, to receive arms and presents at Malden; and to hold himself ready to join the first marauding party of his red brethren which shall raise the warwhoop on the border, and add new venom to the deadly feud of the pioneer. Sometimes, indeed, he becomes a dealer in small peltries on his own account, and annually visits the home of his childhood, where some thriving village has in the mean time sprung up, to dispose of the fruits of the chase, and get his supply of little necessaries in return. Several instances of the last were mentioned to me at the pretty hamlets of Ottawa and Hennepin, on the Illinois, where I was told that the storekeepers dealt with different Indians, whom they had repeatedly trusted to the amount of several hundred dollars for the term of a year, without their confidence being ever abused. But the Indian, returning hence to his wild-wood haunts, still, in passing the frontier, avoids the beings between whom and himself there is such a fearful ac-

* Englishman. † American.

count of mutual wrong and injury left unbalanced; and if he lies down at night beneath the shelter of a white man's roof, it is one that covers the family of some new wanderer to the west, to whom the wild deeds of frontier-life are only known through the softened medium of fiction, as a tale of other days. But much more likely is he, if his blanket alone be not his bed, to betake himself to some tenantless mansion, where the charred shell of what was formerly the family dwelling of a once happy but now desolated pioneer blackens the lonely heath. Here, while the prairie blast whistles through the gaping timbers, the Indian, crouched upon the floor where the feet of his red brothers have slipped in the blood their ruthless hands have shed, may well be supposed to exult in the demoniac feelings of gratified revenge, so dear to his race,—to brood through the hours of midnight over the accumulated wrongs under which he believes himself to be suffering, and to emerge from his gloomy lair in the morning eager for an encounter that may relieve his swollen feelings. Imagine now the white man, who once thought himself the possessor of that spot;—he, the ruined parent of that shattered home, hanging around the only remains of all that was dear to him! and then conceive what would be the meeting of two such beings. There is not another touch required to the picture; and yet it is no picture—it is reality. The deserted dwellings I have seen again and again. The stories connected with them are so familiar in their neighbourhood as to be told without emotion. The state of feeling they keep

alive among the whites I have already explained. The isolated condition of the Indian is, alas! too well known.

But enough of this for the present, when I have delivered the letters which I have for individuals high in the Indian department farther down the country, you shall have my own crude notions in relation to our national policy towards this singular people.

Having recovered our baggage, I started with my fellow traveller at about ten o'clock the next morning, in a jumper, trusting to his knowledge of the different groves, which are the landmarks of the prairies, for finding our way to a neighbour's, between thirty and forty miles off. We had proceeded a very few miles, when, every sign of a trail being covered with snow, we became completely lost, and wandered over the prairie for eleven hours: sometimes, indeed, we would get a snatch of a track where the snow had drifted it bare, but a few moments afterward we would be driving just as much at random as ever. The night at last closed in extremely cold, and the wind swept over the prairie so piercingly, that the very wolves seemed to shiver as they stood looking at us in the bright moonlight—(the number and impudence of these rascals on the prairies is almost incredible)—but the glorious sky above us seemed to lend some of its influence to our spirits; and, so long as our poor horse held out, we determined to keep on. His strength, however, began to be too much tried as we passed along the mouth of a number of ravines

scooped out of the prairie, and descended occasionally into the groves that filled them, to see if we could discover a house. The wearied brute seemed so loath to leave the last one we entered, that, after pausing and hallooing in vain for some time, I proposed that we should turn him loose to browse on the trees, and, making a fire, lie down in the snow for the night. My friend preferred trying one more ravine for the house, as we were both very sharp set; and starting anew to take a short cut up the hill-side, we came to the brink of a narrow and deep gully, which my companion got out to examine. "Jump him over," he cried.

"Jump the devil!—the horse can hardly step."

"Try him."

"He 'll break the jumper."

"Then we'll camp upon the spot."

The grove echoed with a single application I made with a flat stick to the poor brute's back, and the flying car (emphatically a *jumper*) landed safely with me in it on the other side of the gully. We gained the open prairie once more—heard the bark of a watch-dog—and, descending another ravine, were comfortably housed, an hour before midnight, in the log dwelling of a miner.

LETTER XXIII.

A Pleasant Retreat—Trenches—Solitary Miner—Galena—Public Meeting—Whimsical Conversation—Colonel H.—The Meeting—Incongruous Apparel—Miners—Descend a Mine—Interior of the Mine—Galena Theatricals—Stage Effects.

Galena, Upper Mississippi, February 22.

When I came to look round, in the morning, at the place where you last left me so fortunately accommodated, I found that our host, an enterprising Kentuckian, had been very fortunate in his choice of a site: it was a rocky and, as I was assured, healthful dell, about a hundred feet below the surrounding prairie, abounding in lead-ore, and having a fine stream, with a considerable cascade, winding through its wooded bosom. His house was situated among a clump of ashes and elms, and near it a crystal spring burst from beneath an ancient sycamore, in what resembled a torrent rather than an ordinary fountain of water; making altogether what in summer must be a most delicious retreat, and affording even in winter a very agreeable change from the windy prairie above. Inviting, however, as it appeared, this sequestered spot had some features of a sinister aspect. Within a few hundred yards of this apparently peaceful dwelling, stood a strong block-house on the open prairie; a refuge

for the family in time of danger; preventing by its naked position, the secret approach of a lurking foe.

Passing this block-house, after an early breakfast, we struck a track leading to the Platte Mounds, which were distinctly visible, rearing their blue peaks in the morning air. Our route lay through a beautiful country of mingled grove and prairie, where large herds of deer were occasionally to be seen roving about at several miles' distance. Frequently, in places where there were no other traces of man, we came to trenches opened by miners, who had either abandoned them in search of more promising veins of ore, or had been driven away by the Indians. These trenches bear exactly the appearance of a grave, and are about the same size; and you sometimes meet with hundreds of them in the course of a few miles' ride: for the high price of lead, before the Winnebago difficulties of 1828, attracted a vast number of adventurers to this region, who have since abandoned it for the mineral districts of Missouri.

We came at length to a place where two miners were sinking a shaft on the prairie; and as there was a windlass at work over the aperture, I prevailed on my companion to wait until I should descend. I was let down by the rope in a few moments, and passing through an upper crust of rich soil, at least three feet thick, a stratum of gravel succeeded, and then coming down to the clay, I found a solitary miner with his pick at work upon a vein of lead-ore. "Halloo, stranger!" he cried, as dangling midway I darkened the only opening

by which he could receive light; "where the devil do you come from?"—"From the state of New-York," I answered, alighting on a big lump of lead-ore near him. "Well, I'm from the state of Maine," replied he, laughing; "and I'm glad to see any one from so near home." I could not but smile to think how distant places on the Atlantic border approach each other, when viewed from this remote spot. I shook hands with my near neighbour of Maine, pocketed two or three specimens of ore which he struck out for me, and giving a signal with the rope to those above at the windlass, my resurrection to daylight was effected in a few moments.

We arrived at the Platte Mounds in the course of the afternoon; but it was late on the fourth day from Prairie du Chien when we reached Galena. Here I have been sorry to lose my late agreeable fellow traveller; and a fresh thaw having laid an embargo upon travelling, by melting the snow and rendering the streams impassable, I have endeavoured to occupy my time in looking about Galena. The mud is so deep that it is impossible to go afoot; and as these steep hills are unfit for carriages, the children going and returning from school pass the door of my lodgings on horseback every morning and evening; three or four boys and girls sometimes being piled on before and behind an old negro, till the mass of heads, arms, and legs belonging to the juveniles makes the fabric look like the wood-cut in the nursery-book of that celebrated ancient female's residence, who "had so many children she did not know what to do."

The population of Galena is about a thousand, and that of Jo-Davies's county, in which it is situated, is computed at five thousand; a very large proportion of which is engaged in mining operations. The town, for its size, is one of the busiest places in the Union. The value of goods imported into this place last season amounted to 150,000 dollars; the exports of lead amounted to seven millions of pounds, at four dollars fifty cents per hundred weight. There were ninety-six departures and ninety-seven arrivals of steam-boats during the last season; three of which were owned by persons engaged directly in the trade. This, for a frontier-town, built indifferently of frame and log-houses, thrown confusedly together on the side of a hill, is certainly doing very well. People now hold their property by a somewhat precarious tenure, which prevents them from making improvements. When government gives them title-deeds to the lands they occupy, both Galena and the adjacent country will assume a very different appearance.

I took quite an extensive ride in the neighbourhood yesterday. There was to be a public meeting of the miners and other residents, held about twelve or fifteen miles from town, upon the subject of petitioning Congress in relation to the sale of lands; and having procured a tolerable saddle-horse, I started with Colonel H.,—whose family-name is already known among the very first in our history, and whose acknowledged talents and influence in this quarter will ensure his making a figure in public life, when the new state of Wisconsan shall take

her place in the confederacy.* But a few years have elapsed since he left the city of New-York, a mere youth, to try his fortune in the west,—since then he has followed at different times the various occupations of a lawyer, a drover, a miner, and lastly a smelter, besides taking an active part in two Indian wars, where his early West Point education came favourably into play. Colonel H. is, perhaps, second only to General Dodge in knowledge of frontier affairs, and popularity with the backwoodsmen in this quarter.

I cannot give you a better idea of the thoroughly democratic state of society here, than by repeating the whimsical conversation in which I first became aware of this gentleman's being a resident of these parts.

"I allow that you know Colonel H. of your city?" asked a sturdy borderer and thriving farmer of me, a few weeks since, while in the lower country.

"Colonel H., the son of General H.? certainly I do: why, what in the world brought him out here at this season? You must be mistaken, my dear sir; the duties of his office, as U. S. district at-

* A period much less remote than many would think it. The country between Rock River and the Wisconsan combines perhaps more advantages for emigration than any described in the whole of this tour. That lying between the Fox River and Lake Michigan is represented as being equally good; and, supposing the Indian difficulties to be now for ever terminated in this quarter, this region will fill with northern emigrants the moment it becomes known. A glance at the map will show how favourably it is situated for trade, commanding the markets alike of Buffalo and New-Orleans.

torney, would hardly allow him to take such a tour as this."

"*Tower*, stranger! why he's living among us."

"Here ?"

"No, not exactly on this prairie, but in the mines. The colonel took a drove of hogs up for me, some time since."

"My dear friend," replied I, laughing heartily at the very idea, "Colonel H. would see you to the devil first, before he'd take ten steps after a drove of hogs, for you or any one else."

"By G—d! sir," rejoined the backwoodsman, with some excitement, "you don't know little Bill; for though he *is* the son of General H., and the smartest man in all these parts to boot, he has none of y'r d—d foolish pride about him; but would just as soon drive any honest man's hogs over the prairie as his own."

"Certainly, sir, the Colonel H. that I mean would just as soon drive your hogs as he would his own; but I now perceive that your 'little Bill' is a very different person from the one I allude to: yet no one could admire the independence of character you ascribe to him more than I do."

"Squire, give us your hand! you and little Bill must know each other before you leave this country."

I had an opportunity of hearing Mr. H. address a public meeting on the evening of my arrival in Galena, and was much struck with the logical precision and force with which he spoke; and with his fluency, clear enunciation, and thorough com-

mand of himself and his audience. His features, when animated in speaking, bore a striking resemblance to those of his great and lamented father, as exhibited in the plaster casts which are familiar to every one.

"Colonel H.," said the gentleman who introduced me, "is at present disguised in a suit of broadcloth; to have him in character, sir, you should see him in his leather shirt and drawers, driving his ox-team with a load of lead into town." Mr. H. laughed in reply; and our horses being ready, we mounted, and soon escaping from the muddy town, found topics enough for conversation while galloping through the oak openings on the hills beyond. The gathering proved to be not so numerous, when we arrived at the place of meeting, as I had hoped; and, though in the grouping of wild-looking figures, with their variety of strange faces and striking costumes, Inman's bold pencil might have found some fine studies, yet I was wholly disappointed in any outlandish exhibitions of character. They were, in fact, as civil and well-behaved a set as would come to the call of a committee in any of the best inhabited wards in your city. Their civility to me, indeed—being a stranger—could not be exceeded; I never approached the fire, but two or three rose to offer me a seat; and scarcely one of the company called for anything to drink, but, turning round, he would add, "Stranger, won't you join us?" As we spent several hours among them merely talking and moving round, without getting up any formal meeting, I had ample

leisure to study the different appearances of the company, as some bent over a card-table, where the pieces of dirty pasteboard were rapidly compelling the small piles of money collected there to change hands; while others lay stretched in the sun upon the wood-pile before the open door, listlessly whittling a piece of stick with their long hunting-knives. One of the most striking figures was a tall young man of about seven or eight-and-twenty, whose delicate features, though somewhat imbrowned with toil and exposure, were only relieved from effeminacy by a dark beard trimmed around his oval face and depending from his chin, much in the style that Sir Walter Raleigh and Shakspeare are painted,—either of whose fine heads, his high, pale, and expressive forehead would not have misbecome. His figure, about six feet in height, was set off by a close-fitting hunting-shirt of black buckskin, lightly embroidered on the collar and arms with straw-coloured silk, which, from long use, had grown so dingy as scarcely to be detected upon the rusty leather it was meant to adorn. Others there were with the common cotton hunting-shirt of the west belted around them. But the majority were dressed in rough blanket-coats of every possible colour; while a vest of the most costly description, with pantaloons of Kentucky jean, would often complete their incongruous apparel.

I could form a tolerable estimate of the intelligence of this collection of people, from observing the language which my new friend used in talking

to them upon the subject that brought them together; and, when speaking in earnest, it was invariably such as one educated gentleman would use to another when comparing views upon any new topic of interest. Upon my commenting upon this, after we had bid them farewell, and were riding off together, my companion observed, that there were not only many strong-minded men of ordinary education who had adopted the way of life which I saw prevailing around me, but that, had I time to remain longer in that section of country, he could point out to me a number of regularly educated persons, the graduates of more than one of our eastern colleges, who were seeking their fortunes in this region in the capacity of common miners. While he was yet speaking, we were accosted by a poorly clad and in every respect ordinary-looking person, to whom my companion replied with great politeness; and then resuming the subject after we had passed the forlorn shantee which the individual called his house,—"*Par exemple*," he exclaimed, "that man—and a shrewd, sensible fellow he is—was bred to the bar in your state; he looks poor enough now, it is true, but I hear that he has lately struck a lead, and a few years will probably find him in independent circumstances. We are now, you observe, among his diggings; and though at this moment he has hands to help him, I believe he began, like most of us, with his single pick. Clear that trench, now, and guide your horse through those pitfalls on the right, and I will take you to a point where you may see how we get up the ore."

Following my conductor along a mile or two farther of pretty rough road, we came at last to a spot where a huge mound of earth, with piles of lead ore scattered here and there on the adjacent ground, showed that a mine was very successfully worked beneath; and giving our horses to an accommodating fellow that stood by, we threw off our overcoats and prepared to descend into it. The orifice on the top of the mound, over which a windlass was placed, was about three feet square, being lined with split logs crossing each other at the angles down to the original surface of the soil, below which point the adhesiveness of the earth seemed to be all that kept the sides of the pit together. It was so dark, however, at this part of the passage down, that other precautions may have escaped me. Taking the rope from above in my hands, and placing my foot in a wooden hook attached to the end of it, I swung myself from the top, and in a few moments descended some seventy or eighty feet below the surface. The narrow chamber was of course excessively dark to one just coming from the light of day; and landing upon the edge of a tub immediately beneath the aperture through which I had descended, I lost my foothold and pitched head over heels in the water with which the bottom of the mine was flooded. "Any one hurt?" cried a voice behind me; and looking round as I sprang to my feet, I found myself in a long horizontal passage or narrow gallery, with a grim looking miner approaching me with a lantern in one hand and a pickaxe in the other. The next

moment the form of my companion darkened the opening above, and then, after landing by my side, he introduced me to the miner, who proceeded to show us about these subterranean premises. They consisted of three or four galleries, generally terminating in a common centre, though one or two short ones, just commenced, ran off at right angles to the rest; and the lead ore, which glitters like frosted silver in its native bed, appeared to lie in thick horizontal strata along their side. The masses were readily separated by the pickaxe from the neighbouring clay, and several tubs full were drawn up by the windlass during our visit. The labour and exposure of these miners is very great; but the life, to those who have an interest in the work, is said to be so exciting, that the most indolent man, when he has once fairly burrowed under ground, and got a scent of what is called "*a lead,*"* will vie in devotion to his toil with the most industrious of those who labour in the light of heaven. His stimulus, indeed, resembles that of the gold hunter; for the lead, when delivered at Galena, is as good as coin in his pocket; while, if he chances to strike a rich *lead* of mineral, he at once becomes independent—as, if he does not choose to work it on his own account, there are houses in Galena which will purchase him out for a handsome sum, for the sake of speculation.

It was late in the evening, when, after taking this wide circuit, I once more regained my lodgings

* Query, LODE?—From Sax. *læden.*—Encyc.

at Galena. I found the tavern entirely deserted, and upon inquiring the cause, and learning that there was "a play to be acted in town," I rode off at once to attend the theatre. It was in the upper part of an unfinished house built on the side of a hill. Entering the front door, I had to make my way to a rude staircase by a plank laid across the naked beams, for as yet there was no floor to the lower story. Below me were horses feeding, the basement or cellar, which opened in the lower street, being used as a stable. The company consisted of four grown persons and a child about ten years old, and the play was the melo-drama of The Woodman's Hut. A thing so easily turned into ridicule would be game not worth hunting down, and I mean, therefore, to disappoint any ill-natured expectations you may have of the picture I could give of Galena theatricals. That the rest of the audience were at least as liberal as myself, you may gather from the fact of their showering half-dollars like peas upon the stage, to express their delight at the little girl's dancing between the acts, which certainly did not surpass that of the Vestris, not to mention Taglioni. I left the saloon during the performance of the melo-drama, and was standing in the apartment below, when I was not a little startled by a heavy missile which whizzed by my ear, struck fire in encountering a beam near to me, and concluded its career by giving a hearty thump to a horse who was soberly ruminating in his stall beneath. The mystery was presently cleared up by a little negro dropping at a bound from the

entrance to the Thespian hall above, and exclaiming, "Did you see a gun come by here, sir? The count went to stand it in the corner, and it slipped between the planks of the floor," I directed the imp to the realms below, and starting at once for my lodgings, had no further opportunity to study these unrehearsed stage effects.

LETTER XXIV.

Leave Galena—Mishap on the Prairie—Fatal Accidents—Sunny Landscape—Fertile Soil—Proposed Canal—State of Illinois.

Peoria, Illinois, March 4th, 1834.

I HAVE had a variety of amusing and some vexatious adventures in crossing the country from Galena to this central place; but you have now been with me so long upon the prairies that I shall not fatigue you by detailing more of a traveller's passing mishaps and petty encounters. The great melting of the snows that detained me at Galena was followed by a sharp frost, which, crusting over the swollen streams, made their passage very painful for the horses. In passing through the Winnebago swamp, we drove for the distance of a mile through water up to the chests of our horses, and so heavily coated with ice, that it was as much as the leaders could do to break a way with their fore feet. My fellow traveller, however—for I started

with but one from Galena—proved to be an old campaigner and capital travelling companion, and we managed to extract some amusement from every occurrence, however annoying; and whether we were jolting over the frozen ground in an open wagon without springs or seats, or keeping the freezing night wind away by stuffing our bed-clothes in the crevices, as we shared a pallet together in some half-constructed log-edifice, the spirit of fun and good humour has been sympathetic between us.

About a day's journey from Galena, we passed over a reach of prairie, some twelve or fourteen miles in extent, where my companion, who is a middle-aged man, was fortunate enough, a few winters ago, to be the cause of saving a great many lives. A train of sleighs, holding more than a dozen people, among whom were several females, started immediately after breakfast to cross this narrow arm of the prairie; and though the distance was only what I have stated, they contrived somehow to lose their way in the snow, and night closing in found them apparently as far from the house they were seeking as when they started in the morning. They had, in fact, during a sudden flurry of snow turned completely round, and, as my companion was the first to discover, were actually going backward, instead of advancing on their route. A council was at once held, and all except my friend were for still pushing forward; though the horses were worn down with fatigue, and several of the travellers already frost bitten or becoming torpid

with cold. But my companion, who probably had more experience in such scenes than any of the company, took command and ordered a halt, warning them that they would perish, should they not make use of the few moments of light that were left to secure themselves for the night. Fortunately every one yielded to him. The horses were turned loose, the snow was cleared away from a large space of ground, which was forthwith covered with buffalo-skins, and the largest sleigh in the train placed inverted upon them. The whole company, with the exception of my friend, crawled beneath this shelter, while he remained outside and covered up the box with snow, shovelling it on with a piece of board. This exercise—which alone saved his life, while it ensured the safety of theirs—he continued till morning, when some of the horses having found their way into the settlements, the people came out and led the company to their homes. During the same spell of weather, if not on the same night, two wagoners and some oxen were frozen on the prairie, farther down the country, on a route which I have since passed. There were three of them in company, each with a team, conveying goods to some point on the Illinois. Finding their oxen gradually becoming stiff with cold, they determined to leave them and hurry on to a house. One of the three gave out before they had gone many miles, and his companions buried him in a snow-bank; the second sank down on the road; and the third only succeeded in reaching a house and saving his life. Part of the load of these poor

fellows consisted of blankets, which, had they known it, might have saved them. The incident struck me when told near the spot on a cold day, though not so much as a similar story which I heard when I first came upon the grand prairie in Indiana. It related to the fate of an emigrant who attempted to cross a broad arm of the prairie with his family, in an open wagon, on a very cold day. They were found stiff in the road, the horses frozen in their traces, and standing upright, as if petrified, and the man leaning against the wagon, with a fragment torn from it in his hands, as if in the act of trying to make a fire. The mother sat erect, with an infant in her arms; but the children were curled about her feet in every position that an attempt to skreen themselves from the cruel exposure could suggest.

But these stories, of which I could tell you a hundred, begin now to lose their effect, as, with the gradual opening of spring, I find myself approaching a milder region. The last day's travel has led along those sunny bottoms of the Illinois, where, even at this early season, the chattering of the paroquet may be heard upon every side; and here and there I have been delighted to observe a tender green stealing over those sheltered meadows beneath the retreating banks of the river, whose narrow limits and basin-like appearance answer so completely to my preconceived ideas of a prairie. The Illinois, about thirty miles above this point, expands into a fine lake, upon the banks of which Peoria is situated. The site is one of the prettiest

for a town that I ever saw. The approach to it is through alternate prairies and richly wooded bottoms, that fringe the lake with a vegetation of stupendous growth, and give glimpses of its sparkling waters and blue islets through festoons of vines overhanging the road for miles continuously. It must in summer be a scene of fairy land.

Peoria is about the geographical centre of Illinois, though by no means as yet the centre of population, which is still far to the south-east. This place is rapidly improving, and may very possibly become the future seat of government. It has inexhaustible quantities of bituminous coal in its vicinity, and commands an unbroken steamboat navigation with St. Louis. The adjacent country is very fertile. The soil, like that of Illinois generally, is better suited to the grazier than the agriculturist. It is composed of a black and rich mould, with a small admixture of fine silicious sand, and rests on soft and permeable clay without being interspersed with stone or gravel. This formation, while it is unfavourable to the existence of perennial streams and fountains, and impedes the plough of the agriculturist, and endangers his health by the creation of miasma, yet in the vicinity of the middle lands furnishes inexhaustible meadows to the grazier, and every facility for canals and railroads. The Illinois River was described by General G. B. Clark so long ago as 1777, as "a natural canal passing through natural meadows;" and the facility with which branches might be made as the country requires them is now very apparent. The route of

the proposed canal (of which I have before spoken), to connect the waters of Lake Superior with those of the Gulf of Mexico, by a communication of only one hundred miles, commences at a point on the Chicago River, five miles above its mouth, where the water is twelve feet deep, and on a level with Lake Michigan; thence seven miles and a half to the summit level, which is seventeen feet above the surface of Lake Michigan, and five feet nine inches above the Des-Plaine: thence (for only a ship-canal) down the valley of the Des-Plaine and Illinois, about ninety miles, with one hundred and seventy-five feet descent to the mouth of the Little Vermillion, four miles below the rapids of the Illinois River; at which point that stream is navigable for steam-boats at all seasons.*

Ten years and 40,000 dollars have now been spent upon this work, and not a shovelful of earth, so far as I can learn, is yet removed from the soil. Let the New-York merchants step in and make it, and the warehouses of Buffalo will be to St. Louis what those of New-Orleans are at present. New-York will have the whole trade of the Mississippi Valley, and the vast regions of the Missouri will be tributary to her market. A canal-boat that can navigate the lakes may then clear at New-York, and discharge her cargo at a trading-post on the Yellow Stone. Such a canal would be to this Union what a cut through the Isthmus of Darien would be to the world: the one would draw St. Louis as near to New-York as the other would India to Europe. It

* See note D.

would be well indeed that government should make it; but the means required are so slight in comparison with those invested in a hundred similar works, in different parts of the country, as to bring it easily within the limits of individual enterprise.

The State of Illinois, judging from the progress already made, will not complete the canal for half a century to come. The want of capital is here so great as almost to seal up each outlet for enterprise, though they present themselves on every side; and our eastern capitalists are so completely ignorant of the prodigious resources of this region that it may be long before the defect is supplied. Were the people in our rich eastern cities more familiar with even the geographical relations of this extraordinary region, I am convinced that more than one company would be formed that would be eager to purchase from the State of Illinois, at a handsome premium, the right of making the canal, and holding it in joint-stock for a term of years.

LETTER XXV.

Prairie on Fire—Colonels—Aspect of the Country—Rich Savannas—Lower Prairies—Population—Deserted Village—The Missouri.

St. Louis, March 9, 1834.

HERE I am, safely at last in the renowned city of San' Louis. Our route from Peoria, by the way of the flourishing towns of Springfield, Jacksonville,* and Alton, through the small meadow-like and half-cultivated prairies of Lower Illinois, was very agreeable. I believe I have not mentioned, that before getting into this fair and comparatively populous region, I had the pleasure, while crossing one prairie of considerable extent, of seeing it on fire on every side around me. The hour was near midnight, and the spectacle was magnificent beyond description. An illustration by Westall's pencil of the Rich Man in the Burning Lake, which I have seen somewhere, would give as near an idea of the scene as the painter's art could convey. In one place the prairie presented exactly the appearance of a broad burning pool, in others the flames swelled up like seas of fire, rolling the liquid element in solid columns over the land; and then, like the waves of the sea itself, when they break upon the

* See note E.

shore, a thousand forked tongues of flame would project themselves far beyond the broken mass, and greedily lick up the dry aliment that lay before them. Our horses did not seem to mind the phenomenon at all, and we drove so near to the fire as to feel the heat very sensibly. But though we probably incurred no danger, it was almost startling, at times, to see a wall of fire as high as our horses' ears, in some places, stretching along the road-side, while the flames would shoot to the height of twenty feet or more when a gust of wind would sweep the prairie.

We had an accession of four or five passengers at Jacksonville, a very pretty and flourishing looking place; and I was not a little amused to find, that out of six persons in the stage we had four *colonels;* and when we chanced to stop at a tavern, where I saw a cartridge-box and a musket over the mantelpiece, I could not help remarking aloud, that it was the first symptom of the existence of a private I had seen in the country. Some of the colonels looked a little sour, and the jest might not have passed off as easily as I could have wished it, had not my friend, who was also a colonel, entered my name on the tavern-register by the same distinguished title, which, I presume, qualified me to speak a little *ad libitum* of militia deeds of arms.

The character of the country between Peoria and Alton, where you first strike the Mississippi, is much the same as that described in the previous part of this letter. The prairies are smaller and more fertile-looking than in the upper country;

and when not under cultivation, resemble what at the North are called "river-*flats*," or natural meadows. While on the immense plateaux or steppes which form the prairies of the north-western part of this state, on this side of Rock River, I described the occasional tracts of woodland to you as occupying generally the hollows and ravines of those interminable plains, and thus rendering preposterous a favourite surmise of some philosophers, who would have it that the prairies are the deserted beds of lakes, from whose waters the existing groves once reared themselves as islands. In the districts which I have traversed latterly, however, the woodland, being generally higher than the prairie, gives a degree of reasonableness to the supposition; and, indeed, where the new grass has begun to show itself in these shallow basins, one could almost suppose that some freakish power, more than mortal—such as Ovid loved to sing—had been at work metamorphosing the unstable waters into lakes of verdure. These rich savannas are in some places so sheltered by the lofty forests around them, that the cold winds have but little play; and to no lovelier spots can spring make her first visits than to the beautiful groves which repose here and there over their bosom; and even now, when the snow-tracks of winter are hardly yet melted away,—

> "Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena,
> E i fiori e l'herbe."—

I could now, although I confess a fire is still not uncomfortable, almost realize the grateful and glowing pictures of the summer prairies by Judge Hall's

pencil;—the fresh grass rolled out into a verdant lake, with the points of woodland making into it like so many capes and promontories, and the clumps of trees studding its bosom like islands; here the broad reaches of natural meadow land striking far into the forest like the friths of this grassy sea, and there a mass of heavy timber, like a bold headland, breaking its surface. The effect of first entering upon a prairie in summer is said to be equally novel and delightful; and the change from gloom to sunshine, from the closeness of a forest where a woodman's axe has never rung to the broad and free range of those delicious plains, impresses one like passing from a desert to a garden. In the words of Judge Hall.—"There is an air of civilization about them that wins the heart." These lower prairies, however,—though certainly more beautiful in their conformation than the immense plains of the upper country, where the sun rises and sets upon either extremity, as upon the ocean itself—do not yet, I think, compare with the romantic tracts beyond Rock River, and west of Lake Michigan;—where meadows, and groves and rocky hills, and bright streams are all so richly intermingled. It was only in passing through this latter region—which will form part of the new territory of Wisconsan—that I regretted the season of the year did not allow me to see the country in its full beauty. True, indeed, I suffered much from cold in crossing the larger prairies to reach those remote districts; but I am persuaded that the larger prairies can never be seen to greater advantage than

I beheld them. Their essential characteristics are grandeur and loneliness; and these can in no way be so much heightened as by the garb of winter; nor would I—as my fleet sleigh skimmed over their savage wastes, and I inhaled a breeze that lent new life and vigour to every nerve—have exchanged the singular but joyous excitement for all the charms that spring's green vesture or summer's balmy airs could impart to those magnificent solitudes.

The population of the country through which I have passed within the last few days, is of a mixed character. Some are Quakers from Pennsylvania, surrounded by the necessaries and comforts of life; others are miserable-looking beings from North Carolina and Tennessee, indolent and thriftless, living from year to year in rude, hastily built log-huts, with blankets hung athwart the entrances instead of doors. At Alton the neat white houses, tasteful piazzas, neat enclosures, and newly planted shrubberies, gave sure indications of New England people. The English settlers, I am told, wherever they have established themselves in Illinois, manifest still superior style of living, and greater attention to comfort and convenience. Both here and in Michigan they are universally spoken of with respect and affection, but I missed all their settlements by passing to the west of them.

A few miles below Alton, on the Mississippi, I passed a deserted village, the whole population of which had been destroyed by the "milk-sickness."*

* A fatal spasmodic disease, peculiar, I believe, to the Valley of

The hamlet consisted of a couple of mills and a number of frame houses, not one of which was now tenanted, but all silent and abandoned. Dry weeds overran the thresholds and whistled to the wind, the raceways of the mills were choked with drift wood, and their motionless wheels were cumbered with the green slime of two idle summers. Not a living object moved about the place; the thickly sown burial ground told the fate of its inhabitants; the very crows seemed to make a circuit and avoid this deserted village.

We were now on the famous "American bottom;" and I was really astonished at the prodigious size of the trees, and the magnificent vegetation which this region displays; but the scattered inhabitants looked far from healthy. At Alton we struck the Mississippi: the view from its bluffs is here magnificent, though I think that Flint's fervid pen has done it full justice.* A few miles below

the Mississippi. It first attacks the cattle, and then those who eat beef or drink milk.

* "Opposite the mouth of the Missouri, the American bottom terminates, and the bluffs come into the river. The bluffs bound the eastern bank of the river thence to the mouth of the Illinois. From these bluffs we contemplate one of the most impressive and beautiful landscapes in the world. On the opposite side the mighty Missouri is seen bringing its turbid and sweeping mass of waters at right angles to the Mississippi. The eye traces a long distance of the outline of the Missouri Valley, bounded on either side with an indistinct and blue line of hills; above it is the vast and most beautiful Mamelle prairie, dotted with green islands of wood, and skirted at the farthest ken of the eye with hills and forests. Above you on the same shore is the valley of the Illinois, itself bounded by heavy and magnificent bluffs of a peculiar character. The river brings in its creeping waters by a deep bed, that seems almost as

we passed the mouth of the Missouri, where its white and turbid current could be seen rushing in among the islands, and staining the limpid tide of the "father of rivers" far down the western shore, while for twenty miles below that clear stream still preserved its purity on the eastern side. Surely Father Hennepin was mistaken when he called the streams above and below the Missouri by the same name! For the Upper Mississippi, except in its breadth and volume of water, bears but little resemblance to the lower river; while the Missouri, as it tears through its muddy banks to drink that beautiful tide, soon gives its own turbulent character to the whole stream below, and even impresses its peculiar features upon the gulf in which it at last loses itself.

It was too late in the evening to cross when we arrived opposite to St. Louis, and I amused myself before retiring for the night in listening to the sound of the church-bells—the first I had heard in many a month—and watching the lights as they danced along the lines of the dusky city, and were

straight as a canal. You have in view the valleys and bluffs of two noble streams, that join their waters to the Mississippi. You see the Mississippi changed to a turbid and sweeping stream, with jagged and indented banks below you. You see its calm and placid waters above the Missouri. On the opposite prairie there are level meadows, wheat-fields, corn-fields—smoke ascending from houses and cabins—vast flocks of domestic cattle—distinct indications of agriculture and improvement blended with the grand features of nature. There are clumps of trees, lakes, ponds, and flocks of sea-fowl wheeling their flight over them; in short, whatever of grandeur or beauty nature can furnish to soothe and to enrapture the beholder."—*Flint's Valley of the Mississippi, Page* 96.

reflected in the dark rolling river. We crossed in time for breakfast, and I am now tolerably established at the best hotel in the place.

LETTER XXVI.

St. Louis—Ancient Mounds—Population of St. Louis—Scalping Amateurs—Savage Deeds—Desperate Situation—War-party.

St. Louis, Missouri, March 15th, 1834.

You last left me in the ancient city of St. Louis, the capital and metropolis, though not yet the commercial emporium, of the grand valley of the Mississippi,—once the *ultima Thule* of western adventure, and still the depot of the fur-trade and bureau of Indian affairs. Here, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, and the American have in turn held rule, and their blood, with no slight sprinkling of that of the aborigines, now commingles in the veins of its inhabitants.

The aspect of the town partakes of the characteristics of all its original possessors: in one section you find the broad steep-roofed stone edifices of the French, with the Spaniard's tall stuccoed dwelling raising its tiers of open corridors above them, like a once showy but half defaced galleon in a fleet of battered frigates; while another will present you only with the clipper-built brick houses of the American residents,—light as a Baltimore

schooner, and pert-looking as a Connecticut smack. The town, which is situated about eighteen miles below the mouth of the Missouri, lies on two plateaux, extending along the Mississippi for some miles. The first of these steppes rises gently from the water, till, at the distance of about a hundred yards, it becomes perfectly level, and affords a fine plane for the main street of the place, which runs parallel to the river. An acclivity, rather longer and steeper, then intervenes, when the second plateau commences, and runs back a perfectly level plain, extending for miles in every direction. This plain, near the town, is covered with shrub oaks and other undergrowth; but it finally assumes the character of a naked prairie, which probably, at no very distant time, extended here to the banks of the Mississippi.

That part of the town immediately upon the river is built, in a great measure, on a rock that lies a few feet beneath the surface of the soil; the stone excavated in digging the cellars affording a fine material for the erection of some substantial warehouses that line the wharf. The site, for a great city, apart from its admirable geographical position, is one of the finest that could be found; and having been laid out of late years in modern style, with broad rectangular streets, St. Louis will, however it may increase in size, always be an airy, cheerful looking place. But its streets command no interesting prospects, and indeed the town has nothing of scenic beauty in its position, unless viewed from beneath the boughs of the

immense trees on the alluvial bottom opposite, when the whitewashed walls and gray stone parapets of the old French houses present rather a romantic appearance. The most interesting objects at St. Louis are several of those singular ancient mounds, which, commencing in the western part of the State of New-York, and reaching, as Humboldt tells us, to the interior of Mexico, have so entirely set at nought the ingenuity of the antiquary. The mounds in the north suburb of St. Louis occupy a commanding position on the Mississippi, and cover ground enough for a large body of men to encamp upon. They stand distinct from each other, generally in the form of truncated pyramids, with a perfect rectangular base; at one point four or five tumuli are so grouped together as to form nearly two sides of a square, while at another, several hundred yards off, two or more detached mounds rise singly from the plain. The summit of one of these is occupied by a public reservoir, for furnishing the town with water; the supply is forced up to the tank by a steam engine on the banks of the river, and subsequently distributed by pipes throughout the city. This mound, with the exception of one or two enclosed within the grounds of General Ashley, is the only one fenced from the destruction that always sooner or later overtakes such non-productive property, when in the suburbs of a rapidly growing city. It is a subject of surprise that, considering the want of public squares in the town, individual taste and public spirit do not unite to preserve these beautiful

eminences in their exact forms, and connect them by an enclosure, with shrubbery and walks, thus forming a promenade that might be the pride of St. Louis. The prettily cultivated gardens in the environs, and the elegance and costliness of more than one private dwelling in the heart of the town, evince that neither taste nor means are wanting to suggest and carry into effect such an improvement.

I am so little of an adept at estimating measurements, that I will not attempt to guess at the size of these mounds: they are much the largest that I have yet seen; but none of them can compare with the immense parallelogram near Cahokia, in Illinois, which Mr. Flint describes as eight hundred yards in circumference, and ninety feet in height—one side of it alone affording a terraced garden for the monks of La Trappe, who had a monastery among the group of two hundred tumuli around.

The population of St. Louis may be estimated at seven or eight thousand; and there are four or five churches and a noble cathedral belonging to the different religious persuasions. The inhabitants derive their wealth from the rich lead mines of their own state, and from the trade of the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Illinois. The burthensome steam-boats from New-Orleans reach here at the lowest stage of the river; and here you may see river craft of every shape and form, from the thousand boatable tributaries of the Mississippi, clustering around the wharfs.

In no town of the west do you find such a variety of people and character as in St. Louis; and here,

in fact, only, where more than one "last of the boatmen" still lingers, have you an opportunity of studying that singular class of beings the *engagés* (as they are called) of the fur trade—fellows that talk of a trip to the Rocky Mountains as you would speak of a turn on the Battery; and think as much of an Indian encounter as a city blood does of a "spree" with a watchman.

In passing through the bar-room of the hotel last night, I overheard a couple of coarse featured but respectably dressed men, gossiping over a glass of punch in the chimney corner. "Oh, I remember him well," were the first words I caught—"you slapped him over with your rifle, and I took the fellow's hair."—"No, no," rejoined the other; "that was the long-locked fellow, whose crown you used to wear about so long afterward; I mean the second chap, that would have been too many for me after I had struck my leg knife* into the chine of the other, if your hatchet hadn't done for him when my rifle missed fire."—"Ah, yes," replied his companion, smacking his lips, as he sipped his vapoury poteen; "you mean the red devil that begged so on the bank, when I took his hair, and left him to curl up and die." One or two more scalping amateurs soon joined in this tender discourse on love locks; and I cannot now, from the general conversation that ensued, recall the numerous other touching expressions and philanthropic sentiments that struck

* Worn beneath the garter of the leggin, and carried in addition to the larger knife which the western hunter always wears in his girdle.

me as worthy of preservation. But observing that some of the speakers were dreadfully mutilated, I was induced to inquire in another quarter whether or not their misfortunes were connected with the savage deeds I had heard so coolly related: they had, each of them, I learned, signalized themselves in Indian warfare. You would be incredulous, were you to hear their various intolerable sufferings and perilous escapes detailed. One of the number, particularly, who went about on crutches, had been so badly wounded in one encounter with the Blackfeet Indians, that after being carried some distance by his companions, they were compelled to leave him to his fate, as one wholly unable to assist himself, and consequently too great an encumbrance to them. The bones of his ankle had been badly shattered, and before parting with his comrades he insisted upon one of them amputating his foot. Having no surgical instrument, they all shrank from the butchering task; and the intrepid hunter then went to work on himself with his wood-knife. The foot was severed, and the actual cautery being applied with a red hot tomahawk by one of those present, the patient found himself somewhat easier. But his friends were too hard pressed by the hostile bands to wait until he should be fit to travel: they thought, indeed, he would never recover; and they were compelled to leave him to his fate. One of the company, however, consented to remain for a few days, in order to bury the wounded man, and sufficient food for a week was placed in a wigwam by the river side.

The resolute patient, instead of dying, grew daily better, and (the horses of the party having been long since stolen or devoured) his companion became alarmed lest he should be saddled with his maimed charge all the way back to the settlements; he was wretch enough to seize upon the little provision left, and leave his hapless comrade alone to perish—that is, to die of hunger, if not previously taken and tortured to death by the Indians. The condition then of the deserted man was bad enough to appal even a western hunter. He was suffering under a violent fever, and I heard him myself describe the agony it cost him, in this condition, to drag his recently maimed limb down the steep bank of a river, as he crawled there a dozen times a day for a drink; while, fearing to remain on the shore lest a roving savage should see him, he would each time creep up the acclivity to the leafy shelter afforded on the top. He subsisted on the wild grapes and berries within his reach, and, these becoming exhausted, he was compelled to move from the spot. This exertion made him aware that he had still some ability to proceed; and knowing that his party, now more than a week's march ahead, would remain encamped at a certain point for several days, the determined fellow resolved to follow them. This he effected. His friends received him like one risen from the dead, for the craven that abandoned him had reported that he was no more; and all swore to carry him safely home.

I overheard a gentleman this morning question-

ing this bold backwoodsman about some of these details; he answered modestly, and spoke of the horrors of his situation, when languishing on the scorching prairie, with the same *sang-froid* that I had heard him mention "taking the hair" of a hostile Indian. There were two young savages from the Rocky Mountain neighbourhood—a Flat-head and a Nez-percé—standing by during the conversation last night; but I believe that they did not understand the language that was a vehicle for so many amiable sentiments.

There is a good deal of romantic interest in the roving and precarious life of the borderers, who carry on the trade in which these men were engaged. The Arab proverb of the African desert—that every stranger you meet there is an enemy—may with equal truth be said of the wilds of Northern America. The more remote tribes are in an almost constant state of warfare; and a solitary wanderer among them must look principally to his rifle for protection.

Two well-armed *engagés* are said to be a match for any three Indians, though the latter are no despicable antagonists. The appearances of some of these tribes, when on a war-party, must be singularly martial and picturesque. Their shirt of buff, gaily beaded with wampum; the scarlet leggins, fringed with porcupine-quills; the highly ornamented shooting pouch, and rattling collar of polished bears' claws, with the gay sash and rich buffalo-robe; and above all, the chivalric scalplock, tufted with feathers—must make no contemptible

appearance as they flaunt over the green prairie, and attract the eye to the horsemanship of many a well-mounted rider. They would take the eye of a painter; and have, in fact, suggested some most spirited sketches to Rindisbacher, a highly original artist at St. Louis, at whose rooms I have spent more than one agreeable hour.

LETTER XXVII.

Indian Council—The Kickapoos—Misjudging Policy—Proposed Policy—Frenchmen and Indians—Indians and Traders—Indian Theism—Indian Faith—Indian Character.

St. Louis, March 14th, 1834.

YESTERDAY I had an opportunity of seeing a remnant of a once formidable tribe, the Kickapoos, hold a talk with the venerable General Clarke, the U. S. superintendent of Indian affairs, and well known to you from the valuable work entitled "Lewis and Clarke's Travels," published under the auspices of government twenty-five years since. I was dining at the honse of the hospitable veteran, who lives in some style at St. Louis, when one of the clerks of his department summoned him to the "council-chamber." It was a moderate sized room, communicating with the general's study and his public office, and connected with the library, and with the street by a narrow staircase. The

walls of the apartment were completely coated with Indian arms and dresses, and the mantelpiece loaded with various objects of curiosity connected with the aborigines. Among the latter was that celebrated piece of pottery that has caused so much idle speculation among the curious,—a small vase formed by three perfect heads blended in one, the features being marked, and wholly dissimilar from those of any existing race of Indians.*

The Kickapoos, a forlorn looking set, were sitting around the room on a bench against the wall, their swarthy features and dingy blankets contrasting strikingly enough with the fair brows and fashionable attire of the ladies who glided into the council-room as we moved thither from the dinner-table. A little gray-haired French interpreter occupied himself in lighting a mock tomahawk-pipe, formed of some light and showy metal, as the general took his seat; and then a large and elaborately carved pipe being laid like an ensign of office on the table in front of the stately old officer, the talk began.

As there was nothing in it that may not be found in any Indian talk of the last fifty years, I made no record of what was said. It contained nothing particularly characteristic, and I was only struck by the mournful appealing tone of the principal Indian who spoke on one side, and the air of sympathy and paternal kindness which the general preserved on the other. The application, I believe, was

* See note F.

merely a begging one, and he promised to assist them.

The sight of such a miserable remnant of a tribe whose name you will find on maps of but a recent date, written over no inconsiderable portion of territory, would suggest doubts of the humanity of our Indian policy; and yet, as much as that policy has been abused, I defy those most active in casting opprobrium to point to an act relating to the Indians in the statute book that does not evince that our general government, since it had an existence, has kept the intention of bettering the condition of the aborigines continually in view. The United States have not exercised the right of property over a foot of ground that has not been fairly purchased, nor has an Indian been removed from the soil acquired by treaty without ample provision, so far as money and necessaries are concerned, being made for his present comfort, and to promote his advance towards civilization. How then has our national policy proved so detrimental to the Indian? Is it from the measures adopted by Congress, or the manner in which they are carried into effect? I should answer, both. The measures themselves are pernicious, and the manner in which they are acted upon fatal to the Indian. It is destructive to them as a people to remove them from their homes, and scatter them among hostile tribes, over strange hunting-grounds; and it is destructive to them individually by keeping them continually on the frontier, and in contact only with the most lawless portions of society—it is destructive, too, to furnish them with

the means of idleness, to enrich them for others to prey upon. The very idea of giving an Indian money when there is nothing but whisky for him to buy with it, or of furnishing him with cattle and farming utensils when surrounded by white men who live by their rifles, is preposterous. There might be some hope of his abandoning the hunter state, and gradually turning herdsman, did he, girt in by a belt of civilization, inhabit some mountainous district, where the different pursuits of his neighbours would prevent collision, and the brokenness of the country secure it from their cupidity. But to keep the native for ever in contact with the pioneer, the hereditary enemy of three centuries! What is it but calling the butchers of Philip of Pokanoket from the dead to massacre the survivors of his race?

So much for our well-meant but misjudging policy; and now for the mode of carrying it into effect. This, I need not tell you, is done by agents subordinate to a general superintendent, in his turn responsible to the department at Washington. These men, where the military at our extensive outposts give weight to their authority, and where high-minded officers and well-disciplined soldiers are the only white men they have to deal with, may exercise a useful and energetic influence in those remote districts: but what could a United States' agent, or what could the commandant of a garrison do in the northern part of Illinois, for instance? Take a case that might have and perhaps has occurred:—the agent, in an Indian difficulty with the settlers, ap-

plies to the governor of the state for a militia force to protect "his children," as the Indians call themselves: the governor, knowing that nothing would give the militia more pleasure than to cut the throats of the Indians, refuses the application, and refers the agent to the nearest body of United States' troops in the neighbourhood; while every subaltern in the command knows, that if he interferes between an Indian and a white man, he will be sued instantly in the courts of the state. When I was at Prairie du Chien, there were several of the officers who had been cited to appear in court for having, pursuant to order, removed "squatters" from the Indian lands over the Mississippi. The Indian then despises the agent, because he is clothed with no military authority; and the pioneer despises the military, because their hands are tied by the local civil power, whatever it be.

There is then, you may imagine, no love lost between the Indian and the latter; but between the Indian and the soldier a relation every way desirable exists: he loves and fears the regulars, as much as he hates and despises the militia. *He* knows (whatever the newspapers may tell *you*) that, as a general rule, it is the former* who always chastises him in battle; and from whom alone he may expect mercy after the conflict is over.

* If the writer paused while making this remark to expatiate upon the digraceful conduct of the Illinois militia under Stillman, in the late Sauk and Fox war, he could not fail to pay a tribute to the brave miners who followed Dodge and other leaders of the Wisconsan country against Blackhawk.

The slightest intimation of the will of a subaltern, *okemar*, or war-chief, as they call him, is law with a red man. This feeling, on their part, to my mind indicates at once an alteration in the administration of Indian affairs,—it is to make the commandants of military posts *ex officio* Indian agents. There are two objections to this: one of which is, that in their capacity as guardians of the Indian, it would impose a most disagreeable duty upon the officers, from the frequent collision with the citizens; the other is, that it would cause a great outcry among the innumerable persons on the frontiers employed in plundering Indian property, under the innocent phrase of "Hooking from Uncle Sam" (whether through the medium of agencies, land treaties, or getting up an Indian war now and then, "by way of having some government money spent in the country;"*) to have any of the avenues of the various existing kinds of peculation closed against them. To overcome these objections, I would place every garrison *over the border*,—upon territory owned only by the Indians and the United States; and I would consider every foot of that territory as within the walls of the garrison. The whites might visit it as they would a fortress, or pass through it as they would

* The Blackhawk war,—the principal actor of which avers that he went over the Mississippi merely to help the Winnebagoes make corn, when he was set upon by the whites,—some people are mischievous enough to say, was got up by a cabal for speculation. It cost government two millions. It is a standing joke in Illinois to say it would there have been taken by contract for 50,000 dollars.

cross a draw-bridge; but no more. The distribution of goods, if any took place among the Indians, should be made by the sutler of the post; and every treaty, when held, should be held only at Washington. The disgusting scenes of swindling and debauchery witnessed at the treaties on the frontiers, unless they have been much exaggerated to me by those who boasted a share in them, are a disgrace to the nation.

The whole drift of my policy would, in a few words, be merely this :—First, to keep the Indians in contact only with that authority which they fully acknowledge, and which, as they never willingly provoke, would sit but lightly upon them. Secondly, when I brought them in contact with citizens at all,—which in holding treaties would occur,—to surround them with those who, like the materials of which the army is chiefly composed, are actuated by none of the prejudices, feelings, and habits that unavoidably spring up among the people of the frontiers; a people whose vices are those only of their condition, and whose virtues are pre-eminently their own.* I write boldly, and perhaps unadvisedly, upon this subject; but in a case where so many regular physicians have failed, it is allowable for an empiric to prescribe. It is too late to adopt the only just policy of preserving a portion of their ancient domains to the tribes; and since government has now matured its plan of collecting their scattered remnants into one com-

* See Letter XXIV.

mon country, I hope, if necessary to keep the whites away, the boundaries may bristle with bayonets.

How strange it is that—with the exception of Penn's people—the English and Americans have never been able to live upon the terms with the Indians which the French so long, and apparently so easily, preserved. I attribute the success of the latter entirely to the politeness of a Frenchman, of whatever class, displaying itself alike to a savage or a signor; while we Americans inherit too much of that feeling from the English which prompts us to measure out our good breeding according to the condition of those with whom we deal. To promote the kind intercourse of the French with the Indians, government did nothing, individuals everything; with us, government attempts everything, and individuals frustrate all.

It is much to be regretted that our views of this peculiar people are derived so often from individuals so little qualified by education or natural endowment to form a just conception of character. The redeeming qualities of a savage are as wholly lost upon an uncultivated or vulgar mind as are the charms of a landscape too broken for cultivation.

"What kind of a country is it to the north of you?" ask a tiller of the rich Mohawk flats.

"Oh, a terrible ugly country; nothing but mountains, lakes, and crags," is the reply.

"Well, how do you like your Indian neighbours?" say you to a new settler in Illinois.

"Oh, they are a poor set of devils; live from hand to mouth, and don't know nothing nohow."

A deep observer of this kind becomes a trader, and therefore considers himself qualified to write a book, from which the city-bred periodical writer may deduce all sorts of sweeping conclusions damnatory of the whole Indian race.*

Of the false positions advanced on such insufficient grounds, it would be easy enough to cite many an instance; but one might as well sit down gravely to answer the innumerable ridiculous representations with which the English tourists that visit us amuse their countrymen at home. The Englishman's estimation of the Anglo-American, and the Anglo-American's appreciation of the aborigines of his country, must be alike unfair, so long as each will most preposterously persist in judging everything according to a home standard. The only point of affinity between us and the English is, that we about as much resemble the expatriated Cavaliers and Puritans who were the germ of our population, as do the modern English themselves. With the Indians it is still more difficult to draw a parallel in reference to any existing people, unless you would compare them with the rude tribes of Africa, or the

* "Our acquaintance," says the Quarterly Review, No. LXI. December, 1824, "with the peculiarities of Indian customs and character has unfortunately, in general, been derived from the reports of traders,—usually the most ignorant, and depraved, and dishonest part of the transatlantic white population; or of persons totally uneducated, who have lived in captivity or from choice among them; or of well-meaning but simple and illiterate missionaries."

degraded natives of New-Holland, neither of which are to be named with them in natural intelligence or loftiness of bearing.

The pure Theism existing among the Indians is alone sufficient to elevate them above all barbarians that ever trod the earth.* The belief in the existence of the Che-Manitou, the Omnipotent Spirit of Goodness, and the faith in those blessed abodes where the noble spirits are to be gathered hereafter, —though the worship of the one may be mingled with mummery such as all Christendom indulged in but a few centuries since, and the dream of the other blended with images as earthly as the preacher will sometimes use in describing the physical torments of the damned,—are still heartfelt and enduring with the Indian, and bring forth fruits according to the soil in which they have been implanted. Some writers, I am aware, will tell you that an Indian's ideas of the Deity and eternity are much confused—are not at all defined. And, pray, what mind can take in clearly all the attributes of Divinity, or find images in itself for that which is infinite? How dare we, who owe *everything* to a written revelation, presume to scrutinize the want of spirituality in their faith, who have had no such aid to enlighten them? Surely the fire on those altars which have been kindled anew from Heaven should burn purer and brighter than those which have been fed by man since the world began! Is it not enough that the two thousand years which have swept over

* See noteH.

the earth since Christianity dawned upon mankind, find the Indian not farther from the primeval faith than were our forefathers when the blessed light of the Gospel was first vouchsafed to them?

Let me conclude this letter by copying here an extract from the only legislator whose people ever carried the precepts of Christianity into practice in their intercourse with the Indians. Penn, who had thoroughly mastered many dialects of the Indian tribes, and who made it his business to apply himself to the study of their dispositions and habits, conveys his impressions in the following language:—

"In liberality they excel—nothing is too good for their friend—give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks. Light of heart; strong affections, but soon spent; the most merry* creatures that live—feast and dance

* "Merry" is a term that is found in few modern works upon Indian characteristics; and yet the writer has been told by those familiar with the interminable Indian legends, in which Nannibojou and Namay-mouchon, the genii of their magical lore, figure so largely, that they abound with sportive incidents. Some of these, indeed, excessively ludicrous, he has himself heard detailed by lips that were not the less witching because the blood that lent its glow there was of a deeper crimson than that which flushes the cheek of a New-York belle. It is much to be regretted, that among the numerous accomplished young men at our different posts on the frontier, there are not found some who will improve their leisure by rescuing these wild tales from oblivion. I have often heard the officers speak with animation of the effect produced upon them, while lying with two or three Indians around their watch-fire, when off on a tramp (as these brief military excursions of a small detachment are called), at hearing the guttural laugh, or deep exclamation of delight, from their swarthy companions, as one of the number would abridge the hours of darkness with his humourous and grotesque narratives,

perpetually; they never have much, nor want much; wealth circulateth like the blood—all parts partake, and, though none shall want what another hath,*

spun out to an immeasurable length. A disposition to *quiz*, too, is not uncommon among the Indians; and they take great delight, especially, in practising upon the fears of whites who may be thrown unexpectedly into their company in out-of-the-way places. An officer mentioned to the writer, that in hunting one day on the prairies, he for some time missed a Frenchman who had come out with him; when chancing to look towards a swamp, a few gun-shots off, he saw his attendant dart from the woody covert, and, casting away his arms, fly in a zigzag direction across the open plain. The gentleman could not conceive the cause of the fellow's peculiar movements, until, upon looking more narrowly, he saw an Indian upon the edge of the thicket, drawing his rifle on the frightened gumbo, who was thus trying to foil his aim. The officer, of course, levelled his own rifle; but seeing at a glance that the Indian was beyond its reach, he gave up his attendant for lost; when suddenly the Indian threw down his piece, and burst into a convulsion of laughter. The officer then approached him; but it was long before the other found breath to say, "Wymetticose" (Frenchman) "one very great brave." —See note G.

While dwelling thus upon Indian traits, the writer may mention a fact which vividly illustrates a characteristic more generally conceded than that which we have just attempted to establish. The singular atmospherical phenomenon of the shooting stars which occurred in December, 1834, it may be recollected, strongly affected the superstitious far and wide throughout the country. The Indians would, of course, have some interpretation of their own for so wonderful a spectacle; and, consequently, they seem generally to be agreed that the distracted firmament betokens the dissolution of the Union and the dispersion of the stars in its flag.

* To illustrate this, the writer might adduce an incident which he witnessed at an inn in Chicago. In a discussion about Indian character, a Frenchman became quite incensed at the imputation of thieving, advanced as one of its strongest characteristics by one of the company. The champion of the aborigines insisted that the coolness with which an Indian sometimes appropriates the goods of another, arose entirely from his having no conception of the nature of

yet exact observers of property; they care for little because they want but little, and the reason is, a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us—if they are ignorant of our plea-

property, or rather, a principle in Indian ethics which taught him to consider each duplicate of another's possessions as his own, and that no ceremony was to be used in appropriating it. An Indian happened to pass the window at the moment, and he was called in to determine the dispute. He was a grizzly old warrior, with a face all cut to pieces by Harrison's horsemen in the affair of Tippe-canoe; where, as he did not hesitate to inform us, he had fought for the *Sagernash* against the Long knives. The old fellow, who understood but a few words of English, had come into Chicago to dispose of a few skins; the proceeds from the sale of which he had expended for a variety of "notions," which he carried about his person. He had three or four common tobacco pipes stuck in the folds of a gay-coloured handkerchief, swathed round his head like a turban; and a long trail of that preparation of the fragrant weed yclept "pig-tail" pendent from his girdle; and a clothes-line, a pocket-knife, and other trumpery in his hands. Some of the latter slipped from his fingers as he turned round to shut the door on entering; and the Frenchman, picking them up one after another, requested permission to keep them, which was at once willingly granted: another person then, taking the hint from the Frenchman, asked for something else, and the rest of the company following suit, we soon stripped the old Indian of everything he had. The smiling readiness with which he met every request afforded a complete triumph to the Frenchman—we admitted at least that it gave the strongest negative proof in his favour. It is unnecessary to add that the articles were all restored, and the Indian dismissed with several additions to his little stock. Carver says, that "the Indians in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property except in the articles of domestic use, which every one considers as his own, and increases as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own." The recently published Life of Black-hawk, however doubtful may be its claims as a specimen of Indian autobiography, contains some genuine observations upon this sub-subject.

sures, they are also ignorant of our pains. We sweat and toil to live; their pleasures feed them—I mean their hunting, fishing, and fowling; and this table is spread everywhere. This poor people are under a dark night in things relating to religion, to be sure (the tradition of it;) *yet they believe in a God and immortality, without the help of metaphysics.*"*

LETTER XXVIII.

Jefferson Barracks—Ancient Hamlet—Remarkable Cavern—Military Discipline—Troopers—Dragoon Horses—Military Incident—Deserter Punished—Indian Graves—Ill-fated Expedition.

Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, March 18, 1834.

A PACKET of letters of introduction politely forwarded to this post by a distinguished officer, to whom I have already been much indebted for similar flattering attentions, has procured me the acquaintance of General A——, and the officers under his command, including several of the new corps of dragoons, which has here its head-quarters. General ——, with a courtesy which I cannot easily forget, made me immediately at home in his accomplished and agreeable family, and my welcome among the officers is such as would keep alive the

* Vide the collected Works of Penn.

memory of the weeks I lived in garrison at Prairie du Chien, could those delightful hours be forgotten. You have never been banished long enough from the bosom of society to realize the satisfaction one feels at finding one's self in such a circle after masquerading for months among all sorts of people. In all other society but the best we have to adapt ourselves studiously to the feelings and prejudices which prevail around us; in the most cultivated circles only are perfect freedom of discussion and unshackled interchange of sentiment to be found. I am not prepared to deny, however, that character there loses in interest what it gains in amenity. To my own taste, there are no gradations in society long tolerable between the raw material as you find it on the frontier, and the thoroughly manufactured article as one occasionally meets with it elsewhere: vulgarity is excluded alike from the two extremes; because affectation and pretension, the only characteristics essentially vulgar, have place in neither. This however is a digression.

I have been here nearly a week, and every day brings forth something to render my stay more agreeable. The barracks are romantically situated in an open wood on a high bluff, whose base is washed by the Mississippi; they are built in the form of a parallelogram encompassing three sides of a noble parade, which is open on the fourth to the river, and commands a most extensive view over its broad and majestic current, its rich alluvial islands, and the magnificent forests on the opposite shores. The ride hither from St. Louis, ten or

twelve miles only, has but little to recommend it, except occasionally a pretty prospect on the river as you sometimes approach its banks, especially when descending to the hollow wherein lies the decayed village of Carandolet, or Vuide Poche, as it is generally called from the poverty of its inhabitants. The aspect of this ancient hamlet, when compared with that of the modern part of St. Louis, would remind one of Rip Van Winkle, and the new generation that greeted his return from the land of dreams, except that the drowsy village looks as if it had gone to sleep some time about the middle of the last century, and had not yet had its slumbers invaded. The old houses, of crumbling stone and timber black with age, appear as frail as their trembling shadows on the river that ripples near; and the scantily dressed, swart-looking children that dodge like muskrats behind the dilapidated enclosures, as you drive through the town, seem to belong to the aboriginal as much as to the white population of the country. They speak an ancient patois of the French, and the carefully cultivated gardens still surviving here and there through the place, otherwise indicate the race from whence they sprang.

Below Jefferson Barracks there are one or two pretty rides along the river; the one most worthy of mention leads to a remarkable cavern but a few miles from the garrison. The entrance is in the face of a limestone cliff, abruptly terminating a ravine near the river, and covered at the top with a flourishing forest growth. The ravine itself at the

upper end is walled in with rocks and underwood, and the rough bed of a brook, which issuing from the cave flows through the hollow, is the most prominent passage to the cavern itself. The entrance forms nearly a perfect arch, some twenty feet in height; the roof for some depth being nearly flat, and the gravelled floor so level that I found but little difficulty in advancing on horseback into the shadowy realm, until a turn in the cave excluded the daylight, and my timid horse refused to proceed farther. At this point I was overtaken by the party of officers whom I had accompanied to visit the cave, but who, for convenience, had parted with their horses before entering the ravine. A soldier in attendance led mine out of the cavern, and picketed him on the hill with his companions; while, marshalled along by a dozen dragoons with torches, our party advanced into the cave. The turns were few, and were it not for the the occasional rocks and other inequalities on the floor, there was room enough, as a dragoon remarked, to stable a regiment of cavalry. The ceiling in the mean time became unequal in height, and took a variety of forms; the limestone vault above assuming in one place, called the coffin-chamber, the exact form of the gloomy object from which it takes its name; while, with the slight aid of fancy, the semblance of an inverted boat apparently imbedded in the ceiling in another place suggested a more pleasing image.

After advancing several hundred yards, and exploring one or two false passages, the roof suddenly dropped so near to the floor, which was now alter

nately rock and water, that the fatigue of going on in the crouching position rendered necessary was more than doubled, while nothing presented to repay the toil. We therefore determined to return to the last chamber that we had left, which was in fact one of the finest of the cave. Here, on a broad rock in the centre, reposed a cold Virginia ham, flanked by a couple of chickens, with a tray of wine-biscuits and a fragrant Ohio cheese bringing up the rear; while amid the bubbles of a cold spring beneath the rock a couple of bottles of champaign reared their grenadier necks, as if eager to start from the ambush. A half-a-dozen dragoons bearing torches, like the living chandeliers of "Ranald of the Mist," stood around; their lights now gleaming on the sparry roof, or flickering on the shallow stream that rippled along the bottom of the cavern, and now trembling on the damp air that swept through the place, and giving its recesses by turns to glimmer or to gloom. The joke, the laugh, and song meantime went round, while the bats, the only witnesses of our orgies, and which actually in some places hung in clusters along the wall, would drop now and then from the rude cornices of our banqueting hall, and create no little confusion around our primitive table. At last the notes of a bugle, which we had left at the entrance, winding in many a prolonged echo through the sinuous vault, gave warning that another party of officers, with whom some of us intended to continue the afternoon's ride, were waiting outside the cavern. We emerged together from its shadowy chambers, and taking to our

horses again, the mounted privates filed off through the wood with their officer, and took the road to the garrison; while the rest of our party galloped along the bank of the river, to enjoy the beautiful sunset prospect of the opposite shore.

I was repeatedly struck with the intelligent remarks of the dragoons in attendance while we were exploring the cave, as, without for a moment trenching on the sternness of military etiquette with their officers, they would occasionally ask a question about some mineralogical specimen, or in a quiet way by themselves discuss its nature. The new corps, indeed, to which they belong, is, take it altogether, composed of admirable materials, though it must be admitted that some unpardonable oversights were made in its original organization. The omission of providing riding-masters and a school of practice for both horses and men, is a defect that all the care and exertions of the accomplished and energetic officers of the corps can hardly remedy. The same pains should be taken with each individual horse, as in "setting up" an ordinary recruit before subjecting him to company drill; and no private should be allowed to back the managed charger assigned to him before he has taken at least one course of regular lessons with the riding-master; nor should a single troop have been sent from the head-quarters of the regiment before not only every squad was perfect in its drill, but every company in the regiment had manœuvred for months together. The omission of the necessary provisions in the bill reported by Congress, and the dispersion of the regi-

ment on the frontier as each company is recruited, almost forbids an approach to such a state of discipline. The three new companies here are nearly perfect in the light infantry exercise, which enters largely into the manœuvres of dragoons, but the exactness of their movements when mounted varies with the skill of each individual horseman. They expect orders every day to join the companies that have already proceeded to the south-west, and advance with them against the Pawnees. It would be a fine sight to see such a body of well mounted troopers moving over the prairies, which have never witnessed a similar spectacle since the steel-clad warriors of De Soto shook their lances in these wilds.* The consequent exertions of the officers to put man and horse in condition to take the field are untiring; but unless the season for preparation be much extended, the want of elementary practice in a riding-school will render it impossible to attain an end so desirable. In the mean time, nothing can be finer than the appearance of both men and horses individually; the former, all native-born Americans, are recruited entirely from the respectable working classes—young farmers, tradesmen, and mechanics; while occasionally a young merchant, lawyer, or physician, has been led by the love of enterprise to enlist among them. Some of these, having no idea

* The romantic expedition of this bold Spaniard and his gallant followers will soon become more familiar to the public from a work by an accomplished friend now in the press, which has excited much expectation; an expectation which, we may venture to say, from having seen a portion of the MS., will not be disappointed.

of the details of military discipline, and the necessary distinctions of rank and requisitions of military etiquette, have become disgusted with a soldier's life, and deserted their corps; but the majority of the new recruits seem pleased with their present situation, and eager to enter more earnestly upon the mode of life which they have adopted.

The appearance of the horses would delight you. The officer who superintended their purchase has been very happy in matching them, and keeping the colour of each company distinct; and you can readily imagine the fine appearance of fifty white-tailed duns or spirited iron grays, any two of which would make a perfect match—a squadron of glossy chestnuts or troops of blacks as dark as night. Having never seen any of the superb cavalry in the armies of Europe, where the horses of a whole regiment are perfectly matched, the sight has all the charm of novelty for me; and whenever the dragoon horses are paraded, I find myself on horseback along with them. This, with rummaging the very good library belonging to the post, or lounging into the music-room at the hour when the band is practising, where I am often rewarded with a well executed piece from some modern opera, or listening to touches from fairer fingers at the general's quarters in the evening—this, adding agreeable conversation, and an Indian pipe or two of *kinnekinic* after dinner, carries one well enough through a day, already shortened by watching with some interest the regular succession of military duties and the showy display of a large garrison.

I was much diverted with a little incident which I witnessed the other evening. I had been supping with a young staff-officer quartered in a cottage near the garrison, and over whose mantelpiece waved a flag which his father had planted on the walls of Derne, and was returning to the barracks with an officer of dragoons. The wood through which our path led was extremely dark, and my companion carried a lantern. As we approached a postern, we were suddenly hailed in a low voice by some one near, and the rustling of the dead leaves indicated that footsteps were approaching. "Hist! are you coming?" whispered the stranger. "Deserters, by heaven!" exclaimed the officer, unlocking his arm from mine. "Stand forth, you scoundrels," added he, raising his lantern so as to throw its light for some distance around us. It fell upon a solitary figure standing immediately in the path behind us. "J—s! it's the *lef-ten-nant!* and I took him for Smith," ejaculated a half intoxicated dragoon, letting fall at the same time something which he carried under his arm. "Pick up your canteen, sir, and step in front of me," said the officer, sternly. The fellow obeyed like a piece of mechanism. "Forward!" cried his superior, and the culprit was handed over to the guard a moment afterward.

This was the first offence of the kind that had occurred in the company to which the man belonged, and his comrades, after the guard was turned out in the morning, asked permission, through an orderly, to award the punishment of the first soldier

who had thus disgraced them. The boon, in consideration of their general good conduct, and by way of keeping up a high spirit in this new corps, was very properly granted. The penalty was soon announced to be "a ducking in the Mississippi." The officer in command of the division having approved of it, the company was formally drawn up upon the bank of the river; and three or four of the stoutest soldiers being detailed from the ranks upon the disagreeable duty, the strictest decorum was observed while the criminal expiated his offence by *washing* out the stain which he had brought upon his corps.

I passed an hour or two yesterday with General A——, in superintending the opening of some ancient Indian graves in the neighbourhood; our search after relics having been immediately suggested by the general's gardener turning up accidentally a day or two since a large stone tomahawk, which, with another that would make a virtuoso's mouth water, was politely presented to me. The general's orderly, with a couple of privates armed with spades and pickaxes, was already on the spot, as we rode up to a prettily-wooded knoll near the river, when it was proposed to commence operations. The place was every here and there planted with flat stones placed each on end like a tombstone, but overgrown with moss, or sunken almost beneath the surface of the ground. A pair of these stones would stand opposite to each other with an interval of about four feet; the intermediate distance when excavated being found always to consist of a shallow basin, formed with considerable care of flat

stones, but neither bones nor weapons were therein; and these singular cells not resembling in form the "*cachés*," in which the modern Indians secrete their corn beneath the earth, we were wholly unable to assign a cause for their construction, unless they had been actually the resting-place of bodies, so ancient as to have mingled entirely with their kindred dust.

I have been invited by several officers of the dragoons* to accompany them on the long march for

* Many, alas! of these fine fellows, and among them at least one officer who was of the gay party described in the first part of this letter, are now no more. Instead of waiting until horses and men were gradually inured to the climate, this gallant corps, half disciplined, inexperienced, and ill-prepared as they were, took the field and accomplished the object of their expedition, at the expense of nearly the destruction of the regiment. A late number of the Missouri Republican mentions that a hundred men and some of the most promising officers in the service have perished. It states that the dragoons while on the Pawnee Plains endured incredible hardships. They were frequently for many hours without water, or compelled to drink and cook with that which was found in puddles upon their way. We are told that "when they arrived at the Pawnee village, so destitute were they of provisions, that an order had been issued for the slaying of some of the equally famished horses, to provide a meal for the men. Under a burning sun, the fever which has since carried so many of them to the grave had already commenced rioting in their veins. Not more than one hundred and fifty effective men reached this point. They found the Pawnees friendly disposed towards them,—their wants were administered to, and the men relieved by a stay of a few days. Meanwhile the neighbouring tribes of Indians were summoned, and came to a council to the number of three thousand warriors; all of them mounted on fleet horses; their dark eyes glancing upon their visiters in no very gentle aspect; their arms and warlike instruments glistening in the sun; but, fortunately, the council closed peaceably. The dragoons returned to Fort Gibson, worn out and exhausted." They

which they daily expect to receive orders from Washington; and most gladly would I avail myself of such an opportunity of seeing the prairies of the south-west; but they are expected to consume a year in their tour of duty among the wild tribes of that region, and I have made no arrangements for being so long absent from home. I must content myself with a trip up the Missouri, which I have projected with a friend at St. Louis, whither I shall return to-morrow, to avail myself of the first opportunity of making it.

are now in winter quarters, distributed, we believe, in three different garrisons on the frontier, instead of being concentrated, as they ought to be, at a post where they could have a school of practice for years to come. There are some hints in Lord Dover's lately published Life of Frederick the Great which show that an efficient cavalry force cannot be constituted in a day,—and which may be perused to equal advantage by those who would send green recruits among a nation of horsemen, and those who complain of want of efficiency in a corps which has as yet succumbed to nothing but climate.

LETTER XXIX.

Embarkation—The Mississippi—Rock Formations—Woodcutters—An Affray—The Ohio—Louisville—Fellow-passengers—A Frontier Tradition—Trying Situation.

Ohio River, March 25, 1834.

I WAITED some time at St. Louis, in the hope of being able to prosecute my tour farther westward, but ultimately failed in an application to the officers of the American Fur Company for a passage in one of their boats to the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The request was politely preferred for me by a gentleman interested in the Indian trade; and it has been intimated to me that it was refused because some of the association would not like "a chiel amang them takin notes." I regret the circumstance the more from having intended to avail myself of the cordial invitation of Major ——, of the Indian department, to pass a month with him at his station, far in the interior. Abandoning then this inviting excursion, I became impatient to take my passage for Cincinnati, until I found myself on a bright afternoon hauling out from the docks of St. Louis in a small and rather shabby-looking steamer; but which had a reputation for speed, and an active and civil master to recommend her. The piers at the time were crowded with other steam-

boats, either lately arrived from below, or about starting on their long voyage to New Orleans; some that had come in the night before from Louisville were thronged with emigrants from every country, hastening to the exhaustless prairies of Illinois, or eager to distribute themselves along the turbid waters of the far-flowing Missouri. The hoarse panting of the high-pressure engines, the rattling of the drays on the paved wharfs, and the discordant cries in every tongue mingling with the song of the negro boatmen, as their wild chaunt on coming into port would rise ever and anon above the general din, made a confusion of sights and sounds that was bewildering. At length we got fairly under way, the last adieux were made, and messages and commissions, deferred till the last moment, exchanged; the crew of our boat adding to the general concert by raising the customary river-chorus as they loosed her moorings from the shore. The grotesque gables and stuccoed parapets of St. Louis soon faded in the distance; the scattered and crumbling cottages of Carandolet were passed; and an hour after found us watching the proud ensign of Jefferson Barracks, as the Mississippi swept us beneath the bold bluff from whose summit the standard is displayed.

A hundred tourists have put forth all their powers in describing the Mississippi; and the popular author of Cyril Thornton has lately succeeded so admirably, that my impressions in descending two hundred miles to the south of the Ohio will pass for nothing with you. I had already, as you well re-

member, seen the Mississippi several hundred miles farther up, where the river, with a much less body of water, is as wide as at New Orleans, and where the majestic tide is so transparent and calmly flowing that it seems to claim no kindred with the great sewer of the south-west—the lengthened channel of the muddy Missouri, which with its turbid current and marshy shore should never have been identified in name with the Upper Mississippi. What affinity, indeed, can one trace between the boisterous torrent that whirls through the cypress swamps of Louisiana, and those pebbled waters, which, swollen by the pure snows of the north, come rolling from a thousand crystal lakes,* through rocky bluffs that lift their battlemented summits, like the towers of by-gone days, along the limpid tide, or lead off their gray walls so far into the prairie that miles of meadow intervene between their base and the flower-kissed current? For one who has ever stood upon those cliffs, and looked down upon the soft meadow or clear depths beneath him,—there, where a hundred green islets, like the floating gardens of Montezuma, seem dropped upon the sunny surface; or, glancing from their imbowered thickets, has watched each salient point of the bold bluff opposite assume a hundred shapes, as the gorgeous clouds of sunset would drift over the pearly skies above him,—for one who has gazed upon this fairy landscape, even when winter has veiled its charms, the Lower Mississippi possesses but little attraction.

* See note I.

For many miles, indeed, below St. Louis there are some striking points occasionally occurring. The ridge of bluffs again appears below the "American bottom," and sometimes they approach the edge of the stream, till it whirls in boiling eddies around their irregular base. The numerous alluvial islands, too, borrow an air of grandeur from the Titan-like trees, whose ponderous limbs and lofty shafts seem to sustain the clouds above them; but I confess that to me half the interest attaching here to the river arose from association only. The mere idea of being upon a stream that traverses such an immense extent of country that the productions of every climate flourish upon its banks is sufficiently impressive. But it is not until you think upon the lonely lakes of the north-west, from which the father of rivers derives his birth, and the tropical seas in which his waters lose themselves—upon the vast and fertile regions that intervene, and upon the tributaries, hardly second to himself, by which they are watered, that your mind takes in the full image of his grandeur.

Among the objects of interest pointed out to the tourist in descending to the mouth of the Ohio are some remarkable rock formations known as the "Grand Tower," "The Devil's Oven," &c. The first of these is a lofty and detached crag of a cylindrical form, which stands out from the shore, and upholds its crown of rifted pines, regardless of the torrent that roars around its base. The other is a hemispherical cavity, hollowed out by the action of water in former days, and spacious enough for a

holocaust of Chaberts, and as many beefsteaks as would satisfy the batch, to be baked together in. We stopped to take in wood, upon coming where the bank was again composed of alluvion; and I have seldom seen such wild and grotesque-looking creatures as issued from the edge of the forest when the boat approached the shore. The woodcutters of the Mississippi are as peculiar a race as were the boatmen whom the use of steam has driven from its waters. They rear their rude cabins chiefly in those places along the river which are too unhealthy to become settled by permanent and respectable occupants, and there, free from all control but that of their necessities, and exposed to the noxious exhalations of the swamps adjacent, they become alike uncouth in manners and unnatural in appearance. Their frames are shaken by fevers till the flesh departs from their rickety limbs; while the drooping rotundity of their persons in front contrasts strangely with the sunken cheeks, whose hue seems still more sallow from the lank black hair that hangs in elf-locks over them.

I was standing near the quarter-rail, observing a group of these people with some curiosity, and immediately beside me the master of the steamer was entertaining some ladies, passengers, by pointing out the peculiarities of another group, when an exclamation of alarm from the females called my attention to a stout fellow in a hunting-frock who stood near a skiff on the river's bank, and waving a long and heavy staff in his hand as we neared the shore, called out to us in a threatening voice to "keep off."

The words had not passed his lips, when the bow of the steamer approached near enough to the abrubt margin for one of the crew to leap to land with the bow-fast in his hand, the commotion occasioned by the wheels at the same time nearly swamping the little craft of the backwoodsman. The pole he held was instantly in requisition; and our boatman scarcely touched the earth, before a blow, that might have felled an ox, stretched him at full length upon it. A cry of indignation burst from our crew. "Excuse me, ladies," said the captain, politely touching his hat, while stepping back a pace or two he took his rifle from behind the door of his private cabin, where it stood ready loaded. The shining barrel was levelled upon the assailant in an instant; in another he would have been in eternity; but, in the rapid succession of incidents, half of our crew had leaped ashore to succour the wounded man, and the intermingling of the different parties prevented the captain from drawing the trigger, even as his finger was upon it. Throwing up the muzzle of his piece, he now quickly gained the river's bank with the rest; and in the warm parley that ensued, it was only the unusual circumstance of there being but one rifle in a company of so many that prevented the effusion of blood. The backwoodsman thrice raised his quarter-staff, and thrice did the captain, retiring a step, place his rifle to his shoulder, with its muzzle within a foot of the other's mouth. At length, having completed taking in wood, the master again returned to the deck, attended first to the injured man, and then replacing his rifle, with an

apology to the ladies for "so unpleasant an interruption," pursued the conversation as if nothing unusual had occurred.

I am now upon the beautiful Ohio, and revelling in the most delightful scenery in the world. The season is not quite advanced enough to show the river to the best advantage, but the opening of spring shows itself in the tender leaflets of the cotton wood and the tufted verdure of the hardy cane-brake; while the snowy blossom of the dog-wood can be seen far within the bosoms of the thinly-arrayed forest, and the joyous red-bud blooms over whole acres near the shore. Many of the trees on the river's bank are covered with the mistle-toe, whose deep green clusters stand in bold relief upon the pale bark of the sycamore.

It was an agreeable moment to me when our steamer wheeled around the marshy little peninsula of Cairo, and, leaving the desolate tide of the Mississippi, I found myself once more upon this transparent water. The heavy forests of oak, and elm, and towering poplar did not indeed at first present much variety upon the level shores; but after passing the broad mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee, with the large and beautiful islands at the embouchure of each, we came to those inaccessible perpendicular rocks* which the river washes above

* The principal promontories of this range of cliffs are known as "Battery Rock," "Cave Rock," and "Tower Rock." On the summit of the latter there is said to exist an antique tumulus, partly constructed of large blocks of stone; but by whom erected, or for what purpose designed, tradition saith not. "Mounds or cairns of

Golconda. Here the frowning precipices that gave dignity to the shore, and the green islets that diversified the bosom of the noble river, afforded a combination of the bold and beautiful such as is only met upon the Ohio—such as, when the ample moon shone down on crag and stream and floating forest there, would realize all that poet ever dreamed of scenery.

Shawneetown and the sounding Wabash, with its wavy forests and grateful groves of Pekaun (*carya olivæformis*,) were soon after passed, and the increased windings of the stream, with its picturesque alternations of "bluff" and "bottom"—its steep conical hills nodding with unbroken forests, and fertile vales smiling with happy cultivation, beguiled our course, and soon brought us to the rapids, four hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the river.

"The Falls of the Ohio," once so dangerous to

this kind," observes Mr. Schoolcraft, "are not unknown to other parts of the Mississippi Valley, although the stones are not hewed or disposed with much regularity. But the most remarkable structure of stone of an antique character which the progress of settlement has yet disclosed, is undoubtedly that described by Dr. C. L. Beck (Gazetteer of Illinois and Missouri, Alb. 1823,) as situated near Noyen Creek in Missouri."

The immense cavernous fissure known as Cave Rock, or "*Rook-Inn Cave*," is often visited by persons passing the Ohio. Its dimensions, as quoted in Schoolcraft's Travels, are—length, one hundred and sixty feet; width at the mouth, eighty-eight feet; height at the entrance, forty feet—tapering gradually towards its termination. There is an unexplored fissure in the roof of this cavern. Popular tradition designates this cave as one of the haunts of a gang of robbers who formerly infested the Ohio; and its peculiar form has suggested one of his most agreeable tales to an admirable Western writer.

the river-craft, are no longer among the objects of interest which meet the eye of the passing traveller on this route. They are now wholly avoided by the steamboat-canal, which, commencing two miles below Louisville, terminates at the wharfs of that flourishing city. The work is a very complete one, and the solid finish of the masonry in the locks exacts a tribute of admiration from every one that avails himself of this great improvement in the navigation of the river. Our steamboat stopped for an hour at Louisville, and I seized the opportunity to ramble through the town. It is handsomely laid out, with broad and well paved streets, compactly built with brick and stone. Some of the private dwellings have a good deal of style about them; and among the numerous hotels, there is one much superior in external appearance and interior arrangement to any establishment of the kind we have in New-York. The shops, which are large and airy, offer a very showy display of goods; and the spacious and substantial warehouses, with the numerous drays continually passing to and fro, the concourse of well-dressed people in the streets, and the quantity of river-craft in front of the town, give Louisville the appearance of being the greatest place of business upon the western waters.* There

* Louisville is the great commercial emporium of Kentucky. The Ohio at this point runs nearly due west, and the town faces the north, standing on a vast alluvial bottom, which, ascending from the shore, stretches out in every direction from the river. The population of Louisville is about 15,000. Among its public buildings are eight or nine churches, a theatre, high-school, United States Bank, Marine Hospital, &c. There are numerous steam-mills, an iron-

were several steam-boats that arrived and departed even in the brief time that our boat lay-to; and when we again got on our way, it was in company with several others.

The wild beauties of the river had not lost their charms by this glance at the artificial attractions of a flourishing town. The constantly interlocking promontories at each turn of the river make a sail up the Ohio appear like the passage through an interminable chain of lakes; and the new play of lights and shades, occasioned by the sudden change of the river's course, prevents its charms from becoming monotonous. I am now about five hundred miles from its mouth, and could the waning moonbeams that for so many nights have silvered its beautiful tide but play there for a month to come, I could float on thus for ever. Among my few fellow passengers are two or three ladies, to whom I ought before to have acknowledged myself indebted. A passionate lover of nature, like your friend, meets with few to sympathize fully in his tastes; but I have ever observed, that as among women one finds the quickest perception of the ludicrous in character, it is to them, too, you must look for the readiest

foundry, cotton-factory, &c. in the place. The canal which connects the town with the river below the Falls is about two miles long; it is sufficiently deep to admit the largest steam-boats, when the river is high enough for them to run. It has four locks, and overcomes a fall of twenty-two feet. The cost of constructing it is estimated at 730,000 dollars. The position of Louisville is about 38° 18′ north, and 8° 42′ west from Washington. It is 1448 miles, by the river, above New-Orleans, and five hundred and fifty-nine miles from Washington city.

appreciation of what is beautiful in nature or delicate in art. Their sensibilities, indeed, are not so deep, but their sympathies are keener and more quickly awakened than those of men; and the same vividness of apprehension which makes them jump to a conclusion in an argument, while our sluggish minds are toiling through the preliminary demonstration, exhibits itself alike in detecting an absurdity in manners, or snatching a fleeting charm in the landscape from forgetfulness.

We have now passed the Miami, the last of the larger tributaries of the Ohio below Cincinnati, and our steamer will soon bring to at the mouth of the Licking River, opposite to that town. Both of these streams are famous in border-story; but the latter, from being opposite to old Fort Washington, upon whose site Cincinnati is built, has so many frontier traditions connected with it, that I cannot, perhaps, more agreeably conclude this letter than with one of them. It is an oft-told story of the singular preservation of two wounded men, who encountered each other in the thick forests whose shadows formerly darkened the river at this point, after an Indian fight near the mouth of the Licking. These sole survivors of a bloody fray had each been disabled in a contest which was fatal to their companions. One had been shot through the hips, so as temporarily to paralyse both his legs; the other had both arms broken; yet each, after being struck down in the heat of the fight, had managed to crawl into an adjacent thicket, and so effectually to conceal himself, that the savages who had as

sailed their party, after scalping the fallen, departed and left their retreat uninvaded. Many hours intervened, and apprehension kept each of the wounded men so silent that he was wholly unaware of the vicinity or even the existence of the other. At length, he who had the use of his arms, being pinched with hunger, ventured to shoot a rackoon which wandered near him. His former comrade called out at the report of the gun; but the other, fearing some Indian wile, refused to answer until the man presented himself before him. Mutual gratulation of course ensued; and then he that had the use of his legs kicked the rackoon towards the other, who, having flayed and cooked it, fed his companion. Their situation for pioneers after a battle seemed tolerably comfortable! but, unable to move from his sitting posture, he that was wounded in the hips must have perished from thirst, if the other, who was deprived of the use of his hands, had not taken his hat in his mouth, and, wading to his chin in the river, dipped up a cooling draught for his feverish friend. In this condition they are said to have remained for more than ten days; the walking gentleman driving turkeys and other game near enough for the sitter to shoot, and the sitting gentleman cooking the meals which the walker thus provided—the latter in the mean time carrying the hat to the river as regularly as a bucket to a well. Ultimately a boat descending the Ohio relieved them from their mutual offices, and both are said to have afterward recovered.*

* Metcalf's Indian Wars.

LETTER XXX.

Cincinnati—Society—Sportsmen and Littérateurs—Public Buildings—Influence of the Drama—Slaughter-houses—Hog-killing—Kentuckians and New-Englanders.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 3, 1834.

It was a still sunny morning, when, in rounding one of those beautiful promontories which form so striking a feature in the scenery of the Ohio, we came suddenly upon a cluster of gardens and villas, which indicated the vicinity of a flourishing town; and our boat taking a sudden sheer from the shore, before the eye had time to study out their grouping and disposition, the whole city of Cincinnati, embosomed in its amphitheatre of green hills, was brought at once before us. It rises on two inclined planes from the river, the one elevated about fifty feet above the other, and both running parallel to the Ohio. The streets are broad, occasionally lined with trees, and generally well built of brick, though there are some pretty churches and noble private dwellings of cut stone and of stucco. Of the latter there are several with greater pretensions to architectural beauty than any which I remember in New-York. The first impression upon touching the quays at Cincinnati, and looking up its spacious avenues, terminating always in the green acclivities

which bound the city, is exceedingly beautiful; and your good opinion of the town suffers no diminution when you have an opportunity to examine its well-washed streets and tasteful private residences. Of the rides and walks in the suburbs I cannot speak too warmly; the girdle of green hills already spoken of, on some of which the primeval growth of the forest still lingers in a clump of aged trees, command some of the most beautiful views you can imagine of the opposite shores of Kentucky, with the two pretty manufacturing villages on either side of the Licking River, which debouches opposite to Cincinnati. Cincinnati herself, with her twenty gilded spires gleaming among gardens and shrubbery, lies as if spread upon a map beneath you; while, before attaining this commanding height, you have already been rewarded, when winding up the steep ascent, by a hundred charming glimpses of groves and villas, scattered along the banks of the beautiful Ohio. Verily, if beauty alone confer empire, it is in vain for thriving Pittsburg or flourishing Louisville, bustling and buxom as they are, to dispute with Cincinnati her title of "Queen of the West."

The population of the place is about thirty thousand. Among them you see very few who look not comfortable and contented, though the town does not wear the brisk and busy air observable at Louisville. Transportation is so easy along the great western waters, that you see no lounging poor people about the large towns, as, when business languishes in one place, and it is difficult to find oc-

cupation, they are off at once to another, and shift their quarters whither the readiest means of living invite them. What would most strike you in the streets of Cincinnati would be the number of pretty faces and stylish figures one meets in a morning. I have had more than one opportunity of seeing these western beauties by candlelight, and the evening display brought no disappointment to the morning promise. Nothing can be more agreeable than the society which one meets with in the gay and elegantly furnished drawing-rooms of Cincinnati; the materials being from every state in the Union, there is a total want of *caste*, a complete absence of *settishness* (if I may use the word). If there be any characteristic that might jar upon your taste and habits, it is, perhaps, a want of that harmonious blending of light and shade, that repose both of character and manner, which, distinguishing the best circles in our Atlantic cities, so often sinks into insipidity, or runs into a ridiculous imitation of the impertinent nonchalance which the pseudo pictures of English "high life" in the novels of the day impose upon our simple republicans as the height of elegance and refinement. There is a common phrase in the new settlements of the West—"We all come from some place or another,"—which you may imagine to be particularly applicable to a place that only dates from the year of our Lord 1808; and it is therefore in the highest degree absurd to speak of the Cincinnatians as a provincial people in their manners, when the most agreeable persons that figure here hail originally

from New-York or Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, and are very tenacious of the style of living in which they have been educated.

I need hardly add, that the picture of life and manners here by an exceedingly clever English caricaturist has about as much *vrai-semblance* as if the beaux and belles of Kamschatka had sat for the portraits.

I have been here now nearly ten days, and scarcely an hour has passed without some gay and agreeable engagement.

A literary soirée and a sporting-club dinner would, perhaps, be two of the most characteristic circles into which I could carry you, but description would do nothing without the music that gave variety to the spirit of the one, or the delicious birds that lent a relish to the jokes of the other. As you may imagine, I was much more at home among the sportsmen than the *littérateurs;* with the latter, in fact, I opened my lips but once in a learned discussion, and was so frightened at the sound of my own voice, that I took the earliest opportunity to escape from the premises. I have never affected *cliques* of any kind—literary, fashionable, or political. Society is a salad, which to relish must be mixed from a variety of ingredients.

The principal buildings of Cincinnati, besides more than twenty churches, some of which are very pretty, and several fine hotels, one of which, the Pearl-street House, would rival the best in New-York, are the Cincinnati College, a couple of

theatres, four market-houses, one of which is five hundred feet in length, a court-house, United States' Branch Bank, Medical College, Mechanics' Institute, the Catholic Athenæum, the hospital, and high-school, and two museums. The collection of one of these museums is exceedingly interesting, from embracing a number of enormous organic remains among its curiosities, with antique vases and various singular domestic utensils, excavated from some of the ancient mounds in Ohio. In the upper story of the same building there is another exhibition, which, from the accounts I have had of it, I should hardly expect to be patronised in so enlightened a community: it is nothing less than a nightly representation of the final place of torment in the other world, with all the agreeable accompaniments that the imaginations of the vulgar delight in conceiving as belonging to it.

A very respectable man, whom I chanced to meet with long before reaching here, mentioned to me the existence of this piece of charlatanism, and dwelt upon it with great unction, from the "good moral effect it would produce!" Now, is it not surprising that the very persons who condemn theatrical representations are those of all others to countenance such gross and impious humbug? The success of such disgraceful mummery is, perhaps, the strongest argument that could be adduced in favour of a well-regulated stage. A passion for dwelling on the mimic world, presented by the drama, seems almost inherent in our nature; like all other strong predispositions, it is probably given for

some useful purpose; and its perversion alone can be injurious. Indeed, there is no public diversion that could be devised more openly and immediately answerable to public opinion than the stage, or that can be more effectually restrained and regulated by the presence of the judicious; but if the moral and discriminating choose to think it beneath them to watch over and guard it, the trifling and the vicious will assume its management. You may talk, indeed, of putting it down entirely; but, alas for him who would put a padlock on a safety valve, or dam the current of folly without leaving a sluice-way!—the steam that sings so quiet a tune by his parlour-fire may yet, when too closely pent, blow him to atoms; and the torrent to which he would deny an open outlet will ooze through a hundred hidden crevices, and sap the fabric he has built to restrain it.

The most remarkable, however, of all the establishments of Cincinnati, are those immense slaughter-houses, where the business of butchering and packing pork is carried on. The number of hogs annually slaughtered is said to exceed one hundred and twenty thousand; and the capital employed in the business is estimated at two millions of dollars. Some of the establishments cover several acres of ground; and one of the packing-houses, built of brick, and three stories high, is more than a hundred feet long, and proportionably wide. The minute division of labour and the fearful celerity of execution in these swinish workshops would equally delight a pasha and a political economist; for it is the mode in which the business is conducted, rather

than its extent, which gives dignity to hog-killing in Cincinnati, and imparts a tragic interest to the last moments of the doomed porkers, that might inspire the savage genius of a Maturin or a Monk Lewis. Imagine a long narrow edifice, divided into various compartments, each communicating with the other, and each furnished with some peculiar and appropriate engine of destruction. In one you see a gory block and gleaming axe; a seething caldron nearly fills another. The walls of a third bristle with hooks newly sharpened for impalement; while a fourth is shrouded in darkness, that leaves you to conjure up images still more dire. There are forty ministers of fate distributed throughout these gloomy abodes, each with his particular office assigned him. And here, when the fearful carnival comes on, and the deep forests of Ohio have contributed their thousands of unoffending victims, the gantlet of death is run by those selected for immolation The scene commences in the shadowy cell, whose gloom we have not yet been allowed to penetrate. Fifty unhappy porkers are here incarcerated at once together, with bodies wedged so closely that they are incapactiated from all movement. And now the grim executioner—like him that battled with the monster that wooed Andromeda—leaps with his iron mace upon their backs, and rains his ruthless blows around him. The unresisting victims fall on every side; but scarcely does one touch the ground, before he is seized by a greedy hook protruded through an orifice below. His throat is severed instantly in

the adjacent cell, and the quivering body is hurried onward, as if the hands of the Furies tossed it through the frightful suite of chambers. The mallet —the knife—the axe—the boiling caldron—the remorseless scraping iron—have each done their work; and the fated porker, that was but one minute before grunting in the full enjoyment of bristling hoghood, now cadaverous and "chap-fallen," hangs a stark and naked effigy among his immolated brethren.*

* The Cincinnati correspondent of a Baltimore paper mentions in a letter which appeared while this sheet was going through the press, that "The whole number of hogs killed last year, in the city and vicinity, is ascertained to be a little rising *one hundred and twenty-three thousand.* Deer Creek is a stream running into the Ohio River on the eastern suburb of the city. About half a mile up this stream the slaughter-houses of Mr. Coleman are situated; and during the whole 'hog season,' this stream, from the houses to the river, is running blood, and generally goes by the name of the 'Bloody River.'

"From the slaughter-houses, the hogs are conveyed in large wagons, that hold from twenty-five to forty, to the various packing-houses, where they can pack, and have ready for shipment, *two hundred and fifty barrels of pork in one day.* It is, indeed, astonishing, the rapidity with which they put a hog out of sight, when once they get fair hold of him. As at the slaughter-houses, a perfect system is kept up; every man has his allotted duty to perform, and there is consequently no interference with each other; everything goes on like 'clock-work.' When the hogs are received, they are first weighed by the weigher, then passed to the 'blocking-men,' who place them on the several blocks (two are generally used,) when they are received by the '*cutters*,' and are very quickly despatched—the various qualities separated and thrown into their respective places. One man weighs for the barrels (two hundred pounds,) and throws the meat into a '*salt-box*,' from which the '*packer*' receives it; and when the barrel is packed, it is handed over to the 'cooper,' who heads it. It is then bored, filled with strong brine, plugged, branded, and ready for shipment."

There is more of eastern than of western genius—of the Yankee rather than the Kentuckian—in this systematic establishment, where the coarsest employment is thus reduced to mathematical precision. Indeed, the mechanical regularity, the neatness, and the enterprise of New England characterize the people of Ohio generally, and constitute a marked difference between them and their neighbours over the river. The Kentuckians are chiefly descended from military men and hunters, who settled the broad and fertile tracts now so populous, during and shortly subsequent to the revolution; and wheresoever they wander in the far west, they are still distinguished by the traits that would naturally spring from such an origin. There is an off-handedness—if I may use the term—a fearless ardour, a frankness and self-possession about them that engages your good-will at once; while you are both interested and amused at the exaggerated tone of sentiment, half romantic, half vain-glorious, which their ideas and expressions betray. Judging, however, from the occasional specimens I have seen, I should think that though individually the most characteristic and interesting people in the Union, they are by no means such useful members of society as the New Englanders. Indeed, it has more than once occurred to me, when I have seen two of these ultra specimens of the eastern and the western man settled down on the same prairie beside each other, that though entirely different, there could be no better representatives of genuine American character among the foreign emigrants whose

cabins clustered around them. They are both sprung from a stock so ancient, and so slightly adulterated by European intermixture since the pilgrims first landed at Plymouth and the followers of Raleigh touched the shores of Virginia, that they represent the only homogeneous population on the continent. The southern parts of Ohio and Illinois are settled in a great measure by Kentuckians; but before I write to you again I shall have some opportunity of studying them in their own country.

LETTER XXXI.

A Boatman's Panegyric—Leave Cincinnati—Road Companions—Kentuckian Civility—Slavery—Youthful Mourner—Morning Scene—Lexington.

Lexington, Kentucky, April 7th, 1834.

"No, stranger, there's no place on the universal 'arth like old Kaintuck: she whips all 'Out-west' in prettiness; and you might bile down cr'ation and not get such another state out of it."

Thus eloquently discoursed the boatman who ferried me over the Ohio a day or two since; and I confess that the fellow's panegyric upon his native state made me congratulate myself upon having extended my tour in this direction, and on the means I had adopted for meeting more often with originals like himself. Travelling on horseback is

the best mode of seeing both the scenery and the people of the western country; and having bought a good hackney at Cincinnati, I promise myself much pleasure from this part of my western tour. My route will lead south-eastwardly through Kentucky as far as the mountainous parts of Tennessee, from which state I shall enter Virginia on its south-west corner, and finally take my way to the north along the eastern base of the Alleghanies.

It was a beautiful day, that on which I left Cincinnati; and when, after crossing the Ohio at noon, I found myself upon the Kentucky bank of the river, and checked my horse to look back for a moment upon the noble town and the fair stream that bathed its walls, I could not but admit that the amphitheatre of green hills opposite to me did really shut in "The Pride of the West," if not the most beautiful city in the Union. But I confess I was not sorry to escape from its elegant and profuse hospitalities, and to find myself once more on horse-back and alone, free to rove wherever fancy or caprice should lead me. The "voice of spring" had long been abroad in the land, and the perfume of blossoms and flowers that met my senses as I rode by the scattered gardens in the little town of Covington, seemed to rebuke the taste which had kept me so long within a city's walls. From a green knoll on the edge of the village I took my last look of the beautiful Ohio, and then pausing vainly a moment to catch the words of a song which a young girl was warbling to her piano in a pretty cottage near, I struck down the side of a grassy

slope, and crossing a brook, soon found myself riding through a tall wood on the high-road to Lexington. The evening soon after closing in, left me but little opportunity of observing the country, which appeared to be generally heavily wooded, and broken up into undulations so short and frequent as to make the office of ploughing the hill-sides no sinecure. The aspect of a broken country was so agreeable to me, however, after being so long upon the prairies, that I was not sorry to find but little alteration in the scenery, when I arose and advanced upon my journey the next morning. But for the present I was no longer solitary. I had not got a hundred yards from the house where I passed the night, before I heard a voice from an enclosure near the road calling out, "Halloo! stranger; I reckon you and I are cutting out for the same place; so hold on a bit, and you shall have some company." But before this considerate traveller could gain the road, I was overtaken by a young man of genteel appearance, who at once drew up by my side and entered into easy conversation, according to the custom of the country. After riding a mile or two together, he asked me if I would eat an apple, and, upon expressing assent, instead of drawing the fruit from his pocket, or saddle-bags, as I expected, I was not a little surprised to see him stop in front of a respectable looking house, and halloo till half a dozen negroes made their appearance from the log-cabins around the door. "Aunty," cried my companion, to an active looking wench who advanced before the rest, "has your master got any apples in

the house?—"Only a few barrels left, young master."—"Well, then, bring us a dozen." A large basket, containing as many of the finest pippins as we could stow about our persons, was, a moment after, brought to the road-side and held up to us, as we sat on horseback; and, after dividing the contents between us, I was very naturally about to pay for them, but the young gentleman told me that I should only insult a decent farmer's family (not a soul of whom was known to him) by paying for what "no Kentuckian would be brute enough to refuse a stranger."

My companion soon after parted from me, and entering a deep wood, I was so much engaged in listening to the mellow whistle of the red-bird, and marking the shrubs and flowers that were putting forth their virgin blossoms around me, that I insensibly deviated from the turnpike (so called,) and took a road which, after an hour's riding through a romantic forest, brought me up at last by a mill, where I learned how many miles I had wandered from the way. The beautifully secluded dell through which my path now led in recovering the main road, left me nothing to regret in having thus added to my journey. It was watered by a deep brook, along whose steep banks the red-bud and the wild plum put forth their delicate blossoms in rich profusion, and the various singing birds, which the glare of noon had driven from the road-side and open fields far into the forest, kept here the woods alive with music.

My path, at first but little more than a wood-

man's trail, widened at last into something like a wagon-road; and I came finally to a number of log cabins, scattered along the road at some distance from each other. Near one of them, I was not a little struck at seeing an old gray-headed negro ploughing the few acres which surrounded the miserable shantee, while a stout, hale-looking fellow of forty was lounging indolently in his rude and dirty doorway. It was the first object I had seen to remind me unpleasantly that I was now in a slave State.

A pretty cottage, with some shrubbery around it, stood near the spot where I regained the highway towards sunset; and near at hand was a small grave-yard, protected from the road by a slight fence, with a rank growth of weeds along its border. Pausing a moment to observe the various rude memorials to the dead, that reared their gray heads in the yellow sunlight, my attention was fixed by a young fair-haired girl of sixteen, kneeling by the side of a new made grave, and bending her head towards the recent sod, apparently in an attitude of prayer. Upon looking more narrowly, however, I discovered that she was only engaged in planting flowers around a spot which was probably hallowed in her affections. Her bonnet was thrown back upon her shoulders; and there was nothing to skreen her features from view except the long hair which waved in locks of gold on either side of her pensive countenance, which—so intently was she bent upon her graceful task—was only completely exposed when she raised her

head, as if startled by the sound of my horse's hoofs, as I moved from the spot.

The evening had completely settled in upon the lower grounds, as I looked from an eminence down into the little valley whence rose the white chimneys of the house where I was to pass the night. It stood in straggling and broken form, one story in height, on the margin of a lively brook, which rattled along the base of the hill; the various buildings comprehended in the mansion making quite an imposing appearance as they extended their low and irregular front along the road-side. There was a fence of rough slabs, whitewashed, about ten feet in front of the porch, with a number of logs of different lengths placed upright near it, to answer the double purpose of a horse-block to mount from and a stile to cross the fence with. A limping gray-headed negro received my horse at the door, while the landlord took my saddle-bags, and ushered me into a wainscoted and white-washed chamber, where another traveller, who had arrived but a few minutes before me, was comforting himself with the contents of a pitcher of cider, which stood at his elbow. "Come, sir, come," he exclaimed upon my entrance; "come, sir, take a drink; this cider goes very well after an evening ride."—"Help yourself, stranger," added the landlord, "while I tote your plunder* into the other

* This use of the term "*plunder*" sounds whimsical to a northern ear, but the derivation of the word (from the Flemish *plunderen*, signifying property,) implies the meaning that it has upon the

room." Then, while I joined the cider-drinker in his thin potations, the landlord soon returned, and finding that my immediate destination was Lexington, he told me, with an air of great satisfaction, that "I should have company all the way, for that that gentleman was going on in the morning." The other, a plain farmer, with whom I had now exchanged some common-places about agriculture, which nearly exhausted my stock of information on that subject, rejoined with animation that he was very glad I was going his way, as "he allowed the gentleman to be right good company, and he did not mistrust but what we'd have a tip-top time of it."

The faintest streakings of dawn were hardly perceptible in the east when our horses were brought to the door the next morning; and mounting by the light of the young moon, which showed like a mere gash in the blue vesture of heaven, we moved in a brisk trot from the door of the hostelrie. The twilight seemed to be losing its sombreness as we gained the top of the opposite hill; and then entering a wood of ancient beeches, the chirp of the gray squirrel, and the grating call of the ma-ma-twa, or cat-bird, impatient to commence his morning song, rivalling in sweetness the finest music of the woods, foretold the approach of day: and, indeed, the sun was already up, and the wild bee humming around the blossoms of a majestic

western waters; and a similar phraseology is familiar to us from the Canadian "*butin*."

tulip-tree, as we emerged from the forest beneath its gnarled branches, that extended across the road, and framed in a miniature view of cultivated country below us, whose aspect beneath the uprising sun was perfectly delicious. "Save your praises, stranger, until you get twenty miles nearer to Lexington," cried my companion, as I gave loose to my admiration and delight in no measured terms. The scenery of this part of Kentucky reminded me much of that in the eastern section of Putnam county, in the State of New-York. There were the same abrupt hills, cultivated apparently to the utmost, wherever their inclination was not too great for the plough, and having all their steep places covered with a vigorous growth of forest trees, while at every interval between their bases some saucy brook would make its presence known as it capered along over the stones that paved its path to some more majestic and tranquil stream.

It was high noon when I approached the environs of Georgetown, and looked down from an eminence on the banks of the Elkhorn—a pretty winding stream about fifty yards wide—upon its beautiful race-course. It was a large meadow of the finest and firmest turf, studded here and there with noble elms and sycamores, the original growth of the forest, and having two sides bounded by the river, while thickly enclosed grounds, scattered copses, or sunny slopes, waving with new wheat, gave repose to the eye upon the remaining two. The town itself looked very flourishing, and ap-

peared to be well built, chiefly of brick; but wishing to reach Lexington early in the evening, I rode directly through it.

The country now became much more level, and the soil richer than any I had seen since crossing the Ohio. The enclosures, too, were all in better order; and I now, for the first time, saw some of those beautiful wooded pastures which, as they are the pride of Kentucky, are peculiar, I believe, to this state. An occasional villa, imbosomed in trees and shrubbery, was soon after observable. The distance at which they stood from the road indicated the taste of their proprietors in one essential point, while it left one to guess how it had displayed itself in others. The frequency of these tasteful residences continued increasing, until the collection at last assumed the appearance of a village; and finally, after travelling a few hundred yards on a Macadamized road, I found myself riding over paved streets through the beautiful town of Lexington; for the various gardens and shrubbery around the doors of the houses lead you so insensibly into the business parts of the town, that you are in the heart of the place before becoming aware that you have passed the suburbs. The town, which is regularly laid out upon a level plat of ground, is well built of brick and wood, and has the sidewalks of its broad streets almost invariably lined with ornamental trees; so that, with the numerous vacant lots cultivated as gardens, and in which, even thus early, the song of the mocking-bird may be heard, Lexington ap-

proaches nearer to the *rus in urbe* than any town of its size that I have seen.*

Soon after entering the place, my fellow-traveller drew up his horse by my side, and observing, "We must part here, perhaps never to meet again, stranger," he, for the first time, inquired my address, with some interest, and took a very kind farewell of me. He was a plain and unpretending man, in very moderate circumstances, and spoke upon few other subjects besides religion, slavery, and the state of agriculture in Kentucky; but the attention with which I listened to the exposition of his views, while studying him as a fair representative of one of the most important classes in the community, seemed sufficiently to have won his good opinion; and I must say, that if the yeomanry of Kentucky are generally gifted with the same conscientiousness and moderation, with equal liberality and desire for improvement, they will compare to advantage with the cultivators of the soil in any part of the Union. Nor have I as yet, since crossing the Ohio, met with any of those "half-horse and half-alligator" characters, which, flourishing for a few years on the banks of the Mississippi, have now for the most part withdrawn themselves beyond the frontiers, or live chiefly in the imagination of those who confound the wild boatmen of the western waters with the far different people who dwell upon their borders.

I am now established for a few days at Postle-

* See note I.

thwaite's Hotel, in the centre of the city of Lexington, and will give you in my next the result of various excursions which I meditate in the neighbourhood.

LETTER XXXII.

An Excursion—Farm Houses—Hospitality—Herd of Elk—The Elk and Buffalo—Cattle—Capital of Kentucky—Beauchamp and his Wife.

Frankfort, Kentucky, April 9, 1834.

I WAS dining yesterday with some kind friends in Lexington (recent as is our acquaintance, their warm-hearted courtesies render it impossible for me to speak of them less familiarly), when it was pronounced impossible for me to leave this part of Kentucky without a peep at the capital, which was but a day's ride off. Accordingly, as Mr. ——, whose name is familiar to you as distinguished in Congress and at the bar, was going in the morning to attend one of the upper courts, now in session at this place, he was at once hunted up, an introduction procured me, and, after an early breakfast, we started on horseback together. Our road lay chiefly through a level fertile country, in a very good state of cultivation; and my companion, who is one of the most prominent planters and agriculturists in this section of the country, took great pleasure in

pointing out to me the most flourishing farms, and the peculiar growth of different soils, as we rode along; recalling at the same time, most agreeably—as the railroad, now constructing between Lexington and Frankfort, occasionally intersected our route—his early recollections of this region before such a convenience was dreamed of. The secluded appearance of the farm houses, standing aloof from the road, with meadows, fields, and groves intervening, struck me very pleasingly; and about noon, passing the gate of an extensive planter, who was personally known to Mr. ——, he, much to my gratification, proposed a call upon his friend. Leaving the road, we entered at once upon a large and beautiful park or chase.* It was enclosed by a common worm fence, but afforded some charming vistas among its noble clumps of trees, where a large herd of deer were browsing unmolested. This was the grazing portion of the farm, and the hardy *blue* grass, even thus early, afforded a rich sward beneath the boughs that were just putting forth their young leaves. Passing completely through this wooded pasture, we entered a square enclosure of some eight or ten acres of garden, lawn, and orchard combined, but not doing much credit to the characteristics of either, having a rectangular brick house placed formally in the midst, with several negro hovels about a stone's throw from the door. I had been so charmed with my ride through the cattle-range, that my expectations were very much

* Called "a cattle-range," if I mistake not, in Kentucky.

raised, and I was not a little disappointed at the aspect of things here. I could not help, while we waited for the servants to take our horses, indulging my imagination in throwing down the nearest fences, and allowing the mansion to stand, as it ought, on the open verge, if not in the bosom of the park, from which it was thus tastelessly shut out.

In the mean time half-a-dozen black people, young and old, made their appearance; our horses were disposed of, and two tall and well-made Kentuckians, either of whom had counted, perhaps, five or six-and-twenty summers, saluted us at the door. My companion was received with a great deal of cordiality; and I was made at once at home. We dined with the young gentlemen, who, in the absence of the older members of the family, were keeping bachelors' hall together; and half-a-dozen plans were at once projected by them for making my time pass agreeably for a month to come. Nor would they hearken to the idea of my proceeding on with Mr. —— immediately after dinner. Most unwillingly, however, I was obliged to insist upon going. Our horses were saddled, while theirs, too, were brought to the door; and descending, under the escort of our entertainers, a slight knoll, back of the house, where a lively brook came singing from a rocky cave within a few yards of the door, we entered a wooded enclosure of about a hundred acres, separated by a fence from the woodland pasture around. Here a herd of elk, startled by the sound of our horses' feet, reared their tall figures from the patches of underwood, and banding together in a

moment, scampered after their antlered leader. The enclosure was so limited that it was easy to keep them in sight; and I tried the powers of my horse by once or twice putting him to the top of his speed after these long-legged gentry.

My hospitable entertainers took the opportunity to press me again to remain at least a few days with them, adding the strong temptation of an elk-hunt on horseback, as one of these fellows when turned out in the range would afford superb sport: but I had already, before leaving Lexington, entered into engagements which compelled me to forego the pleasure. The attentive young Kentuckians accompanied us through the plantation until we came out on the highway; and finally, with one more attempt to detain us, we were dismissed upon our journey, after a promise was exacted from me that I would not return that way without at least passing a night with them.

The elk that I had seen here, which apparently bore about the same proportion in size to some deer that were feeding near them, that one of the latter would to a fox—I might almost say a hare—were prized by their owner as a remnant of the race once so numerous in Kentucky, and now only found in its wild state in the north-west territory, or far over the Mississippi. Like the moose—to which they are so nearly allied in size and appearance, the palmated horns of the latter being, I believe, the most distinguishing mark between them—the elk has rapidly retired before the advances of civilization. The moose, indeed, may still be found oc-

casionally among the wild hills about the sources of the Hudson, in the State of New-York: but the elk seems to have gone westward with the buffalo; nor do I ever remember to have heard of any being taken on our eastern waters. A score of these majestic-looking fellows would form a noble appendage to the ornamental grounds of some of the old seats on the Hudson. I think them more interesting in appearance than the buffalo; half-a-dozen of which I have seen grazing together on the estate of the gentleman with whom I was now travelling. He was at considerable pains to procure a pair from the far west for the sake of experimenting on a cross with the domestic cattle, which, contrary to the theoretical surmises of some of the greatest naturalists, has fully succeeded; and Mr. W. can now show half-blooded cows in his pastures of the third generation. They are the most uncouth-looking objects you can conceive of.

The experiment, which is a very interesting one, must have been attended with a great deal of expense in procuring the wild buffalo from so great a distance: but no attention paid in Kentucky to the rearing of stock is thrown away; and you may here see some of the finest cattle and the most beautiful pastures in the world. This placing their chief dependence upon flocks and herds gives something patriarchal to some districts of Kentucky; and the existence of slavery within her borders, though generally allowed by the intelligent to be an evil, and one of which they are really desirous to rid themselves, does not detract from that character in the rural popu-

lation. The condition of the negroes in servitude is so easy, that to call one a "*free nigger*" is the highest term of reproach among them. They appear to be very much attached to their masters, and a familiarity exists between them which would be fatal to all discipline in the ordinary relations of master and servant. The latter relation of society, indeed, as compared with that of owner and slave, may be likened to the different footing upon which a subaltern and a general officer may place themselves with a common soldier: he in whom the supreme command is vested may safely imitate the great Frederick or Napoleon, and joke with his troops as "Fritz," or the "little Corporal;" while the subaltern can never with propriety relax the necessary etiquette with those who tread so closely upon his heels.

It was about dusk that we approached the capital of Kentucky, which lies so deeply buried in a gorge of hills that almost the first view you have of the town is by looking into its chimneys. The Kentucky river, cutting its way through precipitous limestone banks, makes a bend here through a complete circus of romantic-looking knolls about three or four hundred feet high: between the base of these and the bank of the river on either side is a level amphitheatre, upon which the town is built. The two divisions—Frankfort and South Frankfort—contain together about 4000 inhabitants. The view of the place from the bluffs above—with its rectangular squares mapped out beneath you; the marble statehouse raising its Ionic portico, like a Grecian tem-

ple, in the midst; and the gray-stone penitentiary, with its castellated walls, thrown in the deep shadow of the hill-side—is, at early dawn, or beneath the approaching twilight, exceedingly beautiful. I first viewed it at the latter hour, when winding down the steep declivity back of the town. We entered the place last evening; and this morning I have crossed the river, and rambled over the opposite hills on horseback, in order to enjoy a similar prospect. The town, from whatever point of view you observe it, preserves the same peculiar appearance as it lies nestled, as it were, among its steep hills.

The situation of Frankfort is, indeed, remarkable in the extreme; but, of late years, a new interest for the passing traveller has attached to the place, from its having been the scene of one of the deepest domestic tragedies of ancient or modern times. The theme of Beauchamp and his wife, which, during the trial of the former, seven or eight years since, so filled the newspapers, must be familiar to you, though you cannot perhaps recall the particulars of the thrilling tale. In the lighter tone of society that prevails in our Atlantic cities, incidents like these, as they could never there occur, seem, from the exaggerated sentiment and romantic rashness of disposition they betray, as belonging to a bygone age, or transpiring in a different planet. They are dwelt upon in a passing conversation as "singularly odd," and "very eccentric;" and are then superseded by inquiries about the stocks, or a learned discussion in relation to the opera. They may awaken a momentary interest, but are soon

forgotten among the diversity of more congenial subjects that force themselves upon the attention. But among a people so earnest in character as the Kentuckians, and in a community whose sympathies have been outraged by such a mingled tissue of monstrous guilt and romantic infatuation, it is far otherwise. The tragic fate of "Beauchamp and his wife" sinks more deeply into men's bosoms; and the story of their strange loves, of her cruel wrong and his dark revenge, of the savage retribution they exacted from the author of their misery and their crime, and the touching heroism of the death they shared at last together—all combine to make up a drama of real life which can never be forgotten among the scenes where it was enacted.*

I shall return to Lexington this evening; and when you next hear from me, I shall be on my way to the "Forks of the Kentucky"—one of the wildest and most romantic parts of that state. Professor L——, of the Transylvania University,† an accomplished young German, is to be my companion. Mr. L——, who, to many other acquirements less common in Kentucky, adds that of being an excellent rifle-shot, is led away by his love of scenery and of sporting; and I promise myself a great deal of pleasure from his society.

* See note K.

† The flourishing collegiate institution of Lexington so called.

LETTER XXXIII.

Bryant's Station—Affair with the Indians—Female Heroism—Lovely Scenery—Old-fashioned Building—The Alleghanies—Mineral Springs—The Red River—Knobs of Kentucky—Town of Irvine.

Forks of the Kentucky, April 12, 1834.

After settling with mine host on the day that I left Lexington, a black groom brought my horse to the door, and flinging my cloak and valise across the saddle, I rode over, about noon, to the house of a friend in another part of the town, where an early dinner had been courteously provided solely for myself and the new travelling companion mentioned in my last; and our time not allowing us to pay that devotion to the excellent Madeira and old sherry which their richness and flavour would naturally claim, a bottle of each was quietly deposited in a basket with some other accompaniments, and a servant despatched by our kind entertainer to guide us on the first stage of our journey.

Emerging soon from the beautiful environs of Lexington, we rode for an hour or two through narrow roads, where the moist rich soil was fetlock deep for our horses. But the enclosures, which were generally shut in by a worm fence on either side, were exceedingly beautiful; and the woodland and arable were so intermixed, that the tall and ta-

per trees of the former, now ranging in open avenues along a hill-side, and now disposed in clumps upon the meadows, as if set there by the eye of taste, produced the impression of riding through a magnificent park, whose verdant swells and embowered glades had been only here and there invaded and marred by the formal fences drawn through them.

Sunset found us upon the banks of the Elkhorn, and we crossed the stream near "Bryant's Station," one of the most celebrated spots in the annals of "The Dark and Bloody Ground."* The stockade fort that once stood here was frequently a refuge from the savages in the early settlement of the adjacent country; and its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio, led on by the white renegadoes Girty and M'Kee, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the west. The enemy banded together at the forks of the Scioto, and planned their attack in the deep forests, a hundred miles away from the scene where it was made. The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, sudden as the grove of spears that sprung from the dragon's teeth in classic land, a thousand rifles gleamed in the corn-fields one summer's night. That very

* The fair portion of Kentucky known by this significant title is said to have been distinguished by a similar term even before the appearance of the whites. It was the favourite hunting-ground of the Virginia and Ohio Indians, and the scene of continual strife between the warlike bands that wandered thither to arouse the buffalo from the cane-brakes, or chase the elk over the extensive "barrens" of Kentucky.

evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms to march to the relief of another "station" that was similarly invested. It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off,—an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not propitious to them; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle, but they knew not how to stand a siege. The "fort," which was merely a collection of log-cabins arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water. They were aware that the attacking party knew this; they were aware too that their real force lay in ambush near a neighbouring spring, with the hope of cutting off those who should come to remedy the deficiency.

But the sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian, and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a warrior. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring! But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient,—woman's fortitude never carried one more hazardous into successful execution. They reasoned thus: The water must be had. The women are in the habit of going for it every morning If armed men now take that duty upon them,

the Indians will think that their ambuscade is discovered, and instantly commence their assault. If the women draw the water as usual, the Indians will not unmask their concealed force, but still persevere in attempting to decoy the defenders of the station without its pickets. The feint succeeded; the random-shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could aught be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate,—they advance with composure in a body to the spring,—they are within point-blank shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest trepidation will betray them—the least apparent consciousness of their thrilling situation, and their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other until each fills her bucket in succession. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet,—their movement soon becomes more agitated,—it is at last precipitate. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate. A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the screams of the wounded Indians around the spring, told that they were safe, and spoke the triumph of their friends. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with desperation upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and bro-

thers of such women? The Indians were foiled; they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed. Succour at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wild-wood haunts once more.*

The peaceful aspect of this spot, as twilight now settled over the landscape, afforded a strong contrast to the wild encounters of which it had been the scene. We were in a celebrated grazing district, and entering the gate of a plantation at evening, this park-like scenery continued to grow upon us. There were neither roads nor lanes through the plantations; but the respective owners having merely an open right of way through each other's grounds, nothing could be more devious than our route from gate to gate. It lay chiefly through the wooded pastures for which Kentucky is so celebrated, and the fresh young grass was at this early season like an elastic carpet beneath our horses' feet. The new foliage of the spring was still too tender to rustle in the evening breeze; and the moonbeams, which silvered the sweeping cones of the maple-trees, and played through the acacia's slender skreen, fell soft as sleep upon the greensward. Sometimes the frequent clumps would thicken into groves, whose depths it was idle to attempt to pierce; and then again, where a rich fringe of underwood indicated the bank of a rivulet, enormous vines, pendent

* See M'Clung's "Sketches of Western Adventure," for a minute account of this affair.

from some ancient walnut, would fling their verdurous canopy over its fountain-head.

After fording a number of fine brooks, whose full currents more than once washed our saddle-girths, we came at last to our destination for the night. It stood upon an eminence; a spacious old-fashioned building, erected during the early settlement of Kentucky, and now in a state of considerable dilapidation. Our black guide, who was an old family servant, well known to the proprietor, was our only letter of introduction; and the hospitable manner in which we were received and made at once at home showed that we needed no more. The young planter, our host, was of an old Virginia family, and the room in which I slept was decorated with several family pictures in the costume of Charles the Second's time, whose faded colours and tarnished frames were in better keeping with the ancient exterior of the dwelling than the neat apartment wherein I passed the night.

After an early breakfast, our horses were led to the door by three slaves; our entertainer's, a fine blooded gelding, having his saddle covered by a bear-skin, of which his master's rifle had robbed the original owner. All being ready for mounting, it was not yet without considerable difficulty that we got permission to start—our friendly host, who the night before would scarcely hear of our leaving him in the morning, still insisting upon our "giving him at least a few days."

An hour after found us riding through a country of the same character as that already described, but

the land beyond it seemed to lie in ridges against the sky; and ascending one of these, we saw for the first time a blue line of mountains darkening the horizon. It was so long since I had seen anything of the kind, that I confess the effect upon me was almost thrilling. The sweeping prairies, the broad rivers, and magnificent vegetation of the west were at once forgotten; I thought only of the pine-covered mountains of my native state, the rocky banks of its gushing streams, and the lonely lakes from which they take their rise; and I felt the while an indescribable longing to be "over the hills and far away." Those blue summits before me were the spurs of the Alleghanies; and though the main chain was yet hundreds of miles in advance, with a dozen intervening ridges of as many different names between, it was something, at least, I thought, to be once within their cool defiles. I now write to you from one of their inmost glens, and the feeling has hardly abated. To realize the delight I take in their rough embraces, you must, whatever may be your love of mountain scenery, have passed months upon the smooth prairies, or floated for weeks along the alluvial-banked rivers of the west.

From this point we rode for a short distance over a very indifferent soil, through a wood of oaks, in the centre of which we came to a spot that will, probably, at no very distant day, be celebrated as a place of public resort. On the banks of a clear brook that winds through the forest there are no less than four or five mineral springs within as many rods of each other, and each of a different

quality. The two which have attracted most attention are a sulphur and an oil spring; the last of which, from the quantity of oleaginous matter always floating upon its surface, is quite a natural curiosity. The proprietor, who contemplates creating an establishment upon the spot, lives in a log hut near the springs, and treated us very hospitably. His little establishment was neatly ordered; and he set before us a most acceptable repast of fish, ham, eggs, and coffee, for which he would not hear of receiving compensation.

The day by this time was half spent; and our host of the night before, having out of mere politeness accompanied us thus far on our way, was compelled to return. He insisted, however, upon piloting us out of the wood, and then taking a kind farewell, he struck the rowels in his blooded horse, who, unembarrassed by the baggage which encumbered our patient roadsters, wheeled with a snort upon his hind legs, and was instantly lost in the forest from which we had just emerged.

The country became now more and more broken, and less suited to cultivation, but watered by numerous rills from the hill-sides; the feeders, probably, of a turbid torrent called the Red River, to whose banks we came just after sunset. The ferry-scow had been carried away by a recent freshet; and urging our horses to the rushing brink, we were only prevented from trying to ford or swim the stream by a number of persons who hurried to the spot from a mill hard by, and begged us to desist. How to get over though, otherwise, was

the question; and it was so rapidly growing dark that each moment rendered the delay more disagreeable. But the difficulty was soon solved by a by-stander; who, guiding us to a spot farther up the stream, where he kept a canoe, it was soon loosed from its moorings, and placing our valises and horse-furniture on the bottom, we crossed one at a time, swimming our horses over beside the canoe. They both in succession landed safely, though the office of getting them up the steep and slippery bank on the opposite side was somewhat difficult. It was quite dark before we re-saddled and started anew; and after dodging about for some time in the woods to find our road, we discovered by the moon, as she got above the tops of the trees, the print of a wheel in the bed of a brook, and followed this novel kind of turnpike up, until we came to the house of a tanner, where we obtained permission to pass the night. We were now entering what is called the knobs of Kentucky; a part of the state but little settled, and barren in comparison with the populous and fertile districts I had hitherto visited. Being off the main roads, too, the accommodations are of course very different from what may be found upon more travelled routes, and my companion and myself were both compelled to take upon ourselves the duty performed by slaves the night before, and feed and groom our own horses. L., however, I find, has all the adaptability about him required on such a tour; and as for myself, you know, I have been long since broken in.

Rising with the sun, the next morning found us

by breakfast-time in a little village called Irvine. It was small, and, to appearance, anything but flourishing; but its singular seclusion among these lonely hills, with the bright green Kentucky—now for the first time crossing our route—flowing in front, had a pleasing effect. There was a new store lately opened in the place; and stopping to purchase some trifles to the amount of a few shillings, the proprietor was so punctilious as actually to give a bill of sale for the amount, from which you may draw your own conclusion as to the customary business of the place. L. and myself had both a shrewd suspicion that we had added not a little to the capital of the town. I should not like the place the less, though, for wanting the bustle of more active life; and upon the whole, when I recall its appearance as it broke upon me from the top of a neighbouring hill, a day or two since, with the pale blue smoke curling up from its scattered chimneys, and courting the kindred mist that hung upon the wooded brows of the pyramidal hills around, I don't know what more quiet disposition I can make than to leave you till my next letter in the little town of Irvine.

LETTER XXXIV.

Hill Scenery—Rockshoal Mills—A Hill Cabin—Night Adventure.

Forks of the Kentucky, April 13, 1834.

Our route from Irvine left the Kentucky River on the left, and we very soon entered the "knobs," or pyramidal hills, I described in my last, as looming like mountains at a distance. I had in fact thought that we were already in their bosom; but the first steep ascent of some three hundred feet by a bridle-way, which some upstart mountain torrent, called into brief existence by the spring rains, had appropriated just long enough to gash into lean gullies filled with rascally cobble stones, removed that impression. Gaining the top with some difficulty, we found ourselves upon a narrow serpentine ridge covered with chestnuts and stunted pines; our pathway affording, in its devious course, some very pretty views of patches of cleared and partially cultivated land below us, lying often in small amphitheatres, formed by the gentle curve of the main ridge and the sudden intersection of others that traverse the country, or heave up singly from the plain. After a while the road became more rocky, and then began to descend, until, almost unconsciously, we found ourselves near the bottom of a magnifi-

cent mountain glen,—a cavernous gorge among the hills, with more than one feature about it to remind one of the rock-ribbed abode of the freebooter in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." It was divided in the midst by a roaring stream, which seemed to gush from the mouth of a cave at the upper end—a broad plateau of rock projecting from the mouth of the cavern throwing the water like a spout far in advance, and sending it leaping like "a thing of life" along its rocky channel. On the left, the evergreens and thick underwood depended so heavily from the steep bank as almost to cover the stream, but on the right the rock rose sudden and bare. A broken wall with detached crags projected continually in advance, leaving room, where the fragments were displaced, for many an aged chestnut to find nourishment for its roots, and fling wide its shadowy branches.

Upon this side, cut out of the rocky hill, and winding among the clefts and detached pieces of rock, lay the path up which we forced our horses. The ease and spirit with which they accomplished their task when once fairly started, convinced me that one may climb almost anywhere with a horse, if properly managed. L. preferred leading his nag, and went ahead to explore, but my animated little fellow could not be restrained when he heard the echoing shouts from above, and allowing him to have his own way entirely, he pressed forward and carried me as safely to the top of the gorge as if we had been swung up together. Once clear of the ravine, the view that awaited us above was worth

all the toil of struggling through it, if that had not already been repaid by its own scenic charms. Our road lay immediately on the edge of a precipitous wall; and four hundred feet below, the Kentucky, here broad, clear, and placid, kept its way through a rich alluvial bottom. It was nearly dark when we effected our descent from the rocky bluffs to the arable flats below, at a place called "Rockshoal Mills," where we expected a cottager of the name of *Lutzow* to entertain us for the night. Stopping at a rude enclosure which surrounded the first log dwelling we came to, our hallooing for some time only brought a posse of angry dogs about us, and then out came the owner of the mansion, hardly more hospitable. It was too dark to see his face, but our parley with him was to this effect:—"Good evening, sir; can you keep us here for the night?"

"Why, I reckon not, stranger; my house is small, you see, and it 's full already."

"We care not for anything but shelter and food for our horses, which are nearly knocked up."

"Well, now I allow you'll be much better accommodated about a mile ahead, just over the hill there; you could see the place if you were on the top,—that is, if it was not so dark."

This hint was not to be mistaken; and turning the heads of our unwilling horses, we descended into the bed of a deep and rapid brook; and climbing a precipitous bank, after proceeding about a hundred yards, a rugged path, through a thick wood of stunted growth, brought us, after dodging about half an hour in its defiles, to a cabin on the brow of

the hill, along whose rough sides we had been for some time riding. A lad of sixteen, lightly dressed in loose drawers and a hunting-shirt, came to the door with evident unwillingness, after we had exercised our lungs for some time in stirring up the establishment. He stood in the entrance with one hand upon the half-open door, while the other seemed to be employed in keeping back a very pretty girl about his own age, who stood peering curiously over his shoulder, while she shielded with an old bonnet the flaring tallow candle that "shed its light" with anything but "hospitable ray" across the humble threshold. All our suing for admission was vain; the lad's father and mother were absent, and had told him to admit no strangers to sleep in the house. We offered him money most liberally, and urged that the night was such as it would be cruel to turn a dog from the door, but it produced not the least effect; he only told us that the house we had passed was better able to take us than his father's; and that there was still one about a mile ahead, where we might get in; winding up every time with, "It don't signify, strangers, anyhow; if this was my house, I'd try and accommodate you, and so would father; but father is not here, and you can't come in."

I admired the boy's firmness, even while cursing the occasion of his constancy: but there was no help for us, unless we took the house by storm; and with some difficulty urging our horses from the door, we descended a steep bank, as the lad had directed us, and found ourselves in a few moments

floundering in a swamp at the bottom. The night was pitchy dark, and the rain and wind seemed utterly to confuse our horses, to whose sagacity we surrendered ourselves, in tracking out the way. But when the point proposed was at last attained, our condition was but little bettered; a noise that would have awakened the seven sleepers failed to arouse the worthy housekeeper that we were about to honour as guests: his name, also—like that of the hospitable individual two miles back—chanced to be *Lutzow*, and Koerner's free companions on a charge could not have cried it more lustily. The woods rang with our shouts and hallooing; but the echo of our own voices coming back in the gusts that swept the hill-side was the only reply vouchsafed to us. We determined, at last, to sleep in the woods; but having no conveniences for camping out, thought it better, at least for the sake of our horses, to try the boy once more. I confess, however, that I was so exasperated at the stolid selfishness of the last party whose hospitality we had so vainly invoked, that riding as near as possible beneath the only window in the house, I first raised a clatter with the butt-end of my gun, that would have shaken the sleeping efficacy out of a vial of the strongest opiate had it stood near; and then, when not a doubt remained that my words would not be thrown away, I thanked the inmates of the house for their politeness, in terms sufficiently vivid to impress the recollection of our nocturnal visit upon their minds.

This acknowledgment made, we commenced our

retrograde movement; but choosing the rocky hill-side in preference to the tangled swamp at the bottom, we bounced about among broken cliffs and fallen trees with an agility and success that would have made the three Diavolos eat themselves with vexation and envy, could this celebrated house of leapers have witnessed the various feats that we lavished upon the darkness. Among the rest, I was not a little amused when L., more keen-sighted than myself, insisting upon choosing the path which I left wholly to my horse to find, mistook the phosphorescent trunk of a decayed tree for the gleam of a slimy and level path, and impelling his horse upon the narrow causeway, as it shot out from the hill-side on which it had fallen, proceeded to dance a *pas seul* on the slippery timber. A few steps, a mere flourish on the deceitful path, carried horse and man head over heels several yards down the hill in a moment; and, as you may well imagine, it was a moment of intense anxiety to me, when I heard the branches crashing and the stones rolling beneath the hoofs of my friend's unfortunate courser, as he struck out on every side to arrest his downward progress. The activity of L., however, embarrassed as he was with his long heavy rifle and various accoutrements, soon brought him to his feet; he shouted cheerily from below, and passing his hand over his horse's limbs to assure himself that none were broken, mounted again, and we pursued our way in parallel lines at some distance from each other. Endeavouring to unite again, we became inextricably confused among a

mass of trees lately felled. "Lutzow's wild chase" (the great partisan major never took a wilder one) was at last up—we could no more; but seeing a faint light gleaming through the trees on a high bank above us, we shouted lustily for a light. We were answered by the lad who an hour before had denied us admission to his house, and in a few minutes a dozen pine torches, in the hands of as many half-naked children, showered their red light from the steep bank, and flashed upon a broad rivulet that crept through the heavy underwood beneath it.

"Stranger," shouted the noble boy, "hold on till I come below. I have not been able to sleep since I turned you from the door; and, come what may, you shall share what we've got to-night."

A single toss of his torch threw the light, as he finished speaking, upon a bold rock below him, and leaping upon the narrow but firm foothold, he let himself down into the copse below, bounded over the brook, and was by our side in a moment. The other children, approaching the edge of the bank, threw the glare of their blazing pine-knots over a narrow and more circuitous pathway; while, marshalled by their elder brother, we scrambled up the ascent, and soon gained the house. A few moments sufficed to secure our horses in the miserable collection of logs that served for a stable. There was nothing but a bundle or two of dried fodder for them to eat, but we endeavoured to make up for the want of more substantial refreshment by rubbing them well with corn-cobs, which, you must know,

are a tolerable substitute for both wisp and brush in grooming. But the warmth created by the exercise did not make a share of the children's beds less acceptable, when, stripping off our wet clothing, we bestowed ourselves supperless beneath the covering.

LETTER XXXV.

Miserable Shantee—A Dead Settlement—Lonely Mansion—A Young Mountaineer—Mountain Dwelling—Primitive Family.

Clay County, Kentucky, April 13, 1834.

The lad to whom we had been indebted for a night's shelter made every possible apology, the next morning, for our meagre entertainment, by pleading extreme poverty; notwithstanding which, we found it very difficult to force any remuneration upon him. The day was unfavourable for travelling, but, though not in any way pressed for time, we were compelled by the want of forage to change our quarters. A romantic ride along the cliffs of the Kentucky brought us at seven or eight o'clock to a miserable shantee, adjacent to a coal mine at the forks of the river, whence the coal is floated down in flat boats to Frankfort. The shantee appeared to be tenanted solely by three or four negroes; but upon approaching the door, a respectable-looking man came to the threshold, and invited us in out of the rain. It proved to be one of the proprietors of

the mines, who represented himself as having been a British soldier taken prisoner in the last war; but his language and address were altogether that of a western American. By the kind offices of this person, we were provided with a breakfast of coarse pork and bread made of Indian corn, pounded between two stones by the fireside—a meal-making operation that consumed some time. I confess that in all the various tables I have sat down to, none required more of the Spartan's seasoning than this. I was really glad to wash down the coarse and greasy mixture with a bowl of sour milk, and betake myself once more to the saddle.

We returned now a mile or two nearly on our tracks, except that our path, instead of leading along the summit of the rocky and pine-covered bluff of the river, conducted us through a narrow but rich alluvial bottom at the base of the precipice, where the weeping branches of the wych-elms drooped far over the smooth deep tide, while a profusion of vines of every description hung in festoons along its margin. It was here that, while ferrying over the Kentucky, I could not help observing the happy effect produced by the full deep river, flowing so calmly between banks that seemed to have been torn asunder to afford it a passage. Each mountain torrent from the cliffs around clamoured like a noisy demagogue as it rushed from the woods into the sunlight; but the proud stream only absorbed its boisterous current in silence, and then, like a lofty mind in a public station, reposing on its own truth,—alike beneath the shadow of impending cliffs

or over the bed of treacherous quicksands,—swept upon its noiseless but resistless way.

After gaining the right bank of the river, our path was only the bed of a rushing brook that cut its way through a defile in the hills, and we soon, from diverging into its tributary rills, became totally lost. The rain came down in torrents, and we were glad to reach, about mid-day, what in the language of the country is called "a dead settlement." It was a cleared spot of about fifty acres, upon a piece of alluvial land, scooped out of the hill-side, and having a ruinous log hut within a few yards of a brook which formed one of the boundaries of the deserted farm. Relieving our horses as quickly as possible of their furniture, one of us drove a couple of stakes in the ground, and tethered them among the long-neglected grass; while the other proceeded to strike a fire and make things comfortable within doors.

The house, which consisted of but one room, had, from appearances, already served others, as we were now using it, for a temporary refuge, as about half the floor seemed to have been consumed for firewood. After stretching our clothes to dry on the cross-beams, however, we succeeded in regulating the establishment with comparative neatness; so much so, indeed, that we determined, if game abounded in the neighbourhood, to stay here two or three days. Accordingly, when the sky cleared for a few minutes, we proceeded to mend the worm fence, and in a short time completed a very tolerable enclosure for our horses. L. then took his rifle and went over the hill after a deer, while I, prac-

tising upon the lessons in domestic economy learned at the negro's hut in the morning, proceeded to prepare some corn, with which, for the use of our horses, we had before filled our saddle-bags. Several hours elapsed before I heard the cheering whoop of my friend ringing through the glen; but he came empty-handed, having seen game of no description during his tramp. The pressure of hunger, with the prospect of such a slender larder, compelled us forthwith to break up housekeeping. We left our lonely mansion, however, with some regret, for the perfect seclusion it afforded made it the gem of country houses. It lay there secreted in the forest like a beaver-trap in a cane-brake, defying the wood demon himself to find it, unless he had set his hoof in.

It was after nightfall that, by following the watercourse, we arrived with much difficulty at a number of enclosed fields, where a thriving orchard, and a large herd of cattle gathering around the first frame barn we had encountered among these wild hills, indicated a degree of comfort to which we had long been strangers.

A stripling of seventeen was engaged in letting down the bars for the cattle to pass as we rode up to the enclosure. He was a well-made young mountaineer, with a fresh complexion and clear determined eye; his open hunting-shirt revealing a chest of the finest proportions, while the long yellow curls that shaded either side of his open countenance fell upon a pair of shoulders whose square breadth would have done no discredit to the figure

of the brawny Cretan, when the frame of that noted render of oaks was yet in the gristle. All these observations I had leisure to make when more at home with the primitive family to which I am about to introduce you. But the make and mien of this young fellow called forth an exclamation from my companion the moment we saw him.

"I reckon if we can't accommodate you, stranger, no one else can hereabouts," replied the young man to our request for shelter for the night; "just hitch your nags by the door, and I'll tote your plunder into the house presently."

Approaching the dwelling, which was a one story building in the shape of an L, we saw a fat old woman in cap and spectacles knitting in the doorway, while a tall gawky-looking female of above five-and-twenty was engaged in spinning by her side. The old lady said that the good man was out, but she supposed we might stay for the night; while the daughter ushered us into a large wainscoted apartment, the beams of which were almost covered with bunches of yarn, hanks of coarse thread, and other similar products of domestic industry suspended from them; while a quantity of bed and table linen, and homespun frocks and long stockings, enough to have fitted out half-a-dozen rustic wardrobes, filled the shelves and hooks in two recesses on one side of the apartment, and faced a couple of bedsteads with neat dimity curtains, which occupied the corresponding recesses on the other side. Add an oaken table or two, half-a-dozen rush-bottomed chairs, and a couple of long

rifles with powderhorn and bullet-pouch, suspended upon a buck's antlers over the large fireplace, and I believe you have the full physiognomy of the great room of the house: which, with the addition of a few strings of dried peaches over the mantelpiece, a rag carpet on the floor, and the substitution of a long ducking gun, or old tower musket, in place of the Kentucky rifle, would correspond in every feature with the sitting-room of a substantial Long Island farmer.

But the owners of these hoards of homespun wealth could never have been mistaken for New-Yorkers. The group displayed around the fire after the head of the household had made his appearance was such as the masters of the Medici's time loved to paint; nor would the slightest alteration of costume be required for them to figure in the pictures of Raphael or Rembrandt. The females already described were indeed decidedly of the Flemish school; but the thin and sinewy figure of the bald-headed old man, with his long silvery beard depending from a countenance which L. admitted was of as perfect a Roman mould as he had ever beheld in his travels, and flowing almost down to the girdle which kept the faded hunting-shirt to his person, was such as the pencils of Italy alone have preserved upon the canvass. Yet, remarkable as was the aspect of this ancient as he first presented himself to us, with half-a-dozen sons around him, all, like himself, in belted frocks, and sandals of raw bull's hide, it struck neither of us as did the appearance of a boy of twelve, the youngest of the

group. He was clad like the rest, with the exception of an old broad-brimmed drab beaver, turned up on one side and slouched over the left eye, with as jaunty an air as if the knowing fingers of swashing Wildrake had given it the true cavalier cut. But the features beneath were of another stamp than those of the Woodstock gallant, that worthy ruffler in King Charles's cause ; they were perfectly regular and of singular delicacy, with a complexion more transparent than that of any female I ever beheld. In fact, it was impossible to conceive, when you looked at his long tresses of gold floating away from eyes of the softest hazel, that a head of such amazing beauty could belong to other than a woman. The figure of the boy, though delicate, was, from its perfect proportions, which his dress so well developed, fully in keeping with his face. The little fellow, as he stood with arms folded apart from the rest, leaning against the chimney, caught the attention of my companion, as an armful of dry wood thrown upon the fire brought his person into a sudden glare of light.

"What a beautiful boy!" exclaimed L.

"Why, yes, stranger," replied the old man, following our eyes, while the lad instantly left the room, "I may say that that's as perfect a piece of man's flesh as nature and God Almighty ever put together; but I mistrust whether Guy will ever come to good."

"Not unless there's some way of getting the devil out of him," added one of the brothers.

"And we'll never see that day," pursued another;

"he'll get shot before he's eighteen. He's *drawed* his knife twice on me already; and unless we keep him at home, young as he is, a rope or a rifle will soon be the finishing of him."

"Now don't talk so about Guy," cried the sister; and just then the subject of our conversation entering, ran up and buried his head in her lap, while the young woman, untying a snod of yellow silk which confined the spoiled boy's curls behind, combed out the long ringlets, and held them up for us to admire with all a sister's fondness.

The hour of bed-time soon arrived, and the old man, kneeling before the Bible he was unable to read, the whole family united with him in a prayer, which was not the less fervid and impressive because he had been denied those advantages of education which in the Northern States are far more generally diffused than here.

The unwonted luxury of clean sheets and a separate bed for each kept L. and myself exchanging congratulations from opposite sides of our apartment long after we had retired; while, weary as we were, we could not help lying awake for some time, comparing our observations upon the primitive circle into which we had fallen. But at last the wooden clock, which through Yankee enterprise had found its way to this remote glen, struck the hour of ten, and the whole household being long since asleep, we suppressed the murmur of our voices, and were soon dreaming with the rest.

LETTER XXXVI.

Manchester--Rip Van Winkle--Indolence--Conversation--Negro Idiot--A Halt--A Storm.

Goose Creek Salt-works, Kentucky, April 14, 1834.

If you look upon the pocket-map yclept "The Traveller's Guide through the United States," you will see somewhere about the sources of the river Kentucky a place called Manchester, with a broad highway marked as running through it; the same being the identical spot from which I now write to you, and the route thither so broadly indicated upon paper, the indentical path along the rocky channels of brooks, and up and down declivities unconscious of a pickaxe, which we have lately been travelling.

The post-town of Manchester (what a contemptible poverty of invention is displayed everywhere throughout the Union in borrowing the names of places fifty times over!) consists of about half a dozen indifferently built houses pitched here and there upon a pretty knoll, which is washed on two sides by a broad and deep stream that winds through a romantic valley, and is lost at last among the precipitous hills by which the village is nearly surrounded. The place sprang suddenly into existence at the first establishment of the salt-works in its neighbourhood many years since, and has now, I believe,

for more than a generation remained *in statu quo.* The paint—if it were ever there—has long been worn off the houses; and the youngest man in the town belongs as much to a generation that has passed as does the gray and shattered dwelling in which he first drew breath. The regular outlay of small sums for the little necessaries required by some hundred labourers employed in the salt-works keeps life flickering in one or two small stores; and the same quantum of capital is probably the circulating medium of the whole place. The dozing inhabitants are certain of having the use of it, and pretty certain of getting no more; and having no market but that at their doors, and that being sufficient to keep starvation out of the threshold, their enclosures all look like the patrimony of Rip Van Winkle; and young Rip, when his waking father beheld his slouching figure leaning against the tree, was not more like old Rip than are the Goose Creekers like both of them.

It is now about ten o'clock, and looking out of the window, in front of which I am writing, I can see a dozen of these industrious burghers dawdling about a bar-room opposite. No sound of riot or obstreperous mirth comes thence; and were it not for the guttural chuckle that gurgles now and then from the burly person of my landlord, you would hardly know that they were talking. They are just now changing their position, to study the points of that sorry-looking nag, whose gummy lips, green with half-chewed grass, seem sagging to the sand as his hollow neck droops to the full length of his

bridle. An hour hence the steed will still stand where he is, but the group around him will have advanced with the shadows some five yards beyond the eaves: you may then see them curiously grouped upon the clump of logs which form a primitive kind of stile to the fence before the door, and the morning mist, which still hangs upon the hills around, having by that time disappeared, they will be in less doubt about the weather.

The appearance of two well-mounted and thoroughly equipped travellers has caused quite a sensation in the village. The idea of persons travelling from motives of liberal curiosity cannot enter into the brains of the inhabitants; they insist upon setting down my companion and myself as Yankee pedlers; and as the familiarity of the people has already afforded us a good deal of quiet diversion, we are at no pains to dispel the illusion. A villager asked me yesterday, while looking at my fowling-piece, if I had "no more of them left?" while another inquired what price I "set upon the remaining one?" the first question implying, I suppose, that we had been driving a trade in guns through the country; and the last presuming, as a matter of course, that a Yankee had no use for fire-arms. "Are there any gentlemen, sir, among the Yankees?" asked quite a decent-looking man of me this morning. I *looked* at the fellow. "I hope no offence, sir," he added; "I mean by gentlemen, planters and such-like, that live as gentlemen do here."—"If you ask for information, my friend, I have never lived among the Yankees; but"—"To

be sure there are," interrupted an old Irishman sitting by; "and two gentlemen to one to what there is here."—"Well, you see, stranger, I thought they were all pedlers: but how comes you to deny your country, if it isn't after all among the leavings of nature's work?" I answered that I was from the State of New-York. "And what now do you call that but a part of Yankee-land?" replied this intelligent yeoman. Just then I heard mine host, who wants but an inch or two added to his long jacket to turn it into a doublet, and qualify him for the immediate personation of Jack Falstaff, calling out most lustily,—

"Halloo, horse!" said old Boniface, slapping on the shoulder a broad-backed fellow that stood in the doorway, "where's Yankee and Dutchee? the bacon and greens are smoking on the table, and I must take a glass of cool liquor with them before we sit down. Ah! there's my stout rifle-cracker: come along, Dutchee, my boy," added he, as L. made his appearance;—and then to me, "Yankee, my tall fellow, a glass of old peach with us before dinner:—smack! how it relishes! down with it all; it won't hurt a hair of your head; I've washed my mouth with it these forty years. And now, boys, in to dinner while the bacon's hot."

Among the subjects for observation in this secluded nook of the world there is a negro idiot, of about sixteen, who exhibits in his person the most singular sport of nature that I ever beheld. He is exceedingly long armed, with broad flat palms and lank fingers, which make his hands look like the

claws of some wild animal; while every motion of his limbs and body has precisely that fumbling character which pertains to the actions of a bear. There is a brook hard by the house, to which the hogs sometimes come out of the woods to wallow, when this strange-looking creature sallies nearly naked from the kitchen door to meet them. He soothes the half-wild swine with uncouth sounds nearly resembling their own; and as they retire to sun themselves beneath the rocky bank of the rivulet, you may see him creeping along its ledges on all fours, pausing the whiles to swing his long arms to and fro, and then, finally, coiling himself to rest among their miry bodies. My landlord, to whom this unfortunate being belongs, tells a story of the boy's mother having been frightened by a pet bear; to which, I need hardly say, all credence is given in the neighbourhood.

To-morrow, after spending several days here, I shall bid adieu to the curiosities of Goose Creek, and part with the companion to whom I have been lately indebted for so many agreeable hours. L., I believe, returns by another route to Lexington, for it is almost impossible to take care of man and horse on the road by which we came. The people are miserably poor among these wild hills, and the small snatches of soil which they cultivate on the banks of the streams are hardly large enough to produce the necessaries of life. The country is, however, exceedingly healthful; and, having no newspapers circulating among them, and but rarely seeing a traveller, they live on in utter ignorance

of the world, and sing the praises of "old Kaintuck" with as much fervour as the yeoman who rides over his thousand fat acres in the finest regions of Kentucky. These primitive people live altogether in log huts; and you may form some idea of their extreme poverty, from our being utterly unable in our last day's ride to procure grain of any sort for our horses, or even a mouthful of food for ourselves.

We pressed forward over the most rugged road, from early in the morning till long after noon, being told at every house that we would find refreshment in the next; but at last, in despair, were compelled to feed our tired beasts upon the corncakes with which we had filled our pockets in the morning for our own refreshment. We stretched ourselves upon a mossy bank, where a brook that crept by made an opening in the deep forest, and admitted the sunshine to the myriads of wild flowers that bent over its current. Our two faithful companions, divested of their equipments, were tethered near, and after taking a bite of the long grass which grew around the roots of the trees, would ever and anon thrust their noses towards us, and whinny for more of the grateful food with which we had recently supplied them. Our hard riding had given us full two hours to spare, and the disposition to enjoy them as the spot suggested; the sheltering foliage above—the murmuring brook hard by—the grass softer than sleep*—what could be more inviting? But suddenly, the green thatch above seemed to cast a deeper shade, the squirrel ceased his pranks upon the fall-

* "Herba mollior somno."—*Virgil.*

en beech-tree near, the red-bird stilled his whistle, the woods were silent as death, and the sickly odour that stole from the flowers was rank as if they grew upon a sepulchre.

The day had been excessively warm; but now, without a breath of air stirring, the atmosphere seemed to have become damp and clammy as the air of a dungeon. We heard an ancient tree fall: they sometimes fall, as every woodman knows, when nature is calm around, and their destruction is no prognostic of a coming tempest; but the crash of this one broke upon the still scene like thunder. Its echoes seemed to rend the cloud above us; for straightway, peal on peal, the bolts went rattling by, as if the whole of Heaven's artillery were in the field. But we were mounted and miles on our way before a drop of rain descended. It seemed as if it were held back to let one element do its work alone, for the lightning flashed with such fierce rapidity that the very air seemed burning with it; I could almost fancy that it played around my horse's feet, and pierced the ground beneath them. And now the rain began to fall in torrents, while the sudden blast that swept it in blinding sheets against us came crashing through the forest like a tornado. Bending low in the saddle to clear the whirring branches, we levelled our guns lest they should attract the lightning, and spurring our terrified horses, dashed through the woods at a rate which soon carried us beyond the danger of the driving boughs; and fording a rapid creek, whose waters were already turbid with the growing freshet, were glad to

get safe in our present quarters, just as the night closed in.

P. S. L—— tells me, that in hunting yesterday morning on a hill-side along our route, he counted five places where the lightning had struck.

LETTER XXXVII.

Leave Manchester—Goose Creek—Carrying a Mountain—Banks of the Cumberland—Forest Scenery—Farewell to Kentucky—Mountain Inn.

Cumberland Gap, April 17, 1834.

THE morning mist was yet hanging over the upland, on the day that I left Manchester, as L. and I, after receiving the hearty farewell of our jovial host Uncle Tommy, crossed the little brook that flowed near our quarters, and proceeded on our separate journeys. Our roads parted at the base of a steep wooded hill or mountain; and long after our last adieus were exchanged, as we wound around its shaggy side in opposite directions, our horses manifested the strong mutual friendship they had contracted, by continuing to echo each other's neighs till the sound of their hoofs had died in the distance, and the interchange of regretful feeling could soothe their ears no more. My sympathy for my bereaved Bucephalus was, however, I will confess, almost swallowed up in concern for myself, as I felt how

much I should miss my late accomplished companion among the wild and grand scenes I was about to visit.

I had then a most romantic ride of seventeen miles along the most unromantically named "Goose Creek;" which, it must be acknowledged, keeps its way as heroically and gracefully among the savage cliffs and soft meadows that by turns scowl upon or dally with its waters, as if it had been happier in its godfathers: but you know, one sometimes finds a Snooks with the soul of a Marion, and sees the ankles of a Vestris supporting a Higginbottom. In the course of this ride I saw several establishments for the manufacture of salt, in rather a flourishing condition; but the cottagers along my bridle-path, for the road was but little more, seemed as poorly off in this world's goods as most of those in this district whom I have had occasion to mention.

At last, coming out upon the state road, a very tolerable inn greeted my eyes: there was a white man reading a newspaper in front of the house, and a negro groom at the porch to take my horse; and these being the first indigenous reader and ostler I had seen for some time, I could not but congratulate myself upon the promising aspect of things. My expectations were realized in a capital breakfast, which was soon set before me; during which, while chatting with the good woman of the house, as she poured out my coffee, and pressed me now to take another egg, and now to try a little more of the smoked venison, I learned that the family had been driven from Lexington last summer by cho-

lera, after losing eleven out of their number. The rest of that day's ride, though not a week has yet intervened, is now, from the rapid succession of the various beautiful scenes that opened upon me, too confused in memory for me to attempt particular description.

I have before given you the general features of the scenery in this region, and I must leave you to imagine those sharp conical hills, or miniature mountains, I have so often lately spoken of, gradually swelling in magnitude until they insensibly deserve the name of mountains, and so attaching themselves by degrees to the Cumberland chain, that they at last become almost embodied with it, and claim kindred with the majestic Alleghanies. That there is some distinction still kept up, however, in their ranges, you may gather from the reply of a countryman of whom I asked the road, when somewhat puzzled once among the various defiles—"I reckon you don't go this road very often, stranger? for it is as plain as the first sight on a rifle!* Well, now, you know where Major Douglas's barn is? That's it across the road; you just take that on your left hand, and go ahead about two hundred rods. I allow, then, you may take yonder knob on your right shoulder, and carry it till it joins the ridge about two miles from here; you may then keep the ridge in the same place (*videlicet*, on my right shoulder) till it slaps into the mountain yonder." This idea of carrying a knob

* The long western rifle has three sight-pieces on the barrel.

or hill on one's shoulder till it becomes a mountain, no doubt is borrowed from the worthy Cretan who carried a calf till it became a bull. Milo's task was, however, mere boys' play to mine. You may fancy, as it was growing late, how I whipped up the major's barn in my left hand, and flirted it aside like a feather after going the two hundred rods—conceive me then curling my fingers in the shaggy pines on the top of the hill designated, and wrenching it from its roots as a Lilliputian would a peanut! I swung the growing thing over my right shoulder, till in a portage of two miles it swelled into a mountainous ridge, nor dropped my burthen till it could stand alone a full-grown mountain.

I was now riding along the banks of the Cumberland river, and the moonbeams had already begun to silver the cliffs that bend over its beautiful waters, when I reached the celebrated ford whose romantic banks have been so well described in one of Hall's Western legends. The stream looked broad and deep; and advancing into its full current, where the moon, touching a slight ripple, indicated, as I thought, a zigzag pathway, my saddle was thoroughly wetted before I heard a warning voice on the opposite side, directing me to head the stream, and push for another point than that which I had immediately in view.

A glance at the foaming rifts over my right shoulder gave me, I confess, every disposition to act upon the advice with all alacrity; and soon gaining shoaler water, I was much provoked to learn from my friendly cautioner, as he approached the

bank to receive me, that I might have escaped a partial ducking by availing myself of a ferry within a mile of the place where I had crossed the stream. A western man never thinks of directing a mounted traveller to such a convenience, unless the stream be otherwise impassable.

I passed the night at a capital inn within a few yards of the water's edge; and the morrow's dawn still carried my route along the picturesque Cumberland. The advance of the season had become rapidly apparent as I proceeded southwardly. The foliage was richer, and of a deeper dye; and as the morning light shot athwart the crags above me, and glanced on the glossy magnolias that fringed the river's brink, nothing could be more beautiful than the contrast of shades which the deep green of the towering hemlocks and the light leaves of the buck-eye and paw-paw afforded. I began soon to ascend a mountain, and there too the deep woods afforded other objects of interest. The squirrels pranked it away among the leafy boughs as pertly near me as if wholly free from fear: the timid rabbit made the last year's leaves rustle, as, affrighted by the sound of my horse's hoofs, he darted beneath his bushy covert,—and the red-bird and gold-winged woodpecker played fearlessly about my path, while the wood-doves alighted like tame pigeons in the road, or fluttered for miles along it. Emerging from this forest—where many a tree would throw a column of ninety feet shaft above thickets rich with the white blossom of the dog-wood and the deep verdure of the may-apple—a ride of a mile or

two through a beautiful undulating amphitheatre brought me to the base of the Cumberland mountains. Their unbroken chain extended far away on either side, to the north-east or south-west, from "The Gap" in front of me, which is, I believe, the only defile by which they are passed. This notch in the rocky ridge, though its sides are so steep as to appear as if worn away by the action of water, is still so elevated above the adjacent country as to afford a prospect of the grandest description. Whichever way the eye turns, its view is terminated by wooded summits: but the Cumberland chain itself is so narrow that you can almost see the base on either side, while the intermediate distances between it and the detached heights around are filled with meadows, and orchards, and bright streams, and craggy promontories, blended together in the most picturesque confusion.

It was my last look at beautiful Kentucky, and I lingered on the magnificent landscape, as the breeze of day became hushed upon the hill-side, till the growing twilight shut it from my view. It was my last look at beautiful Kentucky,—and I could not but recall, while slowly turning my horse's head from the setting sun, the emotions which the patriarch Boone has recorded, when that bold adventurer first pushed beyond the mountains, and at the same golden hour, and perhaps from the very height where I was then standing, looked down upon the wilderness of tufted blossoms before him.*

* "After a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, I at last, from the top of an emi-

The whippoorwill was already beginning to call from the hill-side, when I reached the little inn from which I write, at the foot of the mountain; and the smooth cascade that glides over a tall cliff in the rear of the house shone amid the dusky cedars like a pillar of light beneath the uprising moon.

Such a spot is not to be met with every day of one's life; and I determined, as soon as I found I could be accommodated in the inn, to spend some time in looking around me. I have been amply repaid by passing a day in exploring the finest cavern I have ever beheld. But as it is worthy of a letter by itself, I will endeavour to describe it in my next.

nence, saw with pleasure the beautiful land of Kentucky. * * It was in June; and at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. * * * Nature was here a series of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavoured; and I was diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves continually before my view. * * * The buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless because ignorant of man."—[Narrative of Colonel Daniel Boone, from his first arrival in Kentucky in 1769, to the year 1782.]

LETTER XXXVIII.

Neutral Ground—Rocky Dens—A Cavern explored—Gallery of Pillars—Curious Grotto—The Music room.

Cumberland Gap, April 8, 1834.

THERE are three or four houses within as many hundred yards of the little inn at which I am staying; but this appears to be the only tenanted one in the neighbourhood. It lies upon the edge of a grove of pines, facing the road, with a green meadow on one side, and the crags of the Cumberland range impending immediately over it on the other. The dividing lines of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia here intersect each other; and the triangular section thus made on the confines of these three "sovereign and independent states," is reputed to be a sort of neutral ground, so far as the operation of the laws of either is concerned. A gang of counterfeiters and coiners of false money are said to have their workshops among the deep glens adjacent. I am told that they mingle with the people in the most impudent manner.* Their fast horses carry them when suspected soon beyond the reach of immediate pursuit; and the seclusion of their rocky dens prevents their being subsequently

* Whimsically enough, the individual who gave the writer this information subsequently palmed a copper dollar upon him.

ferreted out,—supposing even that the sheriff's officers should be anxious to encounter these "Cumberland riders." You may form some idea of the facilities for retirement afforded here to these gentry, by accompanying me now through the cavern mentioned in my last. There is a mountain torrent within pistol-shot of the house, and by following it up about a quarter of a mile, you come to where it rushes from a small opening in the hill-side.

Passing about a hundred yards ahead, the gorge, which farther down affords a channel to the brook, is abruptly terminated by a precipitous rock; and here, in the face of this rock, overhung by drooping weeds and wild flowers, is the entrance to the cave. It is a ragged aperture, about six feet in diameter, sloping downward from the brink internally about fifteen feet; and when the sun is in certain positions, you may from the outside catch a glimpse of the brook before spoken of, as it gleams over the floor of the cavern, while keeping its way to the outlet lower down the mountain. I had four guides with me, each of whom carried torches; and after lighting them at the entrance, and supplying myself with a long pole to steady my descent down the first steep, we entered the mouth of the cave. A few steps in the shallow water at the bottom led to a sudden turn, where the daylight was at once excluded; and uniting our torches together, to throw their collected light in advance, we discovered that we could only continue our route by entering a deep pool about breast-high, which lay clear as crystal

before us. In the middle of this pool a detached crag hung from above, so near to the water's edge as to skreen the path beyond; and before entering the water I sent one of the party ahead to ascertain whether there was any dry footing beyond. He shrunk at first from the icy water; but after pausing a moment, when it threatened to reach his shoulders, soon disappeared behind the curtain; and listening to his splashes a moment or two longer, we were glad at last to hear his call to "come on."

Our path in advance did not seem to improve much, however, as we gained the point proposed; for, after advancing a few paces over a floor of rock and sand, another pool, still broader, and almost of equal depth, lay yet before us—*ce n'est que le premier pas*, &c.—and so we went ahead, while our route through this damp and narrow gallery soon terminated in a lofty and dry chamber some fifteen feet in diameter. This was called "The Fire-room," and here we proceeded to kindle some fuel brought with us, and prepare for our farther advance into these dark domains. On the upper side of this chamber, whose floor was a rough inclined plane of about forty-five degrees, there was a narrow hole called "The Blast," barely large enough for the admission of a man's body. Through this aperture the wind rushed with such force as actually to bewilder one, and of course extinguish a torch instantly when placed in contact with it. The passage it afforded ran in an upward direction, and was about five yards in length. Having supplied himself with a brand from the fire, our principal guide led the

way through the crevice, and we successively followed, crawling after him on our hands and knees.

This, I confess, was rather disagreeable; but when the torches were again lit, and I could look around me, I felt myself amply repaid. The apartment, which from its smooth, dome-like roof is called "The Oven," would cover an area, I should think, judging by the imperfect light, of at least forty feet diameter; though the immense rocks which lie in massive piles upon its floor render it difficult to judge of its dimensions. These rocks formed a rough knoll in the centre; and clambering with some difficulty to the top, we pursued our way along a rocky ridge, whose profile might have been borrowed from the external features of any of the mountains around. We seemed, indeed, from the numerous rises and descents along our route, to be traversing the broken summit of a mountain, with merely the roof of a cave instead of the canopy of heaven above us.

At length, however, we descended into a long narrow apartment, called "The Saloon." It had a high square ceiling and a firm floor of clay,—firm enough, indeed, for the foot of a dancer. This, I learned from my guides, was the favourite room of the place; but, though certainly a most comfortable looking chamber for a picknick, I did not think it compared with the apartment into which I was soon after ushered. "The Gallery of Pillars" realized all that I had ever read of those sparry halls that lift their glistening columns and sport their fairy tracery within the bowels of the earth. The form

of the grotto was so irregular that it was nearly impossible to make an estimate of its dimensions. The innumerable stalactites, sometimes pendent from the roof, and sometimes raising themselves in single columns from the floor, were so clustered together and intermingled, that the actual walls of the subterranean chamber were excluded from view; while the light of our torches, as we waved them aloft, would at one moment be reflected back from a thousand fretted points, and be lost the next in some upward crevice that led away the bats alone knew where.

But the most striking object in this fairy cell is yet to be mentioned. It was a formation of spar resembling a frozen waterfall, that reared itself to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and ran completely across one end of the chamber. The ceiling of the grotto was about ten feet higher, but the petrifying water, which was now dripping from the hanging stalactites above, had united them here and there with the top of this marble cascade, so as to form a Gothic skreen of sparry points and pillars along its otherwise smooth round summit. One of the guides succeeded with the aid of his companions in scaling the slippery elevation, and drawing his body with difficulty between the dropping pillars that knit the top of the congealed cascade to the roof of the grotto, he disappeared in perfect darkness behind the skreen. A moment after it seemed as if a hundred lamps were dancing in that part of the cavern. He had merely lighted a couple of candles with which he was supplied, and

placed them so as to be reflected from the minute and interlacing fretwork above.

There was yet another chamber to be explored; and being now about half a mile from the mouth of the cave, it behooved us, if we wished to derive any benefit from our lights in returning, to expedite our movements. Passing, then, from the grotto, the uneven floor of which was partly paved with truncated columns of spar, and partly strewn with broken pillars that some barbarous hands had wrenched from their places, we crawled over huge rocks, where the roof of the cavern descended to within three or four feet of the broken floor, and came to a rugged declivity, seamed by deep and dark chasms, which rendered the descent difficult and perilous. When we had gained the bottom of this precipice and looked up, the top of the cavern was scarcely discernible by the light of our torches. A limpid brook, about a foot in depth, had here channelled its way in the smooth limestone: following it up for a few yards, a sudden turn brought us to a long semicircular gallery, about five feet in height, and hardly more in breadth. This, from the singular echoes it produced, was called "The Music-room;" and no whispering gallery could supply a more remarkable phenomenon of sound. The lowest tone of voice produced a murmur that trembled through the apartment, like the humming sound created by striking upon the wood-work of a guitar,—or rather, I may assimilate the effect produced by some tones, the bass ones particularly, to the low notes which a harp will send forth when the keys of a piano are

touched near it. I was very sorry that we had not a musical instrument of some kind with us, to experiment more particularly upon these delicate and not unmelodious echoes. This room was nearly in the form of a crescent, and its smooth ceiling sloped gradually at the farther end till it touched the surface of the winding rivulet. At that point the stream became both broader and deeper; and the cavern not having been yet explored beyond this chamber, I proposed diving into the brook where it disappeared beneath the descending roof, and ascertaining whether it were not possible to rise in an open space beyond.

The principal guide, however, declared that he had already tried the experiment, and had nearly been suffocated by getting his head above water in a crevice of the dropping vault, from which it was difficult to extricate himself. We prepared, therefore, to retrace our steps; and our lights being nearly exhausted, we reduced their number to two while winding again through the devious labyrinth. After once or twice slightly missing the way, I emerged at last from this nether world, highly gratified with my subterranean wanderings.

LETTER XXXIX.

County Town—Drowsy Region—An Outcry—A Real Screamer—Village Uproar—Conversation—Contentment.

Tazewell, Tennessee, April 21, 1834.

I WRITE to you from a small county town in Tennessee. It is composed of about a hundred wooden houses, scattered along a broad street, which traverses the side of a high hill or mountain slope, and which, though partly shut in by wooded elevations, still commands a wide view of cultivated country. This is the first day of court-week, and the village, which presents rather a desolate appearance, from the want of shrubbery or ornamental enclosures of any kind around the houses, is somewhat enlivened by the troops of country people moving to and fro. There is a group of the white beaver and hunting shirt gentry collected at this moment around a blood-horse, whose points a groom is showing off opposite to my window; and farther up the street, round the steps of the little unpainted wooden court-house, is a collection of old women, in scarlet cloaks or plaid wrappers, gossipping together.

I entered Tazewell about sunset, a day or two since. My horse had fallen lame within ten miles of the place; and taking the bridle in my hand, I trudged leisurely along, till I gained the inn, where

I have established myself. The afternoon was perfectly still, and a herd of cows, which a mounted negro was urging homeward, were the only objects stirring in the town. I could discern, however, that it was inhabited, from seeing the village tailor and other dignitaries of the place lounging upon rush-bottomed chairs in front of their dwellings, while the lazy vapour that curled from their pipes, in the evening air, bespoke a sort of indolent repose, such as whilom reigned in the drowsy region of Sleepy Hollow. I looked from my window in the morning, and there, at ten o'clock, sat the same set of luxurious worthies, a low chuckle or a short laugh, as some acknowledged wag doled out his good things, being the only sound of animation that met my ears. I looked when the heat of the noonday sun had made their position no longer tenable, and the industrious Tazewellites had retired within doors to their various avocations. Evening, with its shadows, brought them again, also; and, maugre the example of my attentive and stirring little landlord, I found that I had imbibed a portion of the indolence prevailing around me. I sauntered across the way, and lighted my cigar by the most accessible looking of the company; and dropping into an unoccupied chair, balanced it on two legs, with an air that at once made good my claim to a share in their gossip.

I had just got comfortably embarked with one of the seniors in a quiet dish of local politics, when an outcry, a few yards off, attracted our attention. Stepping up to the group of persons from which it arose, I saw a queer-looking little bantam figure, in

an old straw hat and coarse shrunk-up hunting-shirt, who appeared to be in the highest paroxysm of rage. At one moment, he would vent his fury in a torrent of outrageous epithets, and then, griping the shrunken skirt of his hunting-shirt with one hand, while the other was shaken angrily at the crowd, he would leap a yard in the air, turning round on his heel as he came down, and crowing like a game cock. In performing this evolution, I caught a sight of his face by the moonlight, and discovered that he had undergone a very common piece of western waggery, having had his face blacked, while lying asleep in a state of intoxication.

"Who has dared to make a nigger of me?" shouted the unfortunate votary of Bacchus, as I approached him, dilating his little pony-built person with great pomposity; "who dared treat little John like a brute? Let me but get at him, and I'll drink his blood. I'll eat his liver" (gnashing his teeth); "if God has breathed the breath of man into him, let him speak, and I'll knock it out. Little John is not the man to be walked over; little John never insulted anybody, but he knows how to mount them that don't treat him like a gentleman,—wheugh, whoop, whoop!—whe-ug-h!—I'm a real screamer!" And here he bounced up, crowing in the air, as if he had springs in his heels.

"I'm the man, John," cried one of the crowd, throwing off his coat.—"You, you, indeed!" answered the little champion, without stirring from the spot; "Why, Bill, you know you lie! You wouldn't dare to play such a trick on me; but only let me

catch the real fellow."—"It's a shame, a shame, to treat John so," cried half a dozen voices around.—"No, no, it's no shame; it's only a shame, that the black villain should hide himself after he did it; thank God, John can take care of himself"—(here he flapped his arms, and crowed defiance). "I'm as good a bit of man's flesh as skin ever covered" (here he crowed again). "I'm the first-born of my mother, and knock under to no white man. 'John,' says she, 'you are a true one,'—and so I am. My mother knows I am as good a little fellow as ever mother brought forth: she said I was a screamer the moment she saw me; 'John,' says she,' 'you're a real out-and-outer;' and am I not?" (crowing:) "who says little John was ever afraid of man or beast? Come out here, any ten of you, and I'll mount you one after another."

The rapidity with which these whimsical expressions of wrath, and thrice as many more, were poured upon each other, was perfectly astonishing; and the mad antics with which the valorous little fellow accompanied them were irresistibly ludicrous. At length his rage appeared nearly to have spent itself, and he listened with some composure to the wicked wags who, collecting around him, pretended to sympathize in his wrongs. One of them even undertook to wash his face for him; but smearing it over with oil as his patient bent over the basin, the inky dye became so fixed in the pores that the office of eradicating it must have been no sinecure. It was then proposed to bring him a looking-glass; which I presume was done, for, pausing a moment

on the steps, ere I entered my lodgings, in expectation of another explosion, I heard the merrymakers shouting with peals of laughter, while poor little John seemed to have retired, completely done up.

I could not help reflecting, while retiring for the night, that the subject of all this village uproar,—who, in language and manners, was an exact impersonation of the western character, as it is generally portrayed,—was anything but a fair specimen of the western population; for, though you meet with some such extravagant character in almost every hamlet, you might as well form your idea of the New England yeomanry from the Yankee pedlers that prowl through the western states, as conceive that the mass of the population over the mountains are of this "half-horse and half-alligator" species. I had a long conversation this morning with a middle-aged country lawyer, upon western life and character, in which I gave my sentiments with great freedom; and though, like our countrymen in every part of the Union, he was sufficiently exacting of the praise of strangers, he did not seem to take offence at some of my observations, which were not altogether palatable.

"Well, sir," he began, after bidding me good morning, "what do you think of *our country?*"

"It is a rich and beautiful one, sir."

"There's no two ways about that, sir; but aren't you surprised to see such a fine population?"

"You have certainly a fine-looking set of men, with good manners, and a great deal of natural intelligence."

"But their knowledge of things, sir, and the way in which they live—don't you think our plain country people live in a very superior way, sir?"

"Have you ever been in the northern or eastern states, sir?—New York or New England?" I replied. While answering negatively, he gave a look of utter amazement at the idea of comparing those districts with that in which he lived.

I then,—while doing justice to the many attractive points in the character of these mountaineers, their hardihood and frank courtesy to strangers, their easy address, and that terseness of expression and command of language which often strikes and interests you in the conversation of men who actually cannot read,—explained to him the superiority which greater industry and acquired knowledge of useful facts gives the northern man, of the same class, in providing comforts and conveniences for himself and family, and living in a style that approaches that of the independent planter of the West. But, countryman as he was, I could not persuade one who had probably, in western phrase, been "raised on hog and hominy," and kept all his life on "bacon and greens," of the advantages of a thoroughly cultivated garden, a well-kept dairy, and flourishing poultry-yard; much less could I make him understand the charm which lay in neat enclosures, and a sheltered porch or piazza, with shrubbery clustering around it. He only replied, when I commented upon the fields, which I sometimes saw, that had run out from indolence or bad tillage, that "there was land enough to make new ones;" and added,

as we placed ourselves at the breakfast-table, "that if the people did not live up to other people's ideas, they lived as well as they wanted to. They didn't want to make slaves of themselves; they were contented with living as their fathers lived before them."

I remember, while passing him an old-fashioned salt-cellar over our frugal table, that he had Horace* on his side, and could not but acknowledge that contentment was the all in all.

LETTER XL.

Limestone Cavern—Mountain Fastnesses—Advance of Civilization—Frontier Strife—Indian Remains—Gigantic Remains, Human—Love of the Marvellous.

Tazewell, Tennessee, April 22, 1834.

I HAVE explored another limestone cavern since I last wrote to you; and, though by no means so grand an object of curiosity as that at Cumberland Gap, I have found it well worth visiting. It is about two miles from Tazewell, and the entrance is on the side of a lofty wooded hill, of a shape nearly conical. There are two mouths, and the one by which I entered is larger than that of the cave described in my last; but the passage, a few yards from the entrance, is so narrow as to admit but one

* "Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum,
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum," &c.

person abreast. It descends, for a while, in a sort of screwing path, deep into the mountain; you then come to a small chamber, with a floor of earth and loose stones, from which three narrow paths diverge; the chief of these, after several turns, brings you to a high vaulted apartment, with several apertures in its walls, leading off to winding galleries, which frequently intersect each other. In this apartment, there is a fine spring, which discharges itself over a precipice, within the cave. I did not fathom the depth; but the light of a candle, held over the brink, did not reach the bottom; and I estimated, from the sound the water made in falling, that it could not be less than fifty feet. The passages diverging from this part of the cavern seemed to be innumerable, and intersected each other so often, both vertically and horizontally, that the whole mountain appeared to be honeycombed: but I could discover no other chamber worthy of notice, except that in which the spring had birth.

After traversing half the labyrinth, sometimes descending a declivity of a dozen yards, and at others climbing an ascent of as many more, groping along the edges of precipices, and squeezing my body through holes that would interpose a remora to the advance of the most moderate alderman, I was at length compelled to evacuate the premises as rapidly as possible. There being but few large chambers in the cave, the smoke of a fire, made near the spring, in case of any accident to our lights, had pervaded the whole place, and become almost stifling. Southey, who says that nitrous

oxide is the atmosphere they breathe in heaven, did not, when under the hands of the chemist, draw in the exhilarating fluid with half the gusto that I gulped down the fresh air, when I got my head once more above the earth.

To give you an idea of the indolent want of curiosity in these parts, I might mention that I found but few persons in Tazewell who could tell me anything about this singular cavern, and was ultimately indebted for my guidance thither to some lads of the village, who had only partially explored it. But the case of the Tazewellians does not compare with that of those worthy people who are said to have passed their lives within hearing of the thunders of Niagara, without having once sought to see the stupendous phenomenon.

The innumerable caverns and mountain fastnesses of every description in this region would make it a strong refuge in time of hostile invasion, and enable the inhabitants to hold their wild hills against the armies of the world. It has often occurred to me as very remarkable, that the aborigines, throughout this broad mountain chain, did not make a longer and more successful stand against the encroachments of the white population. One would suppose, that they would only have been ejected from the mountain region of western Virginia, and eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, by some sudden and combined movement; but here, as in more champaign districts, they appear to have retired gradually, step by step, before the advances of civilization. Had there been some

broad direct route through the mountains, either by a navigable stream or a straight open valley, connecting the settled countries on the Atlantic with the tempting lands of western Kentucky, and the immense grazing and arable region beyond, the whites, if allowed an unmolested passage, would probably have passed immediately to the fertile regions in advance, and left the hilly country to be inhabited, to this day, by the aborigines. The indigenous mountaineers would probably then, like other barbarians, when surrounded by a belt of civilization, have been gradually, as game diminished, changed into a nation of herdsmen; such, indeed, as the Cherokees, with other tribes farther south, on this mountain chain, have partially become. Unhappily, however, for the preservation of the Indian race, the settlements, when originally made, extended so widely along the Atlantic coast, that emigration has always advanced upon them in one broad opposing front,—a single wave that, running longitudinally through the continent, has carried away everything before it, as it swept to the westward; while want of knowledge of the richer prizes to be acquired by penetrating at once to the far west, or possibly the previous existence of the long hostile French establishments in that quarter, has induced the pioneer to pause in his career, and to battle for, and to conquer, every acre that he passed over. A cause similar to the last, viz. the neighbourhood of the Spaniards, when Louisiana was in their possession, may have helped to preserve their wild hills to the Cherokees; and

made them, until the recent discovery of large quantities of gold in their country, the only exception to the general rule.

There are still persons living in this neighbourhood who remember the fierce war of extermination among the tribes around. I have even met one aged man who says that he has hunted the buffalo east of the mountains; and he pointed out as we rode along together,—for, though nearly eighty, he was still on horseback,—more than one pass or stream where bloody scenes of frontier strife had occurred. The Indians here, though, as elsewhere, must have been very destructive of each other long before the whites appeared. A farmer, I am told, can scarcely plough up a new clearing without finding a bushel of arrow-heads.

An incident occurred to me on the borders of Kentucky, some hundred and fifty miles from here, which will give you some idea of the quantity of these memorials of savage conflict in certain districts. Seeing a child playing on the hearth with an ancient stone hatchet, at the house of a farmer, where I passed the night, I immediately offered him a substitute for his curious toy. The tomahawk, which was an unusually large one, was partly broken. "Jef," said the father, as his son placed it in my hands, "what do you give the stranger such a thing as that for? if he cares about such truck, go along and bring him a better one; there are a dozen lying about the house. Don't, mannee, don't put such a stone as that in your saddlebags," added he to me, at the same time picking

up the hatchet, and tossing it out of the window. The boy appeared the moment after with several in his hands, and I selected a tomahawk of polished green stone, which, though small, is the most perfect specimen I have ever seen.

I inquired whether any other Indian remains were found in the neighbourhood. The farmer, who was quite an aged man, replied that there were several of those ancient forts which I have more than once described to you, on the rocky knobs around. "But, man-nee," said he, with a shake of his head, "they were never made by the red devils that we found in the country; I can show you one with trees three feet through on it; it would take half of old Kentuck to pile up the stuff the way it lies there, in a sheer wall along the edge of the knob. No, no, Indians never did that." I asked him then who did it. "Why, who," he replied, "but the people whose bones we take out from under oaks that have been a thousand years growing; fellows with thigh-bones as long as my leg." My friend, Professor L——, who was with me at the time, smiled at this assertion, and asked the ancient whether any medical man had ever examined these bones. "Examine them!" answered the other with a stare; "and what could the doctors expect to find among a heap of old bones? I mistrust you would say they belonged to brutes, when I have seen many a skull as big as two of yours, and have fitted a jaw-bone over my own, when I could put both hands between it and my cheeks." And the old man, suiting the

action to the word, held out his chin with both hands, with an air of positiveness that put an end to all argument.

To assert the existence of these gigantic human remains is very common in the west, but I have not yet been able to obtain a sight of any; though the old settler in question averred, like many others I have met with, that his plough in former years turned up innumerable skeletons of huge proportions. Philosophy, I know, laughs at these traditions, but I make it a point to place implicit faith in them; they are among the most characteristic productions of the country, and should be cherished as such by every genuine lover of the marvellous, and who would fain nurse up a little credulity in these days of general skepticism. Besides, these bones, after all, are only represented as of a "reasonable bigness:" the mortals of whom they were the frame-work were not of that generation that a grave historian* tells us ate up a bullock at a meal, and picked their teeth with the horns; but middle-sized fellows, some eight or ten feet high only, who bore about the same proportion to the mammoth that a grenadier does to an elephant. I intend to take some opportunity of digging for one of these worthies, and should I disinter him whole, the tall gentleman shall bestride my pony, and share my saddle with me till we reach home. Happily, in thus turning resurrectionist, one incurs no danger from the surviving relatives of a suit "de *bonis* asportatis."

* Diedrick Knickerbocker.

LETTER XLI.

Western Virginia—Love of Variety—Disconsolate Female—Tavern Salutation—Old Tom—A Yankee Pedler—Sectional Prejudices—Sobriquets.

Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia, April 25th, 1834.

I HAVE entered western Virginia, and my horse's head is now turned homewards; but the lofty Alleghanies are yet between us, and I have still many a mountain ridge to pass before gaining the neutral ground where the streams first begin to run eastward. Nor must you wonder if I journey but slowly among these wild hills; for while the roads are not the most favourable to expeditious travelling, there is every inducement for one who has an eye for the beauties of nature to linger by the wayside. No district of the broad West that I have yet visited is more to my taste than the bold and magnificent scenery of this mountain region. The shadowy glens and frowning heights remind me, when compared with the smooth and interminable prairies of the far West, of a troubled sky with its masses of moving clouds, whose varying volume and shifting light each moment reward the eye with some new image of grandeur and of power,—of such a sky as this contrasted with the arched vault when there is not a speck to dim its bright

surface; where not an object breaks the untroubled depths of blue, but the thick-sown stars that pave their wide expanse. There is glory enough in both; but the feeling inspired by the one while watching the gathering war or actual conflict of the elements, is a stern joy, a hurrying excitement; the emotions awakened by the other are the earnest contemplation of beauty swallowed up in majesty; the abiding sense of order that bespeaks omnipotence. And yet so fond of variety is the mind, that the changing shadows of clouds and mountains would long amuse the eye, after a cloudless heaven or a boundless prairie had lost its power to please,—for habit will make even the sublime appear monotonous.

I was musing to this effect on the day that I left Tazewell, while, descending a mountain pass at sunset, I paused occasionally to catch the beautiful changes of light and shade, as now, sinking behind the height I was leaving, the sun's warm rays still played among the billowy masses of foliage that swelled along a towering ridge immediately in advance,—when my eye was caught by a dejected-looking female figure, half sitting, half reclining, at the foot of a cliff near a sudden turning of the road. I came so suddenly upon her wild resting-place, that it was not until she had started in alarm from the shadowy nook, as my horse sheered at beholding such an object in his path, that I perceived it was a woman; and then glancing at her stained and crumpled bonnet and travel-soiled homespun dress, with the coarse and much-worn shoes that she had

upon her feet, I perceived she was a young woman of about twenty, and evidently belonging to the humbler walks of life. Her features, I thought, might be pretty, naturally, but they wore a look of lassitude that was absolutely painful. She did not speak as I passed; but turning round after I had gained a few yards beyond, I was met by a sound so imploring that I thought it could only belong to one that was dumb.

"Have I far to go, stranger?" she at length asked, as turning on my tracks I again approached her.

"I cannot answer that, my good girl, till I know whither you are bound."

"And where but to my mother, over the mountains; is she not dying? and I—I shall never have the strength to reach her. Oh! sir," she added, while her eyes swam with tears, "I have not tasted a morsel of food since some kind persons on the road let me eat with them yesterday; and now I am grown so feeble, I know I shall not get there in time." At these words her eyes closed, while she leaned her person against the rock as if about to sink into a fainting fit.

Having never yet had the good luck to bear a swooning belle out of a ball-room or theatre, I was wholly at a loss what to do in this emergency, till remembering a flask of whiskey with which I had chanced to provide myself that very morning, as a wash for the chafed back of my horse, I did not hesitate to lean over and apply the restoring liquid to the lips of the sinking damsel. The appearance of kindness and sympathy seemed to aid as much

as the draught itself in restoring her. But Venus's cestus itself could not more magically bring smiles and roses into faded cheeks, than did a cold corn-cake and piece of smoked venison, which, when produced from my pocket, were summarily disposed of by my heroine. Pouring out her thanks while demolishing the acceptable cheer, she told me, in the fulness of her heart and mouth, that she lived among the hills in North Carolina; and having heard that her mother, who dwelt in Tennessee, was at the point of death, she had left home, with a few shillings tied in her shawl, to see her parent once more. The toils of her journey had been more than once relieved by a passing emigrant; but she had been now several days travelling on foot, and her last application for aid having been met with insult, she had, though nearly overcome by fatigue, determined to push on to the last without courting the chance of similar cruelty. I took my map from my pocket, and guessing as nearly as possible, by the route marked thereon, the distance the poor girl had yet to travel, I supplied her with sufficient to defray the trifling expenses she must incur. The slender state of my purse would not permit me to allow for any accidental contingency, and I thought it well, when observing the simplicity with which she confided in a stranger, to add a word or two, enjoining her, if she required farther assistance, not to apply to any passing cavalier she might encounter, but to seek it from the hospitable country people around. She raised her eyes inquiringly, while with a look of gratitude she placed her hand in

mine, as I guarded her against travellers of my own condition in life; and somehow,—whether from my saddle slightly turning, or from my leaning over too far while making my words as impressive as possible, I really don't know,—but my mouth, before I knew it, came in contact with as sweet a pair of lips ——

Spirit of Uncle Toby! did not the zeal with which I dashed the spurs into my horse at that moment blot out the involuntary and almost unconsciously committed offence? The sober reflections induced by entering a tall dark wood, when I had gained the base of the mountain, suggested several curious doubts whether some six or seven years' seniority were really sufficient qualifications for lecturing a pretty girl on discretion in a forest at twilight.

"Come in, stranger, come in; old Tom will call the landlord, old Tom will tote your baggage: so come in and take a cup of cider with old Tom," called out to me a tall lean figure, with long gray locks curling under a broad-brimmed beaver, as I rode up about noon the next day to the only tavern in this place; "why, why the devil don't you come in, and leave your nag to the nigger?" added he, as, waiting for the landlord to appear, I occupied myself in unstrapping my valise, and loosening the various fixtures of my cumbersome but comfortable Spanish saddle. I thanked the old gentleman for his civility; but having long since learned that the best way to secure care and attention for your horse in travelling, is to appear to have some consideration for him yourself, I declined leaving my beast till some one

should appear to whom I could give immediate directions for his grooming and disposal for the night.

"Well, now, that makes old Tom think one ain't used to niggers, to see a gentleman look after his own horse," exclaimed the cider-drinker impatiently; "he's a slick bit of a nag too," added he, advancing from the porch, and eyeing my favoured pony more narrowly. "But come, though you do set so much store by him, I don't believe he will have any objections to your taking some cider with old Tom." The landlord, a young and rather intelligent fellow, now coming up, I forgot entirely, while talking with him a few minutes, the impatient character that had pounced upon me with so much earnestness, and passed him unnoticed as I entered the house and paid my respects to a pretty young woman, who proved to be my landlady. But I was not to escape so easily: "Stranger," whispered the old gentleman, who, I may mention, was dressed like a respectable farmer of the country, or small planter of the second class—"stranger," muttered he, seizing me by the elbow, "I want to speak to you outside the door.—Now, sir," said he, when we had gained the outside of the threshold, "I want to know if I have insulted you—if you take it hard that old Tom, who, every one knows, has the biggest heart in the country, has spoken so to you as he did?" I assured him I had taken no offence. "Then why the devil don't you take some cider with me? Didn't I come out the moment you appeared? didn't I call the landlord for you? didn't I offer to have your horse taken? didn't I," shouted he, ap-

parently working himself into a passion, and stamping the while, "didn't I treat you like a gentleman? Tell me, sir—tell me, sir; don't you know that old Tom has houses, and fields, and niggers of his own, and is well enough off in the world to take a cup of cider with any of y'r quality?"

I generally make it a point to humour these privileged characters, whenever I meet with them. In the present instance, however, fatigue, caprice, or, if you will, a reasonable impatience at the old gentleman's pertinacity, caused me, as I jerked my arm from his grasp, roughly to repel his importunity. But the mortification instantly betrayed by his fallen features made me regret the reply before it had wholly escaped from my lips. The old man stepped back a pace or two, and asked my pardon for the liberty he had taken, expressing himself the while in very good terms. I could, of course, only accord my full forgiveness. "You forgive me, eh?" cried he, seizing my hand; "then, by G—, stranger," with a slap on my shoulder, "come take a cup of cider with me!"

A swelling of my horse's withers, caused by the pressure of the saddle in descending the steep declivities of the mountain roads, compels me to remain two or three days in this little town. One of the most important characters of the place is a flourishing shopkeeper, or country merchant, who, a few years before, had entered the village as a travelling Yankee pedler. He took no little pleasure in telling me the story of his own preferment. After managing, by various shifts, to make his way thither

from his far New-England home, he had put up at the tavern where I was now staying, with a small amount of goods, which he proposed "trading" to the good people around. The resident merchants in the county, however, had caught scent of the itinerant vender, and being now in the county town, no time was lost in seizing and punishing him under the Virginia statute against hawkers and pedlers. The strong prejudice existing against the Yankees in the south-west (and all of us north of Mason and Dixon's line are indiscriminately so called) rendered this the most summary and easy of legal procedures; and the poor pedler was, by the fine imposed, with attendant expenses, stripped of everything. "But my mother always told me," pursued he, in telling the story, "that wherever I lost anything, there was the place to find it; and so I vowed never to leave this place till I could go as well off as I came." The result was, that he remained until his industry, intelligence, and good conduct had gradually won for him both means and character; and he now, I was informed, is one of the wealthiest and most respected persons in the place.

Some, however, speak of this elevation of a Yankee among Virginians as a most portentous occurrence. In speaking of the sectional prejudices existing in some of the districts through which I have passed, I ought to add that they seem to be rapidly wearing away; and though you yet find them very strong when departing at all from the travelled routes, yet they are chiefly confined to the vulgar and illiterate. We of the North indulge so little in

sectional feeling, that it is difficult to conceive the extent to which it was once carried; and indeed it still survives in a common expression of the country, "Is he a Yankee or a white man?" I remember once in Illinois seeing a New-York emigrant, of a good old Dutch provincial family from some sleepy nook on the Hudson, kindle with indignation as he recounted, that while descending the Ohio fifteen years since, he had been more than once refused a drink of water because he was a Yankee. "You know, squire," he added, "I was no Yankee; but when I heard Americans reproaching me with a name in which they might themselves glory—for the Union owes half its value to the New-Englanders—why, I let folks know that I was proud of being called a Yankee." "And what do you call yourself now?" I rejoined. "Why now, squire, the Yankees are becoming great people here north of us, in Michigan and so on, and they call us old Illinoians, 'Suckers.' We might have a better nickname, to be sure; but since it 's stuck, why I hold myself identified with the Suckers. But some of our chaps, who haven't got used to it yet, will be likely to level a rifle at you if you apply the term at random."

This whimsical application of *sobriquets* is, as you are aware, religiously kept up in the State through which I am travelling; the Tuckahoes and Coheese of Virginia, on either side of the Blue Ridge, respectively complimenting each other with as much amiability as do John Bull and Monsieur Jean Crapeau.

LETTER XLII.

Beautiful Rivers—Fertile Country—Natural Tunnel—Cavernous Passage—Mural Precipice—Fearful Chasm—Thrilling Incident—A Bold Cragsman—Hairbreadth Escape—Another Escape.

Chillowee Springs, Washington County,
Virginia, May 7, 1834.

I HAVE passed through so many romantic mountain paths and picturesque vales, watered by streams limpid as air, in reaching this point, that, bewildered by the various beauties of each different landscape that has charmed me, I will only attempt to give you a general impression of all. There are between this place and that from which my last letter was dated, six lofty mountain ridges running parallel to each other, each of which supplies a grand and extensive prospect. In the intermediate valleys three beautiful rivers,—Powells, Clinch, and Holston,—each a long rifle-shot in width, and so alike in their transparent limestone-water, that they seem the reflection of each other, keep their way almost at equal intervals; while their numerous tributary rivulets are delayed in seeking the main stream by a hundred interposing hills, that swell from the vales as boldly as if they would nod crest for crest with the loftier mountain ridges of which they appear to have once formed a part.

These main ridges are generally rocky, and some-

times, as is the case with the eastern side of the Cumberland range, they run in a precipitous wall for many miles; the gray rocks, capped with a vigorous growth of evergreens, rising in various fantastic shapes above the heavy forests which clothe their base. The intermediate valleys vary from a hundred rods to several miles in width. In some places, they are mere strips of meadow-land; in others, they are vast basins, presenting an agreeably undulating surface as you traverse them,* but seeming perfectly level when viewed from the belt of mountains by which they are encompassed. The country is well watered, and of great natural fertility; but agriculture is conducted in so slovenly a manner, that many fields are overgrown with mulleins, and in fact completely worn out. The mode of managing a farm appears to be, to cultivate a piece of land until it is exhausted, and then to clear a new field, leaving the old one to shoot up into brushwood, which, in a few years, serves for the cattle to browse upon. The "cattle ranges," however, are generally the steep hill sides, which habit teaches them to clamber; and more than once, when riding beneath a cliff, that projected from the mountain brow and frowned over the road side, I have seen a young bullock quietly ruminating upon his commanding position, immediately above me.

Since I last wrote to you, I have explored several more of those limestone caverns with which the country abounds; one of which, indeed, is

* The beautiful valley in which Abingdon is situated is one of these.

said to extend, like an enormous cellar, beneath the village of Abingdon, a flourishing country town about twenty miles from this place; but no cave that I have yet seen compares with the magnificent grotto at Cumberland Gap, which I have already attempted to describe to you. I have seen but one object of natural curiosity to compare with it, and that is THE NATURAL TUNNEL,* in Scott county. It is a vaulted passage-way of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook, that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an S. The entrance, at the upper side, is through a tangled swamp; where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to

* At the time of visiting this remarkable natural curiosity, the writer was not aware that any particular description had yet been given of it. He has since had pointed out to him an article in the American Journal of Geology, by Lieutenant Colonel Long, of the United States Engineers, which gives a scientific account of it, and from which he has borrowed the term Tunnel, in preference to adopting that of "Natural Bridge," by which it is known in the neighbourhood. The cavern in Scott county bears as close a resemblance to a tunnel, as does the celebrated Natural Bridge in Rockbridge county to the structure from which it takes its name. —See note.

the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally, it *flares* upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet; smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death.

At this point, the sides of the gorge are of perpendicular rock, and for sixty or eighty yards, from the outlet of the tunnel, they slope away so gradually from its mouth as to describe a perfect semicircular wall, having the cavernous opening at the extreme end of the arc. On the left this mural precipice curves off to your rear, and sloping inwardly, impends at last immediately above your head. On the right the wall becomes suddenly broken, while a beetling crag shoots abruptly from the ruin to the height of three hundred feet above the stream that washes its base. The embouchure of the tunnel is immediately in front. Behind, the narrow dell is bounded by broken steeps hung with birch and cedar, and shaded with every tint of green, from the deep verdure of the hemlock to the paler foliage of the paw-paw and fringe-tree.*

* Chionanthus Virginica.

A more lovely and impressive spot the light of day never shone into.

The sun was in the centre of the heavens as I stood beneath that stupendous arch, watching the swallows wheeling around the airy vault above me, and yet more than half the glen was in deep shadow. I had been told, whether jestingly or not, that the place was a favourite retreat for bears and panthers; and while following down the brook a few yards, I was somewhat startled, upon casting a glance into a recess in the rocky bank above me, to meet a pair of bright eyes glaring from the bushes which sheltered the nook. But the sudden movement of drawing a pistol frightened the wild animal from its covert, and it proved to be only an opossum, that glided along the trunk of a fallen tree and disappeared in the thickets above. I paused again and again, in retracing my steps through the sinuous vault, to admire its gloomy grandeur; and then mounted my horse, which was tethered in the swamp at its entrance.

My road led immediately over the tunnel; but the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge. This it was necessary to do on foot. The glen thus viewed presents the appearance of a mere fissure in the mountain side; but the chasm is so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling when your foot presses the edge; and your eye swims when it would pierce the shadowy gorge below. The tall sapling growth of buckeye and linden that spring within the dell, and lift

their slender items and sickly-coloured leaves so aspiringly, yet faintingly, towards the light, sink into mere shrubs when viewed from this eminence; while the pines and oaks around you, which had appeared equally insignificant when viewed from below, seem now almost to interlace their branches over the gulf. A thrilling incident is said to have occurred here a few years since. There is a cavernous recess about midway in the face of the precipice, whose height, you will recollect, is estimated at more than three hundred feet; and some bold adventurer determined to be let down to explore this fissure. He easily found some of his acquaintance who consented to assist in the experiment; and standing on the edge of the chasm, they began to lower him down by a rope attached to his body.

After descending some forty or fifty feet, our adventurer discovered that the side of the precipice shelved so much inwardly that it was impossible for him to touch the wall, even at so short a distance from the top. It was necessary then to provide some pointed instrument by which he could hold on to the face of the cliff as he descended. He was accordingly pulled up once more, and then, after providing himself with a "gig," or long fish-spear, much used in the adjacent rivers, he started anew upon his perilous voyage. The gig appeared to answer its purpose extremely well, though the task of thrusting it from time to time in the crevices of the rock, as the cord was gradually slackened from above, was both tiresome and exhausting. The point proposed was just attained, and the patient

adventurer was about to reap the reward of his toil, and plant his foot in the fissure, when his companions shouted from above that their coil of rope had run out.

It was too provoking to be thus a second time disappointed, when his object seemed almost within his grasp, and but a few more yards of cord would have enabled him to complete his purpose. He had given too much trouble, and encountered too much peril, now to abandon his design completely. Thus reasoned the bold cragsman, as, clinging like a bat to the wall, he hung midway between heaven and earth; and determining not to give up his point, he shouted to his comrades to splice a *grape-vine* to the end of the rope! The substitute was easily procured, and being quickly attached, more line was at once payed out from above. He had now descended so far that the shelving precipice projected far over his head, almost like the flat ceiling of a chamber; but still his fishing-spear enabled him to keep close to the face of the rock, and practice now taught him to handle it with dexterity and confidence. He is at last opposite to the cavernous opening he would explore; and without waiting to measure its depth, he balances himself against a jutting point of rock with one hand, while the other strikes his javelin at a crevice in the sides of the deep recess before him. The spear falls short; the adventurer is at once detached from the face of the cliff to which he had been so carefully adhering; and the great angle at which the rope that sustains him has been now drawn, sends him swinging like

a pendulum over the frightful gulf. The grape-vine—so strong and secure as long as there is a perpendicular pull upon it—now cracks and splits as if its fibres could not bear the strain; while the weight at the end of it spins round in the air, and the frayed bark falls in strips upon the alarmed cragsman, as he watches it grate off upon the edge of the precipice above him. He maintains his self-possession, however, while his companions pull carefully and steadily upon the fragile cable. He soon sees the knot at which the rope is tied to it in their hands, and a shout of triumph hails his approach to the top, where he is at last safely landed; perfectly content, one may conceive, to forego all the pleasure that might have arisen from a more satisfactory examination of the recess, from which he had made so expeditious and involuntary an exit.

The hairbreadth escape of this cool climber of crags reminds me of one equally thrilling that I received from the lips of the hero of it, soon after entering these mountains. But as I am now stopping at this place to recruit from a recent indisposition, I must reserve the incident to employ my leisure in another letter.

LETTER XLIII.

Saltpetre Cave—Subterranean Incident—Sickness—Tragical Story.

Chilhowee Springs, May 8, 1834.

I HAD heard of a remarkable saltpetre cave, within a few miles of the inn where I was staying, at Cumberland Gap, and was anxious to explore it. There was an individual in the neighbourhood who was said to have worked in the cavern, in manufacturing saltpetre, at a time when there was a great demand for gunpowder, during the last war. This man I attempted to procure as a guide; but though he acted as a pioneer for me to several wild scenes, nothing could persuade him to take me to this. He at length, with some emotion, assigned his reasons; which will better appear after I have given you the features of the place, as they were described to me. The opening of the cavern is in West Virginia, on the side of the Cumberland Mountains; but one of its branches has been traced far into the adjacent State of Kentucky, and there are said to be several chambers of it in Tennessee. I have myself, indeed, in exploring one of its supposed passages, that opened two miles from the main embouchure, passed the dividing line of two of these States. The

most direct of its branches has, in former years, been measured with a chain, to the extent of seven miles.* The form of the cavern is as remarkable as its size: as, just far enough within the entrance to shroud it in darkness, there is a precipice of more than two hundred feet (two hundred and sixty-two is said to be the measured depth); and the only mode of advancing farther into the cave is by descending here, when you come to a flat surface, whereon your farther progress is unimpeded. The sides of the precipice are marked here and there by ledges of rock, and the persons employed in manufacturing saltpetre had, with considerable ingenuity, adjusted a chain of ladders from one ledge to another, so as to form, apparently, a continuous staircase down the perpendicular side of the cliff.

At the close of the war, twenty years ago, the cave became deserted. The population then was not dense around, and there being but little travel along the nearest highway, the place was seldom mentioned, and never resorted to. It chanced one day, about six years since, that the man whom I wished now to guide me thither passed the mouth of the cavern, with a companion, in hunting. Sitting down near it, to refesh themselves, they began to recall their recollection of those who had worked in the cave in by-gone years; and the period seemed so recent, that they thought it worth while to look whether none of their implements, then used, were yet to be found in the pit; determining that

* This, as the reader is probably aware, is nothing to the as yet unknown limits of the celebrated "Mammoth cave" of Kentucky.

any of the tools that might be left, after so long an interval, would be a fair prize for themselves.

Entering the cavern, they first, by the light of a pine torch, carefully examined the wooden ladders which had been now for sixteen years exposed to the damps of the place. They had been made of cedar, and still appeared sound. The cautious hunters agreed that all was right, and both descended. They reached the bottom in safety, and, as expected, they found several neglected tools still remaining there; and selecting a pickaxe and a spade, they commenced their ascent upon the ladders. The first flight was soon accomplished; but their steps became slower as they got farther from the bottom, and as the implements which they carried could not be balanced upon the shoulders, each had but one hand upon the ladder, and of course, as that became tired, each was compelled to move more and more carefully. Patience and steadiness, however, at last brought them near the summit. In fact, the upper rung of the ladder was in view, when the foremost man taking hold of one more decayed than the rest, it broke in his grasp, and he fell backward with his whole weight upon the chest of his companion; the other reeled and staggered with the blow, but still kept his one-handed hold upon the ladder. The iron tools went clanging to the bottom. There was a moment of intense anxiety whether he could sustain his comrade; there was another of thrilling doubt whether his comrade could regain the ladder; and both were included in one mortal agony of fear and horror. But the falling

man clutched the ladder instantly, and laying a frantic grip, with both hands, upon the sides, they gained the top, at last, together. "Stranger," concluded the man, while his voice faltered at the end of the tale, "we knelt to God at the mouth of that cave, and swore never to enter it more."

Some ten or twelve miles from the Tunnel, I stopped to dine with a cottager, whose establishment and reception were both marked by that union of poverty and politeness which characterizes the lower classes of western Virginians. He had nothing, he said, for me to eat, but I was welcome to what he had, if I could dine in a room with half-a-dozen sick children.

"Bacon and greens," as usual, was the dinner; and my host poured me out a good cup of coffee, while his wife was stilling the cries of an infant in her arms, and ministering to the wants of several little sufferers, on a trundle-bed, in one corner of the apartment. The good man told me that this was the only illness with which his household had ever been visited; "and as these are *the only relations I have*," he added, "I feel some concern to get them all upon their feet again; for I want to raise the whole of them."

In further conversation I found that the illness with which this family was afflicted was the scarlet fever, which, with the measles and other similar complaints, seems to make up the brief list of diseases that find their way into this healthy region. The measles and scarlet fever are now both prevailing to a great extent, and I am just recover-

ing from a light attack of the latter, incurred, probably, by my visit to the cottager. I kept the saddle for a day or two, in hopes of the great panacea, exercise, overcoming even so virulent a complaint as this; but after holding out with difficulty until I reached Abingdon, I was glad to have recourse to lancet and powders, under the auspices of a physician; and I was so immured, during the few days which I passed at Abingdon, that the bustling little court-town supplied me with nothing of particular interest to add to this letter; nor could I, perhaps, conclude it better than with the simple but thrilling relation of the cottager, whose isolated condition was so coolly alluded to by himself, in telling me of the illness of his children. The father of my host, who was a middle-aged man, had been among the early settlers of this mountain region; and the fact of his being now without any blood relations, except those collected around his own hearth, arose from all his kindred having perished in different border frays, many years since. His father's family had been cut off at a blow, while he was yet a child; and the story of their fate was to this effect:—

It was the season for gathering peaches, and drying them for winter use: and some of the early dwellers in these fertile valleys had already spread the sliced fruit on the sheds of their outhouses, to be acted upon by the declining but still ardent sun of summer. A clump of trees, richly laden with peaches, stood upon a knoll near the edge of the forest, and within a few hundred yards of the cabin of a settler. The owner of the cabin was away from

home, and his eldest son had been sent over the hills upon some distant errand; while the mother of the family, with another son and a daughter, were left to the care of an uncle of the children. They were all, one quiet August evening, collected around the hillock already mentioned; some were employed in stripping the trees of their prolific burthen, and some in filling their baskets with the balmy fruit, as it lay scattered upon the ground. The little girl had partly climbed a tree, and was engaged in handing the peaches within reach to her mother; the boy stood thrashing the drooping boughs by the side of his parent; but the uncle was separated from the group, while filling his basket from the ground on the other side of the knoll. As he stooped to pick up the fruit, a shot, a scream, and a bullet whistled over his head, told him, in a moment, that the dreaded savages were upon them. He looked, and the girl had tumbled from the tree, like a bird from a bough, upon the bosom of her mother. The sight of his agonized sister struck horror to the heart of the pioneer; but his experience of such scenes suggested that, all unarmed as he was, he must abandon her to her fate, and seek revenge hereafter, or be butchered, in vain resistance, upon the spot. Another scream from the phrensied mother, and he saw the hatchet of an Indian buried in the brain of the terrified boy, who clung to her for protection, as the demoniac figure leaped, with uplifted arm, from a neighbouring thicket. Had he looked again, he might have seen the red hand of a savage twined in the locks of his

unhappy sister; but horror had shut his heart upon her. He looked not, he waited not, till, shriek on shriek, her cries rang in his ears, each more piercing than the last. He knew that the hillock, on whose side he was standing, had hitherto screened his form from the keen eyes of the Indians; that his position gave him a chance of escape,—a start in the death-race; and he seized it with the eagerness of desperation. Fear lent him wings, and he had gained the cover of the wood before the savages had finished binding their captive, and scalping the children before the eyes of their mother: but her horrid cry echoed upon his brain like a death-peal, long afterward; and when, upon returning with his neighbours to the fatal scene of the catastrophe, her body could not be found beside those of her children, and her doom, as a prisoner, had been confirmed by other evidence, he disappeared from the country, and, like the unhappy woman herself, was never heard of more. The father of the family learned, at a distance, of the desolation which had fallen upon his household, and wandering to some remote spot on the border, he never returned to his ruined home; while the last of the family, growing up to man's estate, now enjoyed the little patrimony of which I found him in possession, and of which these disastrous events had made him the only heir.

LETTER XLIV.

A Virginia Julep—Picturesque descent to the Kenawha—Indian Burial-ground—The Last Errand of the Bald Eagle.

Parisburg, Giles Co., West Virginia, May 13, 1834.

"You look faintish, sir," quoth mine host, ushering me into the bar-room, at the first inn where I stopped, after again finding myself well enough to resume my journey. "A julep, sir, by all means; let me recommend a julep. The table will not be spread in some time yet, and we Virginians think that there is nothing between a long ride and a late breakfast like a julep." Suiting the action to the word, the landlord poured a deep claret-coloured beverage from a pitcher that stood near, and handed me the renovating cup. But think not that the mild and refreshing draught which I placed to my lips bore any resemblance to the acrid and scorching mixture drunk under the same name on board of steam-boats and in taverns at the north. The various liquors that combine in a Virginia julep are mixed in very small quantities, and the flavour of each is made to blend so perfectly with the fragrant herb which imparts its aroma to all, that the mellow and balmy cordial resembles more a cup of old metheglin than a recent compound. The use of

this morning draught is deduced from that period when a gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's time stirred his tankard with a sprig of rosemary; and the custom of serving it round to the chambers of guests before breakfast is, I am told, still religiously observed by some of the old planters of Virginia. Like "the stirrup-cup" which is here handed you at the door of every cabaret when about to mount, and the "spiced posset" that is sometimes offered by mine host when about to retire for the night, it must be viewed as a relic of ancient manners, and not to be thought to imply the existence of dissipated habits; for so far as my own observation has extended, there is not the least ground for such a stain attaching to the hearty hospitality of the West Virginians and Kentuckians.

I spent a night at the flourishing town of Evansham in Wythe county, on my way from the Chilhowee Springs hither; aud was well accommodated at a spacious inn which had a broad piazza extending along the whole front, with a pretty plot of shrubbery screening it from the street. The place was filled with country wagons and mounted yeomanry, which, with the display of goods in the various shops along the main street, gave it a busy and thriving appearance. I fell in here with a young Carolinian, who had travelled thus far across the country on his way to the White Sulphur Springs; and being desirous of visiting that celebrated watering place, I have consented to deviate so far from my direct route to Washington that we may travel together. My companion has brought

a tilbury with him from the low country, which is very much out of place in this mountain region, and seems to be regarded with great curiosity by people who travel altogether on horseback. The roads are so bad, too, that my fellow-traveller is continually envying me my independent mode of travelling, as I pick my path where a wheel carriage cannot get along, or move from the highway at pleasure to enjoy the beautiful views which continually open upon us. Nothing can be more lovely, grand, and peculiar than some of these. In one place, where we struck the Kenawha river, we had consumed some time in gaining the summit of a pine ridge by numerous winding ascents, which carried us so gradually from one acclivity to another till we had gained the topmost height, that it was only by catching through the trees an occasional glimpse of a cultivated valley behind that we could at all realize the great elevation to which we were attaining.

But even these glimpses were at last lost in a dark pine forest which thickened around us, and, closing the prospect before as well as behind, completely shut from view the sheer descent of the ridge on the opposite side, until we were on the very edge of the declivity. Here the road in descending made an abrupt turn, and being cut out of the precipitous hill-side, presented a most peculiar appearance when afterward viewed from below. This abrupt turn, however, was not perceptible from the top, until we had actually gained it; and the effect produced by looking a few yards in ad-

vance was that of glancing over a sheer precipice, to the edge of which you were apparently guiding your horse with a fated hand; and you might even begin to calculate how far the stunted evergreens that shot out from the bank side, or the vine-webbed boughs which seemed netted so closely together in the moist valley below, would soften your sudden descent. The valley itself was but a few acres in extent, with a small cleared spot in the centre; and so completely was it hedged in by the spurs of several mountain ridges which here interlaced, that the sun, when we first viewed it from above, appeared hardly to penetrate its bosom.

Leading our horses down the declivity, we crossed a brook at its base, and emerging from a grove of cedars, found ourselves upon the cleared spot we had observed from above. It proved to be an Indian burial-ground. A generation had probably passed away since it was abandoned by its original possessors; but the outlines of a few scattered graves were still perceptible around an ancient thorn-tree; and the close turf that spread its verdure about the place was skirted here and there with a hawbush, or cluster of wild roses, growing on the edge of the forest that girdled the spot. A lonelier and a lovelier resting-place, or one more characteristic of the singular people who had chosen it for their slumbering dead, I have never beheld. A narrow grove was all that here intervened between us and the Kenawha, which, as it came roaring around the shoulder of a mountain,

received, within a hundred yards, a tributary as large as itself.

I loitered behind my companion to look upon the foaming river,—the only thing of life in a spot so still,—and the fearful tales of childhood rose fresh to memory as I gazed upon the Kenawha, and found myself insensibly humming a long-forgotten air that takes its name from its waters. It was the march that had rung through these glens when Lord Dunmore carried the flower of Virginia to the border, to check the horrors of Indian vengeance.* A vengeance which, it must be admitted—now that the intervention of many years allows us to form a more impartial judgment upon

* One division of this force, a thousand strong, was vanquished in open field by the united Delawares and Shawanees. The action, which lasted from dawn to sunset, was fought on the narrow point of land formed by the junction of the Ohio and Kenawha. Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipseco, and many other celebrated chiefs were present, and were often heard loudly encouraging their warriors. Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawanees, and leader of northern confederacy (afterward so cruelly butchered by the whites—see Note M), was particularly conspicuous. As the repeated charges of the whites became more warm and determined, the Indian line began to waver, and several were seen to give way. The heroic Shawanee was instantly upon the spot, and his pealing cry, "Be strong—be strong!" was heard distinctly above the din of the conflict. Like Dundee, he inflicted the punishment of cowardice upon the first recreant with his own hand. He buried his hatchet in the head of one of his warriors, and indignantly shaming the rest, completely restored the battle. It was in the treaty that followed this victory that the Mingoe chieftain Logan, while refusing to be included in it, delivered the celebrated speech which Mr. Jefferson has preserved in his Notes on Virginia, for the admiration of the world.—"*Jefferson's Notes;*" "*Border Wars;*" "*M'Clung's Sketches,*" *&c.*

the actors in those scenes—was provoked by the most intolerable wrongs. Some of these—singularly aggravated in character by attending circumstances—the pen of genius has long since rescued from oblivion; and the cold-blood butchery of the noble Mingoe's family has become the trite theme of the school-boy's declamation. But there were other provocations on the part of the whites which were more calculated to exasperate the Indians to implacable hostility, than even the black deed of Colonel Cresap. Such, in fact, was the atrocious murder of "The Bald Eagle," a Delaware chieftain, whose unmerited and shocking fate provoked his warlike nation to take a part in the Indian Rising which preceded the treaty with the allied tribes in 1763. The story of this friendly and much-injured sagamore has been briefly told by more than one chronicler; but as I am now comfortably seated in "the *best* inn's *best* room" that the village of Parisburg affords, I know not how I can more agreeably while away the evening than in finishing this letter by recalling it here.

The Last Errand of the Bald Eagle.

The tribe of "The Bald Eagle" had been long at peace with the whites. The aged sagamore had acquired their language, and become familiar with their manners. He was a frequent visiter at the fort erected at the mouth of the Kenawha; and the soldiers' children would sit upon the blanket of the kind old Indian, while he fitted the arrows of reed to their mimic bows for them, and beguiled the

sunny hours with some ancient legend of his people; traditions of their fabulous battles with the all-devouring Gitche-pezheke,* that would make young eyes dilate with wonder; and fearful tales of murdered chieftains, who, when the baishkwa (night-hawk) flitted through the wood, and the bright foot-prints gleamed along The Path of Ghosts,† would stalk round the lodges of their kindred, and whisper the story of their fate to the tardy avengers of blood within. Often, at noontide, or when the ruddy hues of sunset were softened on the bosom of the broad Ohio, his bark-canoe would be seen skimming the river, towards the fort, while the urchins ran down to meet the harmless old man, and supplied him with sweetmeats and tobacco, in return for the trifling presents he would bring them from his forest home—baskets of the flexile and delicate-hued birch, pouches of the variegated and platted porcupine quills, and fillets woven by the daughters of the chief, from the flaming feathers of the moninggwuna.‡ Twilight would come, and the whip-poorwill commence his evening call from the hill-side, while the garrulous ancient still lingered with his boyish playmates; but night again would find his frail shallop drifting down the stream, while, ever and anon, the chief would pause as he plied his paddle, to return the salute of some friendly pioneer, who, in the existing peace upon the border, had ventured to place his cabin on the shore.

* The fossil mammoth is thus named by the Indians.

† This is the name of the Milky Way among our northern tribes.

‡ The high-hold or golden-winged woodpecker.

Many months had passed away, and still with each returning week the children watched for their swarthy visiter; and never failed at last to see his paddle flashing behind some green promontory, and soon impelling his light canoe upon the beach beside them. But at length the chieftain came no more: the little gifts which they had prepared lost their novelty; and they longed in vain for the old Delaware to string their bows anew, or to bring them wild plums from the islands, and the rich fruit of the paw-paw from over the river: and still The Bald Eagle came not. The white hunters could tell nothing of him, and the few settlers along the stream declared that they had last seen him floating safely past their cabins, with pipe in mouth as usual, and wending his way to the village of his tribe far down the river: but the neighbouring Indians no longer brought them venison and wild honey from the wood, their otter-traps had been withdrawn from the cane-brake, and the light of their torches was no more seen upon the river, guiding them in the favourite sport of spearing the fish that teem in its waters.

The garrison was not dismayed at the ominous silence; yet the sudden cessation of all intercourse between themselves and the Indians threw a gloom over the little community. There was one among their number who could have unravelled the mystery; it was one who, like the murderer of Logan's family, had forged at least one link in the monstrous chain of injury which was at this moment knitting the neighbouring tribes together in bitter hostility

to the whites—it was the assassin of The Bald Eagle. This man, as it afterward appeared, had suffered from the Indians in former years, and in compliance with a vow of vengeance against the whole race, he had waylaid the friendly Delaware on his lonely voyage down the river, and murdered him within a short distance of the fort. The deed was done in darkness and in silence. The superannuated warrior could make but feeble resistance against the athletic and implacable backwoodsman. The fated savage pleaded vainly for a moment, in which to sing his death-song, but the heart of the Indian hater was steeled against the appeal, and the atrocious violence was consummated with equal secrecy and despatch.

But the blood of the victim was yet to cry from the ground.

The revengeful pioneer had accomplished his first purpose of taking the life of an Indian: he was not contented, however, until he had added insult to injury, and with ingenious cruelty ensured that full knowledge of the outrage should reach the friends of the unhappy subject of it; and thus he proceeded to the accomplishment of his iniquitous purpose:—he first scalped the hoary crown of the old Delaware; and, next fixing the body in the usual sitting posture in the stern of his canoe, he carefully replaced the pipe in his mouth, and adjusted the steering-paddle to the hand of the corpse, which soon stiffened around it. A direction was then given to the boat that bore this ghastly burden, and the stream quickly swept it far beyond his view.

The abruptness of the river's bank, and the rapidity of the current near the shore, prevented the doomed bark from stopping in its career, and hurried it on the voyage for which it was so fearfully freighted. The settlers on the river's side recognised the well-known canoe and accustomed form of him that steered it, and dreaming not of the fate that had overtaken its master, they saluted him, as usual, from the shore; but, when they hailed, no friendly whoop replied to the call; they beckoned, but the grim boatman heeded not; the shallop still went on, for the hand that guided kept it steadily on its way. The wild deer, drinking from the wave, started at the shadow as it glided before him; the raven snuffed the tainted form, and hovered above its gory head, yet dared not to alight beside that motionless and stern voyageur. And still that bark kept on. But now it has neared the home of the murdered sagamore; and, like a steed that knows the dwelling of its master, it seems to be making unerringly for that green headland where the friends of the loved sachem are waiting the wonted hour of his return.

What more is there to add?—the dumb messenger fulfilled his mission. The neighbouring bands at once dug up the tomahawk, and runners were instantly despatched to the remoter tribes; the bloody war-belt passed like lightning along the border: the peaceful Mingoes had wrongs of their own to avenge, and needed not to read its mystic wampum; but the red-handled hatchet was shaken alike among the deep forests of Ohio, on the sunny prairies of

Illinois, and in the dark glens of Pennsylvania; while by the thousand lakes of New-York, the war-like bands that haunted those crystal waters clutched with eagerness the fearful emblem.

The allotted days of fasting had passed by for the friends of the murdered Delaware; the black hue of mourning was washed from their indignant brows; and, ere the crimson dye of battle had dried upon their cheeks, the banks of the Ohio resounded with the war-whoop; while the burning of their cabins, and the massacre of their neighbours, gave the terrified settlers the first intimation of the foul murder on the Kenawha.

The horrors of the war of retaliation, thus commenced, continued to rage until Lord Dunmore's expedition put a period to the strife; and the dwellers on the shore that was coasted by the dead boatman would long after shudder when they remembered *The last errand of the Bald Eagle.*

LETTER XLV.

The Angel's Rest—Gigantic Race—Hardships—Mountain Pool—Twin-born Rills.

Parisburg, Giles Co., West Virginia, May 14, 1834.

THE village near which I have passed the last two days is more romantically situated than any I have yet seen in Virginia. It lies in a deep valley, at the base of an isolated mountain, which rears its pyramidal form so far above the surrounding hills that it is popularly known by the name of "The Angel's Rest." It was towards sunset when we approached the place, and the young men of the village were collected on a green adjacent to our inn, and engaged in the sport of tossing a cannon-ball for a wager. The players were divided into two parties; one of which would first have exclusive possession of the ball, while each member would throw it as far as possible in advance of the place where it last fell—the final throw sometimes carrying the heavy missile a quarter of a mile from the point where it was first started. The opposite side would take it up at this spot; and if their successive throws returned the ball to its starting-place, and carried it beyond, they had won the game. The sport is so simple as to exhibit neither grace nor skill, but it is a very good method of testing the ag-

gregate and relative strength of two bodies of men. The men who were playing were of a strong and sinewy make, and of about the middle size. The Patagonian race for which these mountains, like those of Vermont, are celebrated, is confined entirely, so far as my observation extends, to a generation that is now almost extinct.

Dr. C., of the Transylvania University, a distinguished physiologist, and who would be regarded as a tall man even in Kentucky, had spoken to me particularly about the gigantic race of men that I should find among these his native hills ; but so long as I travelled with my friend Professor L., we met no two individuals who could count "twelve feet two" between them, like ourselves. There was one young man, indeed, at Manchester, in Kentucky, who had some six inches the advantage of either, and towered a giant between us ; but, like the gold-hunting Hibernian, who threw away the coin upon which he stumbled when his foot first touched the shore of promise, I omitted to run down this native and take his dimensions, as I expected soon to get where specimens were thicker. Since then I have seen several aged individuals, both male and female, of threescore and upwards, whose towering forms and huge proportions, still apparent through the decrepitude of age, amply sustained the representations of Dr. C. : but the generation that is now in its prime is by no means remarkable for either size or make ; nor does it excel in either respect the ordinary run of men at the north. It is now generally conceded, I believe, and so far as

my own observation has extended I am convinced of the fact, that the largest race of men in the Union are those inhabiting the Valley of the Mississippi—an alluvial, and not a mountainous country.

I had a good opportunity of remarking upon this while at Jefferson Barracks. The dragoons stationed there were all Americans; in the infantry there were many Europeans: one company of the former had been recruited in New-England and New-York, one in Indiana, and one in Missouri. The average height of the western recruits appeared to me to be much greater than that of their northern comrades, and far to overtop that of the European soldier. The last, however, holds himself so much more erect than either of the others, that it requires a nice eye to discriminate the difference in their size: in activity the northern men yielded to neither. The existence of a powerful race of men in Vermont and Western Virginia, soon after the settlement of these regions, may be accounted for in the same way that the absence of deformity among the Indians is explained. The hardships to which the pioneers were exposed prevented any but the most vigorous of their children from surviving the trials to which their constitutions were subjected; while the mothers that bore them were, judging from the few survivors that I have seen, large and athletic far beyond the generality of their sex. What woman, indeed, unless she had the frame, the endurance, and the courage of an Amazon, could, after following the pioneer to the wilderness, help him to build his cabin of logs, and use his heavy

rifle in its defence when her husband was absent, as many a female has done on the border. But if it be true, as some have asserted, that the native tribes in the Valley of the Mississippi are of a larger make than those found on the other side of the Alleghanies, there are probably other physical causes, more dependent upon soil and climate, operating to produce this greater development of the human form. The subject, however, has been so learnedly handled by graver and more ingenious pens, that you will readily dispense with my pursuing it here.

I have spent to-day in visiting a very remarkable spot in the neighbourhood of this place. It is called the Salt Pond Mountain. A ride of twelve miles through a rough but picturesque country carries you to the top of one of the highest peaks of the Alleghanies, where a deep *tarn* lies nestled in a notch on the summit, as snugly as if the bowl that held it had been scooped out for a Titan's drinking cup. The pool is in the form of a crescent, about a quarter of a mile in length, and limpid as the mountain air around it. It is said to be more than a hundred feet in depth. The bottom of this singular lake is a submerged forest, whose tall pines and hemlocks still lift their tops to within a few yards of the surface; and, when standing on the banks, you may see the green boughs "of other days," like the fabled towers of Lough Neagh,

"In the wave beneath you shining."

The lake, too, like another which the music-breath-

ing verse of Moore has immortalized, is said never to be ruffled by the dip of the swallow's wing, nor to reflect the form of the eagle that sails round the mountain pinnacles near it.* Our guide told us, with solemn visage, that the wild deer, even when most hotly pursued, would not take to this gloomy water; myriads of lizards, which swarmed in it near the shore, appeared to be the only tenants of the mysterious pool. The account of its origin is not less peculiar. The spot which the tarn now occupies is said to have been originally a deep hollow, or mountain glen, with one small marshy spot at the bottom. It was heavily wooded, and being completely sheltered from the winds, the early settlers of the country, whose cattle browsed upon these mountains, would resort to this convenient place for the purpose of "salting" them, at the usual season; and it is from this that the term "Salt Pond" is derived, as the water is not at all brackish. After the lapse of several years, they observed that the fenny spot at the bottom of the dell gradually increased in size, until the whole level space was converted into a swamp. A lively spring would then here and there ooze through the marshy surface, till at last it was covered with water. The wild flowers that shot rankly above the moist margin were soon after tossing their leaves upon the strange element: the still taller fern upon the hill-side was next invaded; and then the tassels of the weeping birch, and the white blossoms of the

* "—— That lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

fringe-tree, floated upon the bosom of the swelling tide. At last the boughs of ancient oaks began to dip, while the rising wave still mounted higher and higher, till the cone of the loftiest pine lay far beneath the surface of the lake, whose new-born billows rippled against the mountain pinnacles around.* The outlet is now a gap in the mountain-side, where the water escapes as over a milldam. The absence of fish in the pond thus formed will sufficiently account for its not being frequented by wild fowl; and the fact of the hunted deer's not taking here to the water is easily explained by the embarrassment which the submerged trees would offer to his swimming.

About half a mile from the Salt Pond there is a rocky and bold eminence, which commands the finest mountain view I have yet seen in Virginia. It is said to be rivalled only by that from the "Peaks of Otter," in eastern Virginia, whose blue forks are easily perceptible from this distant point. The height is so much elevated above the surrounding ridges, which lead off their narrow crests on every side, that you look directly into the bosom of the intermediate valleys. Some of these are so shadowed by the wooded summits, that they appear only like deep furrows in an even surface—dark ravines seaming a broad forest—while a wider strip of cultivation, a hamlet, or a cluster of plantations will diversify the appearance of others, and give a more smiling appearance to the landscape.

* "Pulsabantque novi montana cacumina fluctus."—Ovid.

On the opposite sides of this eminence, and near the top, are two springs within gunshot of each other. The waters of the one flow into a tributary of James River, and are ultimately discharged into the Atlantic through Chesapeake Bay; the stream of the other, which is the outlet of the tarn already described, unites with the Kenawha—and thus, through the Ohio and Mississippi, communicates with the Gulf of Mexico. The poetic Greeks would have made a Péneus and Achelöus of these twin-born rills, which, rising like those classic brooks on the same mountain, unite again in the ocean a thousand miles away.

LETTER XLVI.

Interesting Remains—A Cairn—Sulphur Springs—Strange Stories—The Haunted Sink—Cabins—Agreeable Intimacies—Independence—Manners.

White Sulphur Springs, May 20, 1834.

I HAD learned at Parisburg that some interesting Indian remains had been discovered in the vicinity; and among other relics I was shown a tomahawk of brass, dug up in the neighbourhood, which I vainly attempted to purchase. There were persons here too, who, like many I have met in Kentucky and western Virginia, pretended frequently to have seen gigantic human skeletons on turning up the soil;

and when my companion, the young physician already mentioned, smiled incredulously at the idea, there were several who volunteered to accompany us a mile or two on our journey, and assist in making some examination at a point where it was supposed that these bones might yet be found. The scene of our operations was a beautiful alluvial bottom on the banks of the Kenawha, where a *cairn* composed of large stones reposed in the midst of a ploughed field, equal in size to a tolerable farm. Among others of our party was a well-informed person, who seemed much pleased with the interest that I manifested in relation to the spot, and answered every inquiry I made regarding it with great politeness. He was unable, however, to state anything more satisfactory than that there was a lively superstition existing in the neighbourhood in relation to the cairn,—it being a prevalent belief, that, however the stones of which it was composed might be scattered over the plain, they were sure soon after to be collected again upon the identical spot where they were first found: a phenomenon which I easily accounted for to myself, upon observing that these were the only stones in the field, and being so large as to interfere with the action of a plough, it was natural that the husbandman, when they broke his furrow, should from time to time return them to the central position where I now beheld them. We now removed a number of these stones from the surface, and displaced the soil for a few yards around; but found nothing but some human teeth, and pieces of skull that crumbled in

our fingers as we raised them from the earth: nor was there anything about them remarkable either in size or appearance. The Virginians appeared to be much chagrined at the unsatisfactory result of our labours, and urged me warmly to remain another day and explore a different place; but my companion was impatient to pursue his journey, and I did not think the prospect would repay me for the loss of his company. We shook hands with our brother resurrectionists, and resumed our route.

We crossed the Kenawha near this point, and our road then led for many miles along this romantic river. Here the bold crags, the highly cultivated bottoms, the verdurous forest, and the full flowing river combined in the loveliest succession of landscapes, which changed every moment like a shifting diorama. Evening found us at the Red Sulphur Springs,—a mineral spa that is beginning to be much frequented, and which recommends itself to the traveller, as well as the invalid, by a large and well-kept hotel lately erected. It lies buried in a deep gorge of the hills, and must have been quite a picturesque spot before some Gothic hand swept the forest from the neighbouring heights.

The Salt Sulphur Springs, another watering-place very popular in Virginia, was our stopping place the next night; and here, though so early in the season, we found several persons already arrived to drink the waters. During the evening I had an interesting conversation with a gentleman of a scientific turn of mind, in relation to the use of

"the divining rod;"* and I gathered from what he said, that a belief in the ancient science of rhabdomancy was as current in these parts as it ever was in the land of Odin. Some strange stories were told of the successful resort to this magical wand in discovering springs in the neighbourhood; and I could not help thinking, while observing the gravity with which they were received, that the mystical successors of the Zahuris of Spain, who enacted Dousterswivel in these parts, had shown considerable shrewdness in selecting so well watered a region for their operations, and a people who deal so little in matters of fact as the western Virginians for their pupils. In no part of the Union, unless perhaps in the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson or Mohawk, will you find so many current superstitions as among these mountains. I remember, many miles farther to the south-west, being overtaken one evening by a manly-looking lad, who was driving a somewhat fractious bull along the road, and who,

* The art of discovering veins of water concealed in the bowels of the earth, by a direct perception of their existence, is mentioned by Kieser in his System of Tellurism as existing from the most remote periods; and notwithstanding the ridicule which this branch of magical lore has met with in modern times, it still has its votaries among philosophers and physiologists. A treatise which is mentioned as having lately appeared in Paris is probably the last addition to the numerous works upon the subject to be found in the libraries of the curious,—many of which the reader will find enumerated in Lieber's Lexicon. The mode of using the divining rod he is doubtless familiar with from the humorous scene in The Antiquary, where the credulous Sir Arthur Wardour and his single-hearted daughter are so well grouped with the shrewd Scotch antiquarian and the impudent German adventurer.

finding it difficult to keep up with me, asked imploringly, but with some shamefacedness, that I would not travel so fast, "until he had passed the haunted sink." He told me, with quick breath, as I reined up near one of those remarkable hollows resembling an inverted cone which one meets with everywhere in the western country where the limestone strata prevail, that after a certain hour of the night a black goblin could be seen, every now and then, bobbing up and down in the dark bowl; and that no one ever paused in passing the place after nightfall. I rode up to the spot, and agreed, upon the first glance into the hollow, that it was a suitable place for the Erle King, or Black Huntsman of the Hartz, to nestle in. But as these gentlemen, according to the best authorities, go on horseback, the retreat was objectionable from there being no room to stable their steeds. Upon surveying the ground more minutely, I observed that there were several nut-bearing trees around the margin of "the sink," whose fruit when ripe would naturally roll down its sides to the bottom. A glance at the neglected fences of a neighbouring plantation suggested the rest. But it was impossible to persuade the credulous boy, that while the nuts thus collected would lure the hogs hither, the funnel shape of the hollow, by making it impossible for a four-footed beast to preserve a steady footing while feeding upon them, would sufficently account for the Bobbing Demon of the Haunted Sink.

The White Sulphur Springs, where I have now been a day or two, is, you are aware, one of the

most celebrated watering-places in the Union; second alone to Saratoga in the concourse of strangers it brings together every season, and not even rivalled by the Lebanon Springs of New-York in beauty of situation. The attractions of both of these favourite places of resort may be said to be united here. The company, though not so numerous, is more diversified than that of Saratoga; and the scenery, though not, like that of Lebanon, embalmed in the descriptions of Miss Sedgwick, wants only a pen gifted as hers to make its superior beauties appreciated. Of the respective merits of the different mineral waters I say nothing, for the guide-books are particular enough upon that score; and not one of fifty people that frequent a watering-place trouble themselves with their analysis. The arrangements for visiters are very different at the Virginia springs from those usual among us. There are no large hotels as at Saratoga; but the lodgers have separate *cabins*, built sometimes of brick, not unfrequently of boards, and more often of hewn logs. These are generally ceiled and finished inside. They are placed in the care of a black servant, who has the complete charge of one or more, and who waits upon the inmate as long as he occupies the room.

These cabins are built in ranges around an open green, which is often, as is the case with the White Sulphur, shaded by noble trees. There are spacious stables adjacent; and here again a particular groom becomes responsible for the care of your horse while you remain. The meals are taken at

a *table d'hôte*, in a large frame building, where the *manager* has his residence. The general arrangement is good; but, for a place like "The White Sulphur," frequented by persons of wealth and leisure from every part of our widely extended Union, and where the nett receipts for a single year are said to equal a moderate fortune, there is a slovenliness and want of refined economy in many of the details. I am glad to see, however, upon looking over the list of last year's visiters, that our northern people are finding their way to this naturally favoured spot. There are many agreeable intimacies formed here by cultivated persons from the south and west, who have been long in the habit of shaking hands annually on the summit of the Alleghanies; and it is time that we should be represented in such accomplished and agreeable company. If the tour were more common with people of leisure from the north, it would tend much to root out the prejudices which three generations of pedlers have sown everywhere south of the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies; and if it did not suggest epithets for the character of a northerner in unison with "courtly Carolinian," "generous Kentuckian," and "chivalric Virginian," in such liberal use among *us*, it might, at least, extinguish associations which are anything but flattering, and clear the field for more engaging *sobriquets* to grow up afterward.

But it is not alone the magnificent scenery and the society of the cultivated that rewards the western tourist, while stopping at such a place as this, for there is enough that is original in character and

interesting in manners amply to remunerate one who should prosecute his excursion farther over the mountains, and mingle familiarly with the ordinary inhabitants of the country. In doing this, the traveller, in whatever garb he may present himself, will everywhere be received with courtesy, provided he be a *gentleman;* and in emphasizing this word, I would have you to understand the term in its real and not its conventional meaning, in the *Chesterfieldian* and not the *exclusive* sense of the word; for among a people so high spirited and independent in character as our tramontane population, the least manifestation of exclusiveism will provoke insult from the uneducated classes, and meet with the coolest contempt from those who, knowing more of society, can estimate puppyism at its real worth. The perfect feeling of equality that exists in the agricultural districts has a happy effect upon the manners of the people generally, and produces a quiet independence of demeanour that in older communities is only found among the members of particular circles that meet upon the same footing together. There is no petulant assertion of place with a true-born west countryman, because he never dreams that his privileges are questioned. He enters into conversation with you as an equal; and if you show no disposition to talk, provided you do not do it in an offensive manner, he merely votes you "bad company," and salutes as politely at parting as when you met. This easy but unobtrusive and manly manner is rarely attained by emigrants of the same class from the Atlantic States; and

foreigners of a similar condition in life never acquire it. The west countryman, in chatting with you with the confidence of an equal, always preserves the decorum of a stranger; but the Atlantic emigrant, in aiming to copy him, often mistakes familiarity for frankness, and impertinence for equality.

LETTER XLVII.

Mountain Ridges—Hot Springs—Warm Springs—Blowing Cave—Romantic District—The Panther Gap—A Farm House.

Greenville, Augusta Co. Virginia, May 25, 1834.

I ARRIVED at this place to-day from the White Sulphur Springs, by the way of the Panther Gap. It was a few hours after dawn that, on leaving the Springs, I found myself on the summit of the Alleghanies, and stopped to let my horse drink from a spring which soon formed a fine trout-brook,* and was the first stream that I had seen running eastward. I endeavoured to catch a view of the broad valley which lay between me and the Blue Ridge, whose singular wall was yet to be passed before I should be out of west Virginia; but a dozen detached mountain ridges filled up the extensive tract between, and where the deep forests did not at once limit the prospect below,

* It is said that there are no trout to be found west of the Alleghanies.

these broken links of the Appalachian chain soon swelled before the eye, and bounded its view on whichever side it was directed. I slept that night at a little inn kept by an old German, situated on the bank of a rural stream, amid whose willows the whippoorwills kept up an incessant call to each other long after midnight. These singular birds, which are so capricious in their haunts at the north, seem to abound everywhere among these mountains; and you become so used to their querulous note from nightly hearing it, that you at last love the plaintive whistle, and find that its monotonous repetition lulls you agreeably to repose.

I breakfasted the next morning at the *Hot Springs;* and took the opportunity, while my coffee was preparing, of enjoying a bath of the mineral water, where in one place it fills a reservoir large enough to swim in. The ordinary temperature of these springs is 112°, though they will sometimes boil an egg. The table and attendance at the hotel are very good, and great improvements are going forward in the bathing establishments.

Neither the Hot Springs, however, nor anything in the way of luxurious bathing that I have ever seen, can compare with the delightful bath to be had at the *Warm Springs*, which are six miles from the others. There is here a large reservoir in the shape of an octagon, enclosed in a spacious wooden building. The reservoir is built of stone, with a natural pebbly bottom, through which the tepid water oozes in perfect purity. The building is open at the top, and admits the noonday sun into

a fountain so pellucid that the smallest object can be seen upon the bottom. The water rises to the chest of a tall man, and is spread over a surface large enough to exercise the swimmer. The ordinary temperature is 96° Fahr.

The building which covers this delightful bath is shabby and ruinous. But art, however it might improve the accessories, could add nothing to the luxuriousness of the bath itself. The bath I had already taken at the Hot Springs in the morning did not prevent me from spending an hour or two in the delicious water here; and making up my mind after the first plunge that I had never met with anything so grateful, I ordered dinner and a bed at the hotel, and returned to the spring more than once before betaking myself to the latter. Morning again found me at the bath; but after breakfast I resumed my journey. Ascending then a mountainous ridge which bounds the springs on the east, I attained an elevation which is said to command a view of thirty miles in advance, and beheld my whole day's journey spread out before me. The prospect, though it had great sameness, was exceedingly beautiful as a whole. There was an ocean of forest below, and the hilly ridges that traversed it, flecked here and there with white spots, indicating the buildings of the plantations that skirted their sides, showed like breaking waves upon its green surface; while the glitter of the foliage, as the morning mist rolled from the upland, sustained the semblance of a freshening sea.

Descending into the valley, the air became ex-

tremely sultry towards noon; and after striking a little stream called the Cow-pasture River, I was glad to loiter beneath the trees that skirted the cool water. Here, as I moved slowly along the margin of the stream, where a rocky bank rose some fifty feet above the road on the opposite side, I was surprised to feel a slight breeze upon the side of my face towards the rocks. I drew up at once, and observing the wild flowers bending away from the mouth of a small cavern on my left, I justly concluded that this must be the celebrated Blowing Cave, which has so much puzzled the curious. The mouth of the cavern is in the face of a cliff, which rises precipitously from a broken bank that slopes between its base and the road. I tied my horse to a grape-vine, and climbed to the opening of the airy cell. There throwing myself on the long grass before it, I could not withstand the dangerous temptation—fatigued and heated as I was—of taking off my stock, and baring my bosom to the cool draught, while drinking it in as if it were nepenthe. The excessive bathing of the previous day, and the noontide heat which now prevailed, made me feel too languid and indolent to think of examining the cave, and indeed the fissure appeared too small to admit of its being explored to any depth; nor did I, as I lay there luxuriating in the moist breeze, care whether the zephyrs that fanned me were born of a Naiad deep locked in the mountain,* or whether

* A subterranean waterfall is generally ascribed as the cause of the phenomenon of the Blowing Cave.

their gelid wings had been fledged in the ice-house of ancient Nicholas himself.

"Good day, sir: I reckon you're looking for the Blowing Cave, sir?" called out a horseman, drawing up in the road opposite to me. I replied that I was at that moment before the cave. "Well, now," rejoined this inquisitive wight, "I was going to tell you that you must be pretty near it. I've heard a great deal about that same cave; but though I've gone by it continually these ten years along past, this is the first time I've seen a man get off his horse to look at it. I declare I've a great mind to come myself! Does it blow much, stranger!" He concluded, however, that it was too much trouble to dismount; and finding that I was going the same road with himself, he determined to wait for me till I "got through seeing the cave." And there he sat in the broiling sun within pistol-shot of the cool cell, and neither heat, nor curiosity, nor jeering could shake him from the saddle. At last, when I thought that his patience must be completely exhausted in waiting for me, I gathered a handful of flowers from the many that flourished in the moist breath of the cave, and resuming my horse, jogged on with the civil stranger.

I parted from him towards nightfall, when, entering one of the most romantic districts I have seen, I found company enough in the picturesque scenery around me. It was in the mountainous tract among the head-waters of James River. In one place the abrupt and heavily-wooded ridges interlace their spurs so closely that the gorge between is not dis-

cernible until you enter it. In another, their bases sweep off in majestic curves, which girdle in a broad and sunny amphitheatre of cultivated fields and meadows. Here the fertile meadows of a narrow valley meander like a soft lake between their wooded heights; and there a savage torrent thunders through the cloven crags, and threatens the narrow pathway that follows its impetuous course. The Panther Gap, which is the last of these glens, is one of the finest mountain passes I have seen. The prodigious height and sheer descent of the parted cliffs, that appear to have been torn asunder to form the passage, with the redundant forest growth at their base, give both dignity and richness to the scene. Looking from the bottom of the narrow dell, you know not whether most to admire the towering crag that cleaves the sky above you, or the fragrant thickets of laurel and magnolia, that, blossoming at its foot, essay to climb the knees of their rugged parent.

Soon after emerging from the Panther Gap, I chanced to pass a farm yard, where a blue-eyed and buxom country girl was just stepping over the fence with a pail of milk in her hand, as I issued from a grove and reined up near her. She paused for a moment to draw her dress over a tight ankle that rested on the middle rail, and then, with blushing cheeks, informed me that her father could accommodate me for the night—the nearest inn being many miles off. The house stood remote from the road, at the end of a long lane; and dismounting to let down the bars, I took my bridle in my hand,

and, guided by the young woman, soon presented myself before her family, by whom I was hospitably entertained and lodged for the night. The rooms of the farm house—though the establishment was large enough to be very comfortable—were separated from each other by a board partition only; and everything said or done within the outer walls was distinctly audible through the flimsy wainscot. But I had been so accustomed to the most piquant vicinities, while sharing their single-roomed lodge with the blooming family of many a settler in the far West, that I now, on retiring early to rest, sunk to slumber without being at all molested by the murmur and the movement round me.

LETTER XLVIII.

Beautiful Valley—Sunday Parties—Collegiate Institution—The Natural Bridge—University of Virginia—Adieu to the West—Retrospection—Pleasure of Wandering—Conclusion.

Charlottesville, East Virginia, June 2, 1834.

An early breakfast, and a kind farewell from the tight lass who had introduced me into this hospitable farm house, sent me in good spirits on my journey the next morning; and arriving at Greenville to dinner, I learned that I was within forty miles of Jefferson's Natural Bridge, and determined to visit it. Accordingly, the next morning I left

my valise at the excellent inn where I had passed the night, and took my road on horseback across the country. My route led through a beautiful valley along the western base of the Blue Ridge, whose purple summits were relieved against a magnificent volume of clouds, which, rolling their rich masses on the easy breeze, would now give a hundred shadows to play on the undulating fields carved out of the woody hill-side, and now bare the blue space above and the green meadows below alike to the full sunlight.

It was Sunday morning, and the roads were filled with gay equestrians, or negroes on foot, all dressed out in their best apparel, and trooping off to display their finery at the nearest church. Here you would see a score of mountain lasses, with scarlet saddle-cloths, and gaudy plaids flung over their laps and depending from the stirrup, as a substitute for the cumbersome riding-skirt—with no male in attendance, except perhaps a little negro, ensconced, like the goblin page, on the crupper, and grinning with delight to be thus chosen to wait on his young mistress ; and there, taking their way over the fields, and stopping to sun themselves on every fence they came to, a gang of dandy-looking blackees, each with an enormous cudgel, in lieu of the gold-headed whalebone which is elsewhere so much in vogue. Occasionally a solitary horseman would raise his broad-brimmed white beaver to me, as, issuing from some green lane, he took the dusty highway ; and entering into easy chat, we would jog along for a mile or two together. Amid all these indications

of a populous and long-settled country, I met with one group that seemed singularly placed in scenes so cultivated.

Beneath the boughs of a mossy oak, that stood in a verdant swale by the road side, reclined an Indian female with an infant at her bosom; while a long-haired Tennessean in a hunting-shirt, who proved to be her husband, was engaged in broiling some fish over a fire a few yards off. A half-blooded wolf-dog lay at the feet of the woman, with a young boy curled up asleep between the outstretched legs of the savage-looking animal; his chubby cheek reposing upon its grizzly crest. Near them grazed a couple of shaggy Indian ponies, whose wooden saddles and tattered blankets of blue and scarlet were thrown carelessly on the green turf around the gnarled roots of the tree which formed the foreground of the picture.

About noon I found myself on the meadowy bank of a clear rushing stream, whose opposite shore rose in precipitous cliffs from the water. Here the rifted hemlock and cedar, flinging their branches far over the current, contrasted vividly in their dusky green with the light foliage of the willows and sycamores that skirted the water's edge where the highway approached the brink. The collegiate institution of the little town of Lexington, with its rather pretty but formal-looking pleasure grounds, first met my eye after fording the stream: it stands on an eminence back from the road, and forms the first object of attention in entering the village. I paused merely long enough to observe

that there were indications of wealth and style about the place which are seldom met with in the country towns of west Virginia. The pretty scenery along the rest of my route is probably familiar to you from the descriptions of the numerous travellers who have resorted to the interesting spot where I now found myself a pilgrim.

The ordinary engravings (that in Tanner's Atlas is the most spirited that I have seen) give you a perfect idea of the Natural Bridge. The first feeling when you stand by the stream below it is one of disappointment; nor is it till after you have walked under the towering arch, and surveyed from above the deep chasm which it spans, that you fully appreciate its gigantic magnitude. But though the popular descriptions have not exaggerated its interest, yet this singular formation must yield, I think, in grandeur, to the Natural Tunnel of Scott county. The perfect proportions of the bridge render it the more remarkable natural curiosity of the two; but the depth of the ravine, and the size of the combining masses of rock, are so much greater in the tunnel, that the impression made by its yawning cavern, opening amid frightful precipices, is of a deeper character than that inspired by the airy and graceful arch of the Natural Bridge. Either, however, will amply reward the tourist.

The day that I have already passed at Charlottesville has been most agreeably spent in visiting the University of Virginia, which is the most imposing and beautifully situated of any academic institution in the country. It lies in a healthy, fertile, and

picturesque valley, and encloses everything within its walls to make the student that paces its beautiful arcades proud of belonging to so noble an establishment. It is situated in a populous and opulent neighbourhood in east Virginia, just over the border, and within a morning's ride of the Blue Ridge. One could hardly devise a more perfect geographical division than that which separates east and west, or new and old Virginia, as the regions on either side of this remarkable wall are termed by those dwelling near it. With the exception of those abrupt gaps through which James River, the Roanoke, and the Potomac find their way to the Atlantic, the rocky height extends in an unbroken line completely through the whole state. Viewed from a distance, the blue boundary always presents the same appearance, and its smooth purple summit, everywhere parallel with the horizon, could never be mistaken for any of the mountain ridges adjacent. So narrow, too, and so perfectly defined is it, that when you have attained the highest acclivity you may almost stride the crest. "How far do you call it over the ridge?" I asked a countryman, as I reined up on an eminence which on a clear day would have commanded an extensive view on either side. "Well, I reckon your horse's fore-legs are at this moment in old Virginia," was the significant reply.

I turned in the saddle to bid a last adieu to the romantic West; but the landscape was shrouded in mist, whose rolling masses curled up so closely to the height on which I stood, that the whole

valley below looked like a sea of vapour. At times the breeze would part the airy billows near me, and the jagged stem of a rifted pine would loom like the mast of a dismantled ship through the haze. I lingered in the hope of at last catching a glimpse of the beautiful tracts below; but the scudding rack soon snatched the shadowy trunk from view, and left me in doubt whether fancy had not conjured up the dim form that I had just beheld. But fancy—as I at last moved slowly from the spot—was otherwise and more agreeably busy. A thousand scenes as lovely as that now veiled from my view thronged upon memory, as I bade a lingering farewell to the glorious region where I had enjoyed them.

It was now the last day of spring; and since the previous autumn I had traversed countries where every variety of scenery that these latitudes afford was displayed upon the grandest scale, and in diversified prodigality. I had crossed the wild sources of the Ohio in western Pennsylvania, a thousand miles above its junction with the Mississippi; and I had coasted its romantic shores almost the whole distance from its mouth. I had wandered through the interminable forests of the state that bears its name, and had surveyed the open glades and smiling lakes of Michigan. I had galloped over the grassy savannas of Indiana, and hunted on the boundless prairies of Illinois. I had seen the savage hills and plashy rice-pools of Wisconsan. I had forded the wild Washtenong of the northern peninsula—skirted the frozen beach of its western boundary—

and stood on the hoary bluffs of the Mississippi, five hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri, —and I had seen that overwhelming mass of waters, which rises in regions of perpetual snow, and pours its current into the ocean in the clime of the myrtle and olive, where it first mingles its boiling eddies with the Father of Rivers. I had loitered along the meadowy banks of the Illinois, and among the savage cliffs of the Kentucky; in the pastoral valleys of Tennessee, and amid the romantic glens of western Virginia—and now it seemed as if all these scenes came crowding in their diversified magnificence before me, while I longed for the wand of an enchanter to fix the lineaments of each as its colours sprang to life. And then came that reflection—half regretful, half impatient—that I have often known in my solitary wanderings—"Why should Nature thus lavish her beauties, thus waste herself on silence? Why are there none to sing her primeval glories in our land?" Alas! the majority of mankind have no innate sense of beauty and majesty. They admire only because others have admired before them; and whether it be with an opera, a book, or a landscape, a woman or a flower, or any other beautiful and fleeting thing, men worship because others have knelt, and fall in raptures precisely where fashion and guide-books tell them that they ought. So marked, indeed, is this disposition to approve *gregariously* if we approve at all, that even genius is not free from its influence; and if a poet immortalizes one place, the rhyming brotherhood of a hundred generations

will devote the powers of their art to the same identical spot; while many a scene as fair will lavish its unrifled beauties near, unnoticed and unknown.

I have often mused to this effect, while riding day after day, and week after week, entirely alone through solitudes where the poet and painter might find the noblest subjects to inspire them. But there are other reflections incident to so solitary a tour in an untravelled country, which are but little in unison with these. There is a singular joyousness in a wilderness; a vague feeling of solitude, and a vivid sense of the primal freshness which breathes around you, that mingle most strangely together, and make you own at the time that the subduing hand of cultivation and the golden embellishments of art, could add nothing here; while the sympathy of companionship, however desirable in a crowd, would but divide the full impression of the hour. And in realizing this emotion, I have felt amid some scenes a kind of selfish pleasure, a wild delight, that the spot so lovely and so lonely was, as it were, all my own; that—like cheeks that flush and eyes that brighten at the sound of one voice, and but one voice only—it bloomed alone for me. Its virgin freshness and its youth were mine. And what cared I, as the cup of delight sparkled before me, for others to pledge me in the draught? what for association to hallow or art to emboss the goblet, while I could drink it off with the bead upon the brim?

But hark! that discordant post-horn, breaking in

upon these idle musings, tells me that they must close here with the tour that called them forth. I have parted with my horse, and booked a place in the stage-coach for Washington; and the breeze that, charged with the blossoms of June, floats through my open window, whispers no longer of a Winter in the West.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—*Page* 9.

CARVER, who visited Prairie du Chien in 1766, describes it, under the name of "The Lower Town of the Ottagaumies," as a large place, "containing about three hundred families. The houses," he adds, "are well built, after the Indian manner, and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raise every necessary of life in abundance. This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders." The aspect of the village is very different at present. It consists, exclusive of two or three frame-built stores, of some five-and-twenty rude and ruinous dwelling-houses, which are almost black with age, and the population can hardly amount to two hundred souls. The situation of the hamlet and the features of the country adjacent, are thus described in "Long's Second Expedition:"—"The village of Prairie du Chien is situated four or five miles above the mouth of the Wisconsan, on a beautiful prairie, which extends along the eastern bank of the river for about ten miles in length, and which is limited to the east by a range of steep hills, rising to a height of about four hundred and thirty-five feet, and running parallel with the course of the river about a mile and a half. On the western bank are bluffs which rise to the same elevation, and are washed at their base by the river. 'Pike's Hill,' which is on the west bank, immediately opposite to the mouth of the Wisconsan, is about five hundred and fifty feet high. The hill has no particular limits in regard to its extent, being merely a part of the river's bluffs, which stretch along the margin of the river on the west, and retain pretty nearly the same elevation above the water. In general the acclivity toward the river is made up of precipices ranged one above another, some of which are one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet high.

From the top there is a fine view of the two rivers which mingle their waters at the base of this majestic hill."—[Expedition to the Sources of St. Peter's River, vol. i. p. 238.]

NOTE B.—*Page* 16.

These curious remains are very numerous in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, and extend alike along the bluffs which face the Mississippi and those which run parallel to the Wisconsan (or Ouisconsin, as it is sometimes written). The former, which are the works alluded to in the text, are thus described by Major Long, in his journal of 1817:—

"The remains of ancient works, constructed probably for military purposes, were found more numerous and of greater extent on the highlands, just above the mouth of the Wisconsan, than any of which a description has been made public, or that have as yet been discovered in the western country. There the parapets and mounds were found connected in one series of works. Wherever there was an angle in the principal lines, a mound of the largest size was erected at the angle; the parapets were terminated by mounds at each extremity, and also at the gateways. No ditch was observed on either side of the parapet. In many places the lines were composed of parapets and mounds in conjunction, the mounds being arranged along the parapets at their usual distance from each other, and operating as flank defences to the lines.

"The Indians in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien can give no account of these ancient works, and their only mode of explaining their existence is by supposing that the country was inhabited, at a period anterior to the most remote traditions, by a race of white men similar to those of European origin, and that they were cut off by their forefathers. 'It is said that tomahawks of brass and other metals, differing from those in use among the present Indians, have been found under the surface of the ground.'—[Keating.] And stories are told of gigantic skeletons being often disinterred in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brisbois, who has been for a long time a resident of Prairie du Chien, informed me that he saw the skeletons of eight persons that were found in digging a cellar near his house, lying side by side. They were of a gigantic size, measuring about eight feet from head to foot. He added, that he took a leg bone of one of them and placed it by the side of his own leg, in order to compare the length of the two; the bone of the skeleton extended six inches above his knee. None of these bones could be preserved,

as they crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the atmosphere."—[Major Long's MS. as quoted in his Second Expedition.]

NOTE C.—*Page* 24.

"This river, like the Ohio, seems to unite with the Mississippi in a hilly country; the hills rise from the height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet; their sides are abrupt, and the soil is but indifferent. The Wisconsan has been for a long time past the usual communication between the lakes and the Mississippi. About one hundred and eighty miles above the mouth of the Wisconsan, this river comes so near to the Fox River of Green Bay, that a portage of two thousand five hundred yards across a low and level prairie, which is sometimes overflowed, establishes a connexion between the two streams. From the portage down to the mouth of Fox River, in the Green Bay of Lake Michigan, the distance is computed at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty miles."—[Expedition to the Sources of St. Peter's River.]

NOTE D.—*Page* 56.

The author was not aware, when the observations contained in the text were written, that the grand scheme of uniting the lakes and the Mississippi was entertained by the general government; by whom alone it ought to be carried into execution, and that upon the liberal scale recommended in the following estimate made by the head of the Engineer Department. It was first published while this volume was passing through the press.

Engineer Department,
Washington, June 23, 1834.

SIR—I beg leave to submit, as supplement to my letter of the 6th instant, the following *estimate* of the probable cost of a canal of the largest dimensions, from Chicago to the mouth of the Little Vermilion of the Illinois.

The first twenty-seven miles to be one hundred feet wide at the surface, and ten deep; and the remaining distance of sixty-five miles to be not less than one hundred feet at the surface, and six feet deep.

From Lake Michigan to the point where a level line ten feet below its surface will intersect the valley of the Illinois river, is twenty-seven miles, twenty-five of which should not be less than one hundred feet wide, and the remaining two in short sections, distri-

buted at convenient distances, to be two hundred feet wide, to accommodate boats while detained in exchanging cargoes, without interruption to the navigation. As has been stated in my letter, the average depth of the excavation for this section will be about twenty feet. This is assumed, therefore, in the estimate. The whole quantity of excavation, then, will be, on the supposition that the base of the slopes will equal the height, and that the water level will be about midway down the excavation, giving the width of that surface as the width of the section to be excavated—

25 miles, or $44{,}000 \times 33\frac{1}{3} \times 6\frac{2}{3} = 9{,}577{,}772$ c. yds.
2 miles, or $3{,}520 \times 66\frac{2}{3} \times 6\frac{2}{3} = 1{,}464{,}000$ c. yds.

11,041,772 c. yds.

Assuming one-fourth of this, say 2,760,443 cubic yards, to be rock, and the remaining three-fourths, or 8,281,329 cubic yards, to be clay and sand.

On the Chesapeake and Ohio canal the cost of quarrying rock is put down at $31\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and the excavation of earth at 9 9-10 cents, per cubic yard (see page 70, Doc. 18, 1st session 22d Congress). But as the distance to which, on this canal, the excavation will have to be removed is greater, generally, than on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, it is supposed that an advance on these rates of something more than one-half must certainly cover the expense of this work.

The excavation of rock is, therefore, assumed at 50 cents, and that of clay and sand at 15 cents. We then have for

	Dollars
2,760,443 cubic yards of rock excavation, at 50 cents.	1,380,221 50
8,281,329 cubic yards of earth excavation, at 15 cents.	1,242,199 35
Cost of summit, 27 miles, . .	2,622,420 85

From the western termination of the summit to the Little Vermilion, the canal will follow the right bank of the river, keeping as near the bluffs as may be found necessary. Wherever the bluff is used as one of the sides of the canal, but one embankment will be required, thereby saving greatly in the cost of construction; and as it is proposed to secure to this branch of the canal a minimum navigation of six feet, the embankment will require an altitude of eight feet. This will admit, in a case of necessity, an increase of an additional foot of water without greater expense. The whole dis-

tance of single embankment is sixty-five miles, to which twenty-five miles may be added as a full allowance for double embankment, at places where the bluffs recede too far from the axis of the canal: thus, then, we will have ninety miles of embankment to construct.

The dimensions proposed for this embankment are $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards high, 4 yards wide at the top, and $14\frac{2}{3}$ at the base, giving a section of 24 83-100 multiplied by the length, which is 90 miles, or 158,400 yards, equalling 3,933072 cubic yards at 15 cents, as before stated, $589,960 80.

On the same canal the lockage cost 1,000 dollars per foot lift. Suppose that on account of the greater dimensions to be given to the locks on this canal, and the difficulty of procuring in a new country a sufficient number of good workmen, that each foot will cost 2,500 dollars, which may be considered large, then 139 64-100 feet fall will cost 348,100 dollars.

Culverts, aqueducts, and other masonry, will have to be constructed at various points, to admit the free discharge from streams that flow into the Illinois. The cost of these cannot at this time be correctly estimated, but is assumed to equal that of the lockage, which must be regarded as high, 348,100 dollars.

Add for contingencies, such as diverting the Des Plaines into the Chicago River, pay of engineers, and other unforeseen expenses, ten per cent. on the foregoing amount, $390,858 16.

Recapitulation.	*Dollars*
Cuts across summit	2,622,420 85
Embankment below summit . . .	589,960 80
Lockage	348,100 00
Masonry, aqueducts, &c. &c. . .	348,100 00
Contingencies	390,858 16
Total estimated cost . .	4,299,439 81

This is submitted with great diffidence, it being but an approximation to what the cost may be found to be on actual construction. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

C. GRATIOT, Chief Engineer.

To the Hon. Charles F. Mercer, Chairman, &c.

NOTE E.—*Page* 58.

Jacksonville, as being one of the largest inland towns of Illinois, deserves a more particular notice than it receives in the text. It is situated on elevated ground, in the midst of an undulating prairie,

which is uncommonly rich and in a good state of cultivation. The plot of the town was laid off in 1825. In 1834 "The Gazetteer of Illinois" was published in the place, and in it we find the followiug account of the progress of society here during the intermediate nine years. The enumeration of the different pursuits in the new community is curious.

"Jacksonville has sixteen stores, six groceries, two druggist shops, two taverns or hotels, several respectable boarding houses, one baker, two saddlers, three hatters, one silversmith, one watchmaker, two tinners, three cabinet makers, one machinist, one house and sign painter, six tailors, two cordwainers, four blacksmiths, three chair makers, one coach maker, one wagon maker, one wheelwright, eleven lawyers, and ten physicians. It has one steam flour and saw-mill, a manufactory for cotton yarn, a distillery, two oil-mills, two carding factories, a tannery, and three brick-yards; with a proportion of various mechanics in the building line and other trades. The public buildings are a spacious court-house of brick, a neat frame building for the Presbyterian house of worship, a large brick building for the Methodist society, and a handsome edifice, also of brick, for the Episcopal denomination; a female academy, a brick market-house, and a county jail. The college edifices are one mile west from the town. There are two printing offices that publish weekly papers, and also a book and job printing office, with a bindery attached. The present population of Jacksonville is about 1800, exclusive of the students."—[*Peck's Illinois Gazetteer.* Published by R. Goudy, Jacksonville, 1834.]

Note F.—*Page* 74.

Mr. Schoolcraft observes, that it is common in digging at the salt-mines of Illinois to find fragments of antique pottery, and even entire pots of coarse earthenware, at great depths below the surface. One of these pots, which was, until a very recent period, preserved by a gentleman at Shawneetown, was disinterred at the depth of eighty feet, and was of a capacity to contain eight or ten gallons. Others have been found at even greater depths, and of greater dimensions. The composition and general appearance of this fossil pottery, according to Mr. S., cannot be distinguished from those fragments of earthenware which are disclosed by the mounds of the oldest period, so common in this quarter. They evince the same rude state of the arts. Upon referring to School-

craft's Travels in the central portions of the Mississippi Valley, the reader will find some curious speculations suggested by the position in which these antique vessels are found.

Note G.—*Page* 84.

The gravity of manner and stern dignity of deportment maintained by the Indians in their official intercourse with the white men, led the early writers, as is remarked by Mr. Schoolcraft, to conclude that they were strangers to those lighter emotions which display themselves in occasional sallies of wit and humour. The haughty reserve which an Indian always maintains when in company with several white men, and especially when he visits our eastern cities, has served to confirm the error. There is no greater observer of time and place than an Indian; and indeed his whole education consists, not in extinguishing his emotions, but in regulating their display according to his views of decorum. I have seen the same savage, whose grim features never relaxed into a smile while receiving me as the chief of his band and doing the honours of his camp, laugh immoderately because he nearly met with the fate of Absalom, by catching his scalp-lock on a burr-oak, as we afterward rode through a grove along together. "No person," says the writer above quoted, "has enjoyed frequent opportunities of observing the Indian character, as it appears in the social scenes of ordinary life, without observing that they possess a strong relish for witticism, and evince a propensity to indulge in ridicule, drollery, and sarcasm. In fact, no two persons can be more unlike than the orator, in all the stiff formality of a public council, and the same person in the relaxed circle of his family lodge, or when seated as a spectator of the village sports."

The following testimony to the same effect is from Long's Second Expedition :—"In their conversation the Indians frequently display considerable humour; their attempts at wit are numerous, and often successful."

The majority of writers upon Indian character have erred, we apprehend, in ascribing the peculiar traits of one great commuinty of Indians to the savages of a whole continent. It was among "The Five Nations" of New York—the *Ougue-honcoe*, or "men who surpass all others," as they called themselves, that the stoical originals of the Indians of poetical fiction were found. This Spartan like race, whose warriors, collecting in their head-quarters at Onondago, carried their arms a thousand miles away, alike to the

swamps of Carolina, the prairies of Indiana, and the forests of Maine, are described by La Houton, who was on the Wisconsan and the Missouri as long ago as 1688, as a very different people from the lake and prairie tribes he was then visiting; and Colden's history, written at a later day, confirms the observations of the French Traveller.

Note H.—*Page* 82.

Carver says, when speaking of the religion of the tribes which he visited, "It is certain that they acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things." The testimony of the captive Colonel Smith, as quoted from his narrative in note E. vol. i. is to the same effect; and the evidence of Penn, at a much earlier day, is recorded in the text.

"All the tribes," says Mr. Thatcher, in one of those excellent little works upon Indian character recently published,* "believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of the World, to whom different names are given; as the 'Great Spirit,' or the 'Master of Life.'" There being no such thing as sects or schools of religion among the Indians, this belief will be found mixed up with many singular ideas in the minds of different individuals, according to their independence of thought or the accidents of education—their intercourse with the whites, or their natural temperament. Many of these believe in local deities, personsal divinities, and innumerable spirits of good and evil; but the *Manitto* of the Indians of the lakes, the *Owaneeyo* of the forest tribes, and the *Wahcondah* of the savages that rove the prairies, appear to be regarded alike by all as the first Great Cause, the sole Creator. "Metea, a Pottawattomie Indian, while conversing on this subject with the gentlemen of Long's Expedition, recorded his belief that there is but one God, who is a Supreme Being; but that he has made a spirit or god to be under him, whose especial duty it is to take charge of the Indians. This he thought to be the common opinion of all the Indians whom he knew. The existence of a Bad Spirit he considered as proved by the circumstance of there being bad men; for a good spirit could not have made anything that was evil."—*Long's Second Expedition*, p. 109.

Wennebea, a chief of the Sauk tribe, who was in the suite of Major Long, believed the sun to be the residence of a male deity,

* Indian Biography, by B. B. Thatcher, Esq., 2 vols. 18mo. Indian Traits, 2 vols. 18mo. Harpers, New-York.

who looks placidly upon the earth; and who, being propitious to man, exposes to his view the wild beasts and serpents which cross his path. "He thought that immediately after death the soul quits its mortal residence, and journeys toward the setting sun, when, if its life has been spent in a manner agreeable to the Deity, it finds no difficulty in stepping over the agitated log which stretches across the gulf. It then becomes an eternal inhabitant of 'The Village of the Dead,' situated in a prairie that abounds in all the pleasures which the simple imagination of the Indian can covet. The moon, on the contrary, he held to be an adverse female deity, whose delight it is to cross man in all his pursuits."—*Ibid.* p 210.

"The Dacotahs believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, and of a number of subordinate ones, whose powers, privileges, and attributes vary very much. They worship the Great Spirit as the Creator of all things that exist, and as the Ruler and Disposer of the universe. They hold him to be the source of all good, and the cause of no evil whatever. The Dacotahs admit that there are in man two distinct essences, to which they respectively apply the terms of wanare and wahkan, which Major Long's interpreters translated soul and spirit. They believe that after death the souls go to the Wenare Tebe, or dwelling-place of souls, where their life is an easy and a blissful one; they hunt the buffalo, plant corn, &c."—*Ibid.* pages 392, 3.

But it is useless to cite authorities upon this subject, when the concurrent testimony of almost all intelligent writers is to the same effect.—*See Heckwelder, Colden's History of the Five Nations,* &c.

Note I.—*Page* 100.

The new work of Mr. Schoolcraft,* which appeared in the autumn, is the first publication that has established the true sources of the Mississippi. The expedition of which he was the head was nominally undertaken by virtue of an act of Congress to vaccinate the north-western Indians within our territories, and is the third national attempt that has been made to arrive at the true sources of the Mississippi,—General Pike's being the first, and a movement in that direction by Governor Cass, with an exploring party, the second. An eccentric Italian, of whom some laughable stories are

* Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to the Itasca Lake, the actual source of this river: by Henry R. Schoolcraft. New-York; Harpers.

told on the frontier, has, in the mean time, most absurdly claimed, in a book published abroad, to be the true discoverer of the fountain-head. Lac La Biche, or Itasca Lake, as Mr. Schoolcraft more euphoniously calls it, has been long known to the Indian traders; but its position has always been laid down erroneously upon the map; and it is now found that the Mississippi, after long running to the north till it reaches a high latitude, and diffuses itself in a hundred swamps and lakes, becomes again a distinct stream; and taking a sudden dip to the south, hides its head at last in a lake of clear water, somewhere about the latitude of Fond du Lac, on Lake Superior. Mr. Schoolcraft was accompanied on this exploring tour by Lieutenant James Allen, of the Fifth Infantry, from whose official report to the Secretary of War the following account of the sources of the Mississippi is taken.

"We entered the Mississippi from a bay on the west side of Cass Lake, and passed, in a short distance, through two small lakes and a savanna, above all of which we still found a large river, forty or fifty yards broad, and from two to six feet deep, which wound its way through a narrow valley of low alluvial bottom, confined by pine hills, up to Lac Travers, forty miles above Cass Lake. In this distance there are many rapids, running over boulders of primitive rock; but there is no fall, and no rock is seen in place.

"Lac Travers may well be arranged among the sources of the Mississippi. It is a beautiful lake, about ten miles long from north to south, and about half as broad, surrounded by pine woods, which rise into high hills on the north and north-west, forming a part of the chain dividing the waters of the Mississippi from those of Red River. The western shore is much indented with bays, but the east and south-east is beautifully regular and plain, with a sandy bank, and beach of pure white sand. The river empties into the south end of the lake, and runs out at the east side, not far from its entrance, leaving the great body of the lake to the north of our passage through it. There is a trading house on the west bank, near the mouth of the river, which is occupied in winter by a clerk of Mr. Aitkin. From Lake Travers we passed by a broad channel, one hundred yards long, into another small lake, and, half a mile above this, came to the forks of the river. The branches are of nearly the same breadth, about forty feet, but the stronger current of the right hand branch denoted it much the larger. We ascended the left or east branch, as we had intended, which soon narrowed to twenty feet breadth, and in a distance of ten or twelve

miles brought us to Lake Rahbahkanna, or Resting Lake; a pretty little lake, four miles in diameter, and nearly round, with a low beach of smooth pebbles all round it. We encamped a few miles above this lake at seven P. M., having come this day, by my estimate, fifty-five miles. Our course to Lac Travers was north-west; from the latter, nearly south.

"JULY 12.—This was a rainy, disagreeable day, and the moschetoes were numerous, hungry, and extremely annoying; but we travelled, notwithstanding, at our usual speedy rate. Our course has been south, and the valley of the river was savanne, and tamrack, and cedar swamp; but generally narrow, about half a mile broad, with low ridges and a miserable growth of pine bordering it on both sides. The river has become very small, and somewhat rapid; and we have encamped after making a portage of two miles round a chain of rapids. One of our Indians killed a deer this morning, and we saw many more during the day. This country is so very remote and dreary that the Indians seldom visit it, and the deer are more abundant than about the river below; ducks are also very numerous in the savannes where there is wild rice. Journey fifty-two miles.

"JULY 13.—We ascended the river in our canoes ten miles farther, to a little lake (Usaw-way, or Perch Lake), about two miles long and half a mile broad: the river was very narrow and crooked, through a low, narrow meadow, and a little above this lake we left it; *seeing that we had now traced this smaller branch of the Mississippi into the very swamps and meadows from the drainage of which it takes its rise.*

"From here we set off over land, in a south-west direction, to reach Lac La Biche, represented as the source of the larger branch. Our canoes and baggage being very light, all was transported at one load, one man carrying the canoe, and the other the baggage of each of the party. In this way we made a portage of six miles in four hours, and struck the lake, the object of our search, near the end of its south-eastern bay. The first mile of the portage was through a tamrack swamp, and the remainder, excepting a little lake of three hundred yards diameter, was over pine ridges of the poorest character imaginable. The soil was almost pure sand, and the pine was stinted and mostly of the *scrub* species (*Pinus Banksianus*), which, hung as it was with lichens, and no other growth, not even a bush or shrub, mixed with it, presented a picture of landscape more dismal and gloomy than any other part of this

miserably poor country that we had seen. Not a bird or animal, scarce even a fly, was to be seen in the whole distance of this portage, and it would seem that no kind of animal life was adapted to so gloomy a region.

"From these hills, which were seldom more than two or three hundred feet high, we came suddenly down to the lake; and we embarked and passed nearly through it to an island, near its west end, where we remained one or two hours.

"We were now sure that we had reached the *true source* of the great river, and a feeling of great satisfaction was manifested by all the party; Mr. Schoolcraft hoisted a flag on a high staff on the island, and left it flying.

"Lac La Biche is about seven miles long, and from one to three broad; but is of an irregular shape, conforming to the bases of pine hills, which, for a great part of its circumference, rise abruptly from its shore. It is deep, and very clear and cold, and seemed to be well stocked with fish. Its shores show some boulders of primitive rock, but no rock in place, and are generally skirted near the water with bushes. The island, the only one of the lake, and which I have called Schoolcraft island, is one hundred and fifty yards long, fifty yards broad, and twenty or thirty feet elevated in its highest part; a little rocky in boulders, and grown over in pine, spruce, wild cherry, and elm.

"There can be no doubt but that this is the *true source and fountain of the longest and largest branch of the Mississippi.* All our information that we had been able to collect on the way, from traders and Indians, pointed to it as such; and our principal Indian guide, Yellow Head, who has proved to us his close intelligence of the country, represents the same. He has formerly hunted all around it, and says there is a little creek, too small for even our little canoes to ascend, emptying into the south bay of this lake, and having its source at the base of a chain of high hills, which we could see, not two miles off, and that this is the only stream of any description running into it. In fact, the whole country showed that there was no stream beyond, for the lake was shut in on all sides by pine hills, and the only opening through them was that by which it discharged itself. To the west we could see distinctly a range of almost mountains, covered with pine, which was undoubtedly the chain dividing us from the waters of Red River.

"Lac La Biche is but little west of *south* from Cass Lake, and almost due south from Lac Travers, which is a different position

from that assigned to it on published maps, where it is invariably represented north of Cass Lake. There is, however, a little stream, Turtle River, entering Cass Lake from the north, in the route of traders to Turtle Lake and Red Lake, but it is a very small and insignificant stream, and is only forty-five miles in length.

"We left Lac La Biche from its northern bay, having coasted nearly its whole circumference, and found the Mississippi, at its very egress from the lake, a respectable stream; its channel being twenty feet broad and two feet deep, and current five miles per hour. Its course was north-west, and soon ran through a chain of high pine hills, where the channel contracted very much, and numerous rapids occurred, of very great fall, over boulders of primitive rock: the river running, for the distance, in a deep ravine."

NOTE I.—*Page* 128.

Lexington, which was for a long time the political metropolis of Kentucky, and the most important town in the west, received its name from a band of hunters who were encamped under the shade of the original forest where it is built, and who, on receiving the first intelligence of the battle of Lexington in Massachusetts, named the town after that in which commenced the great struggle of American Independence. Transylvania University, says Mr. Flint, has fair claims to precedence among western collegiate institutions. It has twelve professors and tutors, and in the academical, medical, and law classes, three hundred and seventy-six students. The public buildings of Lexington are generally in very good taste, and, in the words of Mr. Flint, "the stranger, in the midst of its polished and interesting society, cannot but be carried back by strong contrast to the time when the patriarchal hunters of Kentucky, reclining on their buffalo robes around their evening fires, canopied by the lofty trees and the stars, gave it the name it bears by patriotic acclamation."—*Flint's Valley of the Mississippi.*

NOTE K.—*Page* 136.

The particulars of this tragic tale of passion, as set forth in the published "Confession" of the principal actor, and established by the report of 'The Trial of J. O. Beauchamp for the Murder of Colonel S. P. Sharp, a Member of the Legislature, and late Attorney-general of Kentucky," are as follows:—Beauchamp, while a student at law in a county town of Kentucky, became attached to Miss Cook, a young female who had been seduced by Colonel

Sharp. The lady, in consequence of the stain upon her reputation, lived very much retired, and refused to receive the addresses of her new admirer until he had repeatedly tendered his hand in marriage. His solicitations at last prevailed with her; but she consented to become his wife solely upon the condition, that he would revenge her wrongs towards Colonel S. by taking his life before they were united at the altar. The infatuated student pledged himself to the bloody contract; and instantly challenged the seducer, who refused to meet him. Failing in the vengeance to which he had pledged himself in the hour of his wild betrothal, Beauchamp returned to his affianced wife; who from that moment, as he expresses it, got the "womanish whim" into her head to be herself the destroyer of her seducer. To this end she practised pistol-shooting for several months, until, as her lover avers, "she could place a ball with perfect accuracy." But their engagement having now subsisted for some time, and Beauchamp having completed his law studies, he prevailed upon the lady to give him the rights of a legal protector. "I had now," he says, "married Miss Cook, and felt that I had a sufficient apology before the world to revenge upon Colonel Sharp the injury he had done her. Neither could I any longer think of the wild idea of my wife's revenging her own wrongs."

He seems to have made up his mind, however, to seek Colonel S. no more, but only to "bide his time," and sacrifice his victim when chance should throw him in his way. More than a year must now have elapsed, and the vow of vengeance was unfulfilled, when a report reached Beauchamp's ears, which, if it had any foundation at all, was enough of itself to fill a far better regulated mind than his with the most deadly purpose. Parties were running high in Kentucky, and Colonel S. was a candidate for office. His character, with those of others, was assailed with all the virulence of the period. The newspapers were rife with personal calumny, and among other charges, that of the seduction of Miss C. was trumpeted to the world. His friends were not less on the alert to shield his name. In such a phrensied state of the public mind men stop at nothing, and a hellish rumour got abroad which reached at length the ears of Beauchamp. Some one wrote to him "that S. had set afloat insinuations that the illicit offspring of the female to whom he was now married was a mulatto; and this in order to do away the charge against the Colonel for seduction."

"I had now," says the confession, "meditated upon Colonel S.'s death so long, that I was perfectly able to make dispassionate calcu-

lations and weigh probable consequences with as much calmness as would determine an ordinary matter of business. I did not kill Colonel S. through the phrensy of passion: I did it with the fullest and most mature deliberation; because the clearest dictates of my judgment told me that I ought to do it—and I still think so. But after I had gotten this information, I did resolve to kill Colonel Sharp publicly in Frankfort." Upon subsequent consultation with his wife, however, he determined to accomplish his purpose by secret assassination. The catastrophe is best told in Beauchamp's own words. He resorts to Frankfort, and lurks in disguise after nightfall around the dwelling of his victim. He sees him enter, and he withdraws to the public square opposite, till the streets are still and the lights about the houses extinguished. The casements are at length darkened; but his purpose is yet delayed by some late revellers that cross his path. He hears their last retiring footfalls, and then moves from his lurking-place.

"There was no moonlight; but the stars gave light enough wherewithal to discern the face of an acquaintance, on coming near him and closely noticing his face. I drew my dagger, and proceeded to the door: I knocked three times, loud and quick! Colonel Sharp said, 'Who's there?'—'Covington,' I replied. Quickly Colonel Sharp's foot was heard upon the floor. I saw under the door he approached without a light. I drew my mask from my face, and immediately Colonel Sharp opened the door; I advanced into the room, and with my left hand I grasped his right wrist, as with an iron hand. The violence of the grasp made Colonel Sharp spring back, and trying to disengage his wrist, he said, 'What Covington is this?' I replied, 'John A. Covington, sir.'—'I don't know you,' said Colonel Sharp. 'I knew John W. Covington.'—'My name,' said I, 'is John A. Covington;' and about the time I said that, Mrs. Sharp, whom I had seen appear in the partition door as I entered the outer door, disappeared.

She had become alarmed, I imagine, by the little scuffle Colonel Sharp made when he sprang back to get his wrist loose from my grasp. Seeing her disappear, I said to Colonel Sharp, in a tone as though I was deeply mortified at his not knowing me, 'And did you not know me, sure enough?'—'Not with your handkerchief about your face,' said Colonel Sharp; for the handkerchief with which I had confined my mask upon my forehead was still round my forehead. I then replied, in a soft, conciliating, persuasive tone of voice, 'Come to the light, Colonel, and you will know me;' and

pulling him by the arm, he came readily to the door. I stepped with one foot back upon the first step out at the door, and still holding his wrist with my left hand, I stripped my hat and handkerchief from over my forehead and head, and looked right up in Colonel Sharp's face. He knew me the more readily, I imagine, by my long, bushy, curly suit of hair. He sprang back, and exclaimed, in the deepest tone of astonishment, dismay, and horror and despair I ever heard, 'Great God! it's him!' and as he said that he fell on his knees, after failing to jerk loose his wrist from my grasp. As he fell on his knees I let go his wrist and grasped him by the throat, and dashing him against the facing of the door, I choked him against it to keep him from hallooing, and muttered in his face, 'Die, you villain!' and as I said that, I plunged the dagger to his heart. Letting him go at the moment I stabbed him, he sprang up from his knees, and endeavoured to throw his arms round my neck, saying, 'Pray, Mr. Beauchamp!' but as he said that, I struck him in the face with my left hand, and knocked him his full length into the room. By this time I saw the light approaching, and dashed a little way off and put on my mask. I then came and squatted in the alley near the door, to hear if he should speak. His wife talked to him, but he could not answer her.

"Before I thought they could possibly have gotten word to the doctor, he came running in. So soon as he entered the room he exclaimed, 'Great God! Beauchamp has done this! I always expected it!' The town was now alarmed, and the people began to crowd the house very fast."

The homicide then retired to the river's bank, where he changed his dress; and proceeding to his lodgings, he waited till after breakfast the next morning before he took his horse and rode homeward; where his wife received him with open arms, and aided "in setting the house in order for battle and defence," should the friends of the murdered man make a family feud of it. The regular officers of justice were the first persons, however, who presented themselves; and Beauchamp readily surrendered himself to these, and being conducted back to Frankfort, he was thrown into prison to await his trial.

Beauchamp appears to have been convicted of the murder upon the most ample circumstantial evidence; though he himself says in his confession that there was no actual testimony,—that the whole charge was based on suspicion, and that that suspicion attached to him, "merely because there was a feeling in the breast of every man which told him I (he) ought to have killed Colonel

Sharp. The plain, candid, common-sense sort of people thought me guilty, although they had no sort of proof even to raise a suspicion, only looking to the motive, and justification, or cause, which I had to kill him." The condition of his mind, after being thrown into prison, may in some degree be judged from the following lines, which he is said to have addressed to his wife from within its walls, and which have been published as genuine :—

" Daughter of grief! thy spirit moves
In every whistling wind that roves
Across my prison gates:
It bids my soul majestic bear!
And with its sister spirit soar
Aloft to heaven's gates.

" In visions bright it hovers round,
And whispers the delightful sound,
'Peace to thy troubled mind.
What though unfeeling worlds unite
To vent on you their venom'd spite,
Thy Anna's heart is kind.'
" Then rave, ye angry storms of fate!
Spit on your vilest blasts of hate,
Ye perjured reptile worms!
Disdaining aught to yield, my soul
Shall gladly fly this earthly goal,
Safe to my Anna's arms.
" For—oh! the thought!—triumphant, proud,
The soul within itself can shroud
The purpose of the brave;
Secure of her, the dear one's love,
For whom he dies and mounts above
Misfortune's highest wave!"

After conviction, Mrs. Beauchamp was allowed to remain with her husband; and the last moments of this infatuated and ill-fated pair were marked by the same strange intermixture of moral obliquity and religious fanaticism, blended with chivalric heroism and the most touching devotion to each other, by which their intercourse throughout appears to have been characterized. They passed their time together in composing prayers and verses. The first breathed all of Christian humility and contrition, mingled

with a firm reliance upon heavenly mercy; the last are made up of the ravings of insane passion and gratified vengeance. At length, as the day of execution approached, they determined to commit suicide; and Beauchamp describes their situation in a memorandum to this effect:—

"I have now arranged all my papers, and closed everything preparatory to quitting this scene of action. My beloved wife—for whom, O how my soul now melts in affection!—is preparing to lie down with me to sleep, and wake no more. Our spirits will, in a few moments, leave these bodies, and wing their way to the unknown abode which our God may assign them!

"We have a vial of laudanum, which my wife, with as much composure as she ever shared with me a glass of wine, is carefully dividing into equal portions, one for each of us.

"I mark her serene aspect! I should be lost in amazement and astonishment at her strength of mind, which can enable her so composedly to meet death, did I not find in my own feelings that resignation, nay, joy, which makes Death, so far from being the 'King of terrors,' become the 'Prince of peace.'

"We have kneeled to the Omnipotent and Omniscient God, the Creator and Mover of all minds, so to direct, inspire, and influence our minds, that in all things we may discern what it is his will we should do, and we would endeavour to do it. And we pray to him with humility and sincerity, that if in any thing we do that which is contrary to his will, he would pardon his weak and erring creatures."

On the back of the paper which contained this singular record of the dying lovers, the following directions for their burial were inscribed:—

"We do not wish our faces uncovered after we are shrouded, particularly after we are removed to Bloomfield. We wish to be placed with my wife's head on my right arm, and that confined round upon her bosom."

This note was signed by Beauchamp, and these lines were meant to accompany it. They are entitled an "Epitaph to be engraven on the tombstone of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp. Written by Mrs. Beauchamp."

"Entomb'd within each other's arms,
The husband and the wife repose;
Safe from life's never-ending storms,
And safe from all their cruel foes.

"A child of evil fate she lived,
A villain's wiles her peace had cross'd,
The husband of her heart revived
The happiness she long had lost.

"Daughter of virtue! moist thy tear,
This tomb of love and honour claim;
For thy defence the husband here
Laid down in youth his life and fame.

"His wife disdained a life forlorn,
Without her heart's lov'd, honour'd lord;
Then, reader, here their fortunes mourn,
Who for their love their life-blood pour'd."

A postscript was added to this effect:—

"*Thursday night*, 10 *o'clock*, *July 6th*, 1826.

"After we had taken the laudanum last night, at about twelve o'clock, we remained on our knees some hours, at prayer, and then lay down and placed our bodies in the fond embrace in which we wish them interred. My wife laid her head on my right arm, with which I encircled her body, and tied my right hand to her left upon her bosom. We also, as we lay side by side, confined our bodies together with a handkerchief, to prevent the struggles of death from severing us. Thus we lay in prayer for hours, in the momentary expectation of dropping to sleep, to awake in eternity.

"My wife is now asleep; I hope to wake no more in this world! I have no more laudanum to take, and shall await the disposition which the Lord chooses to make of my body; content, that if I cannot die with my wife, I shall ere this time to-morrow be in the realms of eternal felicity. "J. O. BEAUCHAMP."

The laudanum failed in its effect. The day of execution arrived, and the morning found them still both alive. The catastrophe is best told in the verbatim account of newspapers of the day.

"At an early hour the drums were heard beating, and men in uniform were seen mingling among the citizens. As the day advanced, people came pouring in from the country in every direction, filling up the streets; while an increasing multitude was seen surrounding the gallows, which was erected on a hill near the place.

"About the hour of ten o'clock the jailer went out, and no person was left with them but Mr. Edrington, the guard. A feeble

candle gave the only light which shone in this fearful abode. The only entrance was through a trap-door above, in which stood a ladder.

"Beauchamp and his wife frequently conversed together in a whisper. At length, she requested Mr. Edrington to step out for a minute, alleging that she wished to get up. He ascended the ladder, and shut the trap-door partly down, but kept in a position where he could see what was going on below. There was no movement, and he was in the act of returning, when Mrs. Beauchamp said, 'Don't come yet.'—'O yes, come down,' said Beauchamp. He then said his wife was too weak to sit up, and expressed a wish that she should leave the jail; and the guard urged the same thing. She said she would not leave her husband until he was taken out for execution. She then spoke of suicide, and declared she would not survive her husband. About half past eleven, the guard observed them whispering together for some time. At length, Beauchamp said aloud, 'My dear, you are not strong enough to get up.'—'Yes, I am,' said she, throwing her arms up, 'see how strong I am.' She then requested the guard to step out immediately, pretending great urgency. He again went up the ladder, turned the trap-door partly down, and was stepping round into a position where he could observe them, when he heard a deep sigh, and Beauchamp called him. He went down, and found Beauchamp lying on his back, apparently in great alarm, and in loud and earnest prayer. Mrs. Beauchamp was lying partly on her left side, with her head on her husband's breast, and her right arm thrown over him. The guard supposed that in attempting to rise she had, from weakness, fallen on him. Not suspecting anything very serious had happened, he sat down, resting his head on the table, until Beauchamp had finished his prayer. As soon as he had closed his prayer he seemed entirely composed, and observed to the guard, 'Tell my father that my wife and myself are going straight to heaven; we are dying.' The guard replied, 'No, I reckon not.' Beauchamp said, 'Yes, it is so; we have killed ourselves.' The guard sprang up, suspecting that they had again taken poison; but as he stepped around the bed, he saw something in Mrs. B.'s right hand. He raised her arm, and found it to be a knife, sharpened at the point, and bloody about half-way up. He asked where they got that knife; both answered, that they had long kept it concealed for that occasion. On discovering the bloody knife, the guard looked upon the bed, and discovered that Mrs. B. had a stab a little to the

right of the centre of the abdomen, which had been laid bare for that purpose. She did not sigh, nor groan, nor show any symptom of pain. He asked B. whether he was stabbed too. He replied, 'Yes;' and raised up his shirt, which had been drawn out of his drawers and rolled up on his body to leave it bare, but had fallen back over the wound. He was stabbed about the centre of the body, just below the pit of the stomach; but his wound was not so wide as that of his wife. He said he had taken the knife and struck first; and that his wife had parried his arm, wrested the knife from him, and plunged it in herself. He said he feared his wound was not mortal, and begged the guard to get some laudanum for him.

"As soon as he discovered they were stabbed, the guard called for assistance, and the jailer with others immediately came in. Beauchamp begged that they would take his wife out and attempt to save her. Without any opposition from her, she was immediately removed into one of the rooms of the jailer's house. To the inquiries of those who surrounded her she replied, 'I struck the fatal blow myself, and am dying for my dear husband.' She now suffered great pain, and was evidently in the agonies of death. Her screams reached the ears of Beauchamp in his dungeon, and he asked, 'Is that my dear wife? Do bring me word what she says.'

"The physicians, Roberts, Majors, Wilkinson, had examined her wound, and pronounced it mortal, especially in her present debilitated state.

"It was now determined to take him to the gallows as soon as possible. They were carrying him through the passage of the jailer's house, when he begged to see his wife. The physicians told him she was not badly hurt, and would soon get over it; and some objection was made to stopping. He said it was cruel; and they carried him in and laid him on the bed beside her. He placed his hand on her face, and said, 'My dear, do you know that this is the hand of your husband?' She returned no answer. He felt her pulse, and said, 'Physicians, you have deceived me—she is dying.' To the ladies who surrounded the bed he said, 'From you, ladies, I demand a tear of sympathy.' He lay conversing with perfect composure, occasionally putting one hand upon his wife's face, and feeling her pulse with the other, until he had felt the last throb. 'Farewell!' said he, 'child of sorrow—Farewell! child of

misfortune and persecution—you are now secure from the tongue of slander.—For you I have lived; for you I die.' He then kissed her twice and said, 'I am now ready to go.'

"It was now half past twelve o'clock. The military were drawn up, surrounded by an immense crowd, all of whom were listening with intense interest to every rumour of the dying pair. As Beauchamp was too weak to sit on his coffin in a cart, a covered dearborn had been provided for his conveyance to the gallows. He was now brought out in a blanket and laid in it. At his particular request, Mr. M'Intosh took a seat by his side. Some of the ministers of the Gospel had taken leave of him, to whom he expressed the same confidence in the forgiveness of his sins, and the hope of a happy immortality, as in the morning. The drums beat, and the military and crowd moved on.

"'This music,' said he, 'is delightful; I never moved more happily in my life.' Observing many ladies looking out at the windows, he requested the side curtains of the dearborn to be raised so that he could see them, and raising up a little, continued to wave his hand to them in token of respect, until the procession got out of town.

"When they had reached the gallows, and he saw his coffin, he seemed wholly unmoved. The Rev. Eli Smith, S. M. Pinel, J. T. Mills, and other preachers surrounded him, inquiring the state of his mind. To all of their questions he answered he was sure of going to heaven—that his sins were forgiven him on Thursday morning. In every interval of the conversation he would say, with some impatience, 'I want to be executed—I want to go to my wife.'

"He was now lifted out of the dearborn in a blanket, and set up, supported by those around him, on his coffin, in the cart. He asked for water, and requested that while a messenger was gone for it, the music would play Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow. On his repeated request it was done. He then drank some water, and in a firm voice requested that they would tell him when they were ready, and said he would rise up. He was told all was ready: with assistance, he rose up; the cart started; and he was launched into eternity.

"In a few hours his afflicted father started with the two bodies for Bloomfield, Nelson county, where they were buried, both in one coffin."

Note L.—*Page* 207.

The following extract from the private journal of Col. Long forms a part of the paper alluded to in the text.

"Having ascended Cove Ridge, we turned aside from our route to visit the natural bridge, or tunnel, situated on Buckeye, or Stock Creek, about a mile below the Sycamore Camp,* and about one mile and a half from the place called Rye Cove, which occupies a spacious recess between two prominent spurs of Powell's mountain, the site of the natural tunnel being included within a spur of Cove Ridge, which is one of the mountain spurs just alluded to. Here is presented one of the most remarkable and attractive curiosities of of its kind to be witnessed in this or any other country. The creek, which is about seven yards wide, and has a general course about S. 15 W., here passes through a hill elevated from two to three hundred feet above the surface of the stream, winding its way through a huge subterraneous cavern, or grotto, whose roof is vaulted in a peculiar manner, and rises from thirty to seventy or eighty feet above its floor. The sides of this gigantic cavern rises perpendicular in some places to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and in others are formed by the springing of its vaulted roof immediately from its floor. The width of the tunnel varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet; its course is that of a continuous curve, resembling the letter S, first winding to the right as we enter on the upper side, then to the left, again to the right, and then again to the left, on arriving at the entrance on the lower side. Such is its peculiar form, that an observer standing at a point about midway of its subterranean course is completely excluded from a view of either entrance, and is left to grope in the dark through a distance of about twenty yards, occupying an intermediate portion of the tunnel. When the sun is near the meridian, and his rays fall upon both entrances, the light reflected from both extremities of the tunnel contributes to mollify the darkness of the interior portion into a dusky twilight.

"The extent of the tunnel, from its upper to its lower extremity, following its meanders, is about one hundred and fifty yards, in

* This designation has been given to a spot in the valley of the creek, where formerly stood a hollow sycamore (platanus occidentalis) tree of an enormous size, the remains of which are still to be seen, and in the cavity of which, while it stood, fifteen persons are said to have encamped at the same time together.

which distance the stream falls about ten feet, emitting, in its passage over a rocky bed, an agreeable murmur, which is rendered more grateful by its reverberations upon the roof and sides of the grotto. The discharge of a musket produces a crash-like report, succeeded by a roar in the tunnel, which has a deafening effect upon the ear.

"The hill through which this singular perforation leads descends in a direction from east to west, across the line of the creek, and affords a very convenient passage for a road which traverses it at this place, having a descent, in the direction just mentioned, of about four degrees.

"The rocks found in this part of the country are principally sandstone and limestone, in stratifications nearly horizontal, with occasional beds of clay slate. A mixture of the two former frequently occurs among the alternations presented by these rocks. A variety of rock resembling the French bur occurs in abundance on Butcher's Fork, or Powell's River, about twenty miles northwardly of the natural tunnel. Fossils are more or less abundant in these and other rocks. Fossil bones of an interesting character have been found in several places. Saltpetre caves are numerous. Coves, sinks, and subterranean caverns are strikingly characteristic, not only of the country circumjacent to the natural tunnel, but of the region generally situated between the Cumberland Mountain and the Blue Ridge or Apalachian Mountain. Bituminous coal, with its usual accompaniments, abounds in the northerly parts of this region; and in the intermediate and southerly portions, iron, variously combined, often magnetic, together with talcose rocks, &c. &c., are to be met with in great abundance.

"The mountains in this vicinity, long. 82° to 84° W. from Greenwich, lat. 35° to 36° N., are among the most lofty of the Alleghany range. Several knobs in this part of the range, among which may be enumerated the Roan, the Unaka, the Bald, the Black, and Powell's mountains, rise to the height of at least four thousand five hundred feet above tide."

Note M.—*Page* 224.

The circumstances relating to this affair are thus related by Col. Stewart, as quoted in the "Sketches of Western Adventure."

"A Captain Arbuckle commanded the garrison of the fort erected at Point Pleasant after the battle fought by General Lewis with the Indians at that place in October, 1774. In the succeeding year,

when the revolutionary war had commenced, the agents of Great Britain exerted themselves to excite the Indians to hostility against the Americans, towards whom the most of the Shawanees already entertained a strong animosity. Two of the chiefs, however, not participating in that animosity, visited the garrison at the Point when Arbuckle continued to command. Col. Stewart was at the post in the character of volunteer, and was an eye-witness of the facts which he relates. Cornstalk represented his unwillingness to take a part in the war on the British side; but stated that his people, except himself and his tribe, were determined on war with us, and he supposed that he and his people would have to go with the stream. On this intimation Arbuckle resolved to detain the two chiefs and a third Shawanee who came with them to the fort as hostages, under the expectation of preventing thereby any hostile effort of the nation. On the day before these unfortunate Indians fell victims to the fury of the garrison, Elenipsico, the son of Cornstalk, repaired to Point Pleasant for the purpose of visiting his father. The succeeding day two men belonging to the garrison, whose names were Harrison and Gilmore, crossed the Kenawha for the purpose of hunting in the woods beyond it. On their return from hunting, some Indians who had come to view the position at the Point, concealed themselves in the woods near the mouth of the Kenawha, and killed Gilmore while endeavouring to pass them. Col. Stewart and Captain Arbuckle were standing on the opposite bank of the river at the time, and were surprised that a gun had been fired so near the fort, in violation of orders which had been issued inhibiting such an act. Hamilton ran down the bank, and cried out that Gilmore was killed. Captain Hall commanded the company to which Gilmore belonged: his men leaped into a canoe, and hastened to the relief of Hamilton. They brought the body of Gilmore, weltering in blood, and the head scalped, across the river. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when Hall's men cried out, "Let us kill the Indians in the fort!' Captain Hall placed himself in front of his soldiers, and they ascended the river's bank pale with rage, and carrried their loaded firelocks in their hands. Colonel Stewart and Captain Arbuckle exerted themselves in vain to dissuade these men, exasperated to madness by the spectacle of Gilmore's corpse, from the cruel deed which they contemplated. They cocked their guns, threatening those gentlemen with instant death if they did not desist, and rushed into the fort."

"The interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the In-

dians, and felt an affection for them, ran to their cabin and informed them that Hall's soldiers were advancing with the intention of taking their lives, because they believed that the Indians who killed Gilmore had come with Cornstalk's son on the preceding day. This the young man solemnly denied, and avowed that he knew nothing of them. His father, perceiving that Elenipsico was in great agitation, encouraged him, and advised him not to fear. 'If the Great Spirit,' said he, 'has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man!' As the soldiers approached the door, Cornstalk rose to meet them, and received seven or eight balls, which instantly terminated his existence. His son was shot down in the seat which he occupied. The Red Hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but fell by the fire of some of Hall's men. 'The other Indian,' says Colonel Stewart, 'was shamefully mangled, and I grieved to see him so long dying.'"

THE END.